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Everybody's

FRANK QUINN
EDITOR

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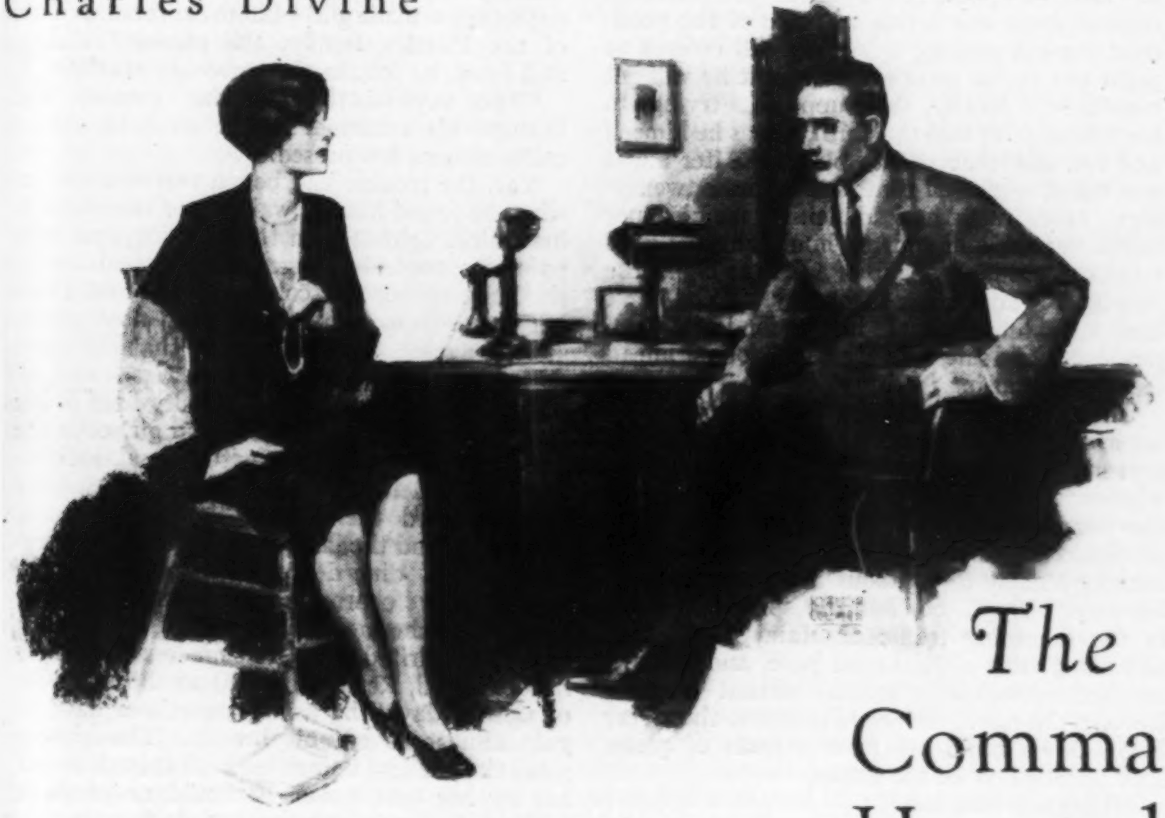
Advertising section continued in rear of book

A young man learns that being in love with Muriel is a very serious business

By
Charles Divine

Illustrated by
R. Pallen Coleman



"I'm sorry," she said, I didn't mean to hurt your feelings."

The Comma Hound

"NEW paragraph. As regards salesmanship comma. in our opinion comma salesmen should be ambassadors of service comma rather than sellers of something period."

Reed Davis paused, cast a perturbed glance as far as the carefully deployed trays on his desk—but no farther, for Muriel sat beyond with her pad poised on her knee—and got up and paced to the window looking down on the Court House Square.

"You are really comma according to the viewpoint of modern salesmanship comma—"

Again he paused, and Muriel Pittsley, seeing only the back of his thin, dark head, soft white collar, and well-fitting Norfolk jacket, which clung to his tall figure so snugly that she could discern the impression of his shoulder-blades, might have thought that he was merely gazing from this sixth-floor window down at the Greek columns and austere façade of the First National Bank. To Muriel there was nothing spiritually austere about the bank; her father was president of it.

Suddenly Reed shifted nervously on one foot, aware of her presence, and as she caught a glimpse of his thin, rather handsome face she saw what at any other time must have struck her alert mind as an expression of tenseness in the pale features. His usually resolute chin quivered a couple of times; and his well-spaced brown eyes, perceptively deep under thick, black brows, seemed to rove up and down the street.

But Reed was not thinking so much of the scene outside his window as the disturbance in his own thoughts, and less of the First National Bank than the daughter of its president, sitting six feet away taking his dictation as coolly as if she were an ordinary secretary instead of Muriel Pittsley, who came to business every day in preference to idling in her own set of the Pittsleyville aristocracy—and said it was more thrilling! . . . Thrilling? The idea fairly bounded in Reed's mind. If she only knew how thrilling it was—for him!

"Where was I?"

"You are really, according to the viewpoint of modern salesmanship—"

"Oh, yes. You are really comma according to the viewpoint of modern salesmanship comma some one acting in place of the president comma making a friendly call comma to point out to the prospect the profit he will get comma—" Really, he supposed, trying to force himself to face the truth, it was he himself and not fate that was to blame. After all, it was belief in himself that, during these twenty-eight years when he had neither married nor fallen in love, had spurred him along the road to this sales managership of a firm as big as the Marble Bit and Auger Company. "You can't keep a good man down," he was fond of saying, praising some salesman who had forged ahead in an unpromising territory.

This fine spring day, he felt, increased his sense of personal identity, and so perhaps his personal responsibility too. Outside the open window a soft, amorous wind was toying with the warm sunshine. In the newly leafed elms of Court House Square the sparrows were making a noisy to-do about their own personal identity. They, too, felt the spring! Below, in the humming traffic of Main Street, cars slid along with a quickened pace, and trolleys crooned melodiously around distant corners. Beyond the town, on the hills across the river, Reed Davis could see fresh carpets of green stuff unrolled on all the slopes.

"What was that last?"

"To point out to the prospect the profit he will get—"

"Oh, yes. The profit he will get in using our product and service period." The whole trouble began two months before, he reflected, when he found himself falling in love with her. It was queer how stirred he felt in Muriel's presence, how a sense of awe always invaded him at the sight of her. She was a Pittsley of Pittsleyville!

He began to pace back and forth, thinking of how many times he had passed the Pittsley house, that most aristocratic of all dwellings in Willow Street, where the first Pittsley, who bore the title of General, had lived more than a hundred years ago. Tall, stately pilasters enclosed a second-story veranda in the manner of southern Colonial houses. In the pediment above the pillared portal was a decoration born of the days when papier-maché ornamentation and "stone plaster" began to be used, displaying two cornucopias of pulchritudinous plenty gushing rich fruits, while above hung suspended a dish with a fowl rampant, especially its feathers. He would not think of laughing at the bird, even if he did find it amusing! In the old "Annals of Pittsleyville" at the public library he had read accounts of the élite of the surrounding country swarming to this house on festive occasions, of the "merry-making in the spacious halls, which were much given to hospitality." Well, the old days of such merry-making had passed, the scene shifting to the country club—instead of making merry these days, people made gin!—but the authentic charm of the Pittsley family, the pioneer validity, still lived, he felt, in the person of Muriel.

"The day of the salesman comma who thumps his customer's desk until he gets a callus comma has passed."

Yes, the trouble had begun two months ago when he found himself waiting for the sound of her quick, light step in the morning, and with painfully concealed eagerness watched her as she hung up her rust-colored sports coat, lifted her toque from shiny black hair, now grown so long again—thank Heaven!—that she could do it up in back, as simply as a Greek maiden in a frieze, and let the fine, smooth lines of her head be shown. Then she would glance in the mirror of her vanity case with casual indifference to the delicate oval of face she must have seen reflected there, with the optimistically tilted nose and the faint shadows in each ivory-hued cheek, dim depressions so much more mysteriously charming than dimples. And then, when she faced him, smiling, speaking in a low yet spirited voice that made him tremble inside: "Well, Reed, shall we tear through a lot of work today?" he would sometimes have to gulp almost to get his breath. Though for some time he had known her well enough to call her by her first name, he could never do it without feeling a strange and daring elation. Not only was he class conscious where she was concerned, all with her aristocratic background dotted with family holdings in banks and trust companies, but he was unduly aware of his own humble beginnings. He had come of people of good stock but no stocks and bonds.

A self-made man, he was extremely, almost morbidly sensitive about what he had made of that self—and what he had left unmade.

"That's all, Muriel." He strode back to his desk suddenly, avoiding her eyes, and in reaching for one of the trays he overturned the ink-bottle. To his relief he saw Muriel vanishing through the door without having noticed his awkwardness—and he hated to upset things!

HE WENT to the storeroom for a batch of waste to mop up the ink, and in returning to the storeroom with the waste he suddenly found himself separated from Muriel and Clara Tucker only by the beaver-board partition between that room and the stockroom. He could hear every word they said. Clara Tucker was Mr. Marble's secretary. She, like Muriel, had gone to the stockroom for some supplies, and, evidently seeing the shorthand book open in Muriel's hand, had begun commenting on it.

"Yes," replied Muriel, laughing, "Reed's a comma hound."

"A *what?*"

"A comma hound. You know, he dictates a comma in every conceivable place."

"Punctuation? Oh, boy! Don't I know? Didn't I used to work for him? A comma hound. That's good!"

They both laughed.

"You know," went on Clara, "he educated himself, and he must have learned punctuation from the wrong copybook. Maybe it was the Sears-Roebuck catalog!"

"Maybe so."

It wasn't a hearty acquiescence, but it was enough to make a visible effect on Reed. Suddenly hurt, his face fiery, he was aware that perspiration had broken out on his brow, and while he still stood, rather stunned, he lifted the handful of waste and unwittingly mopped his face with it.

"Oh, God!" he said to himself.

He went back to his office and sat down at his desk grimly. A comma hound! He *did* like lots of punctuation, he reflected; he couldn't help it. It was the same with figures and statistics . . . But Muriel had laughed at him!

When she came into his room again, pausing opposite, she gave him a level look and then burst into laughter.

"Wh-what's the matter?"

"Your face," replied Muriel. "Look at it!" And she tossed her vanity case across to him.

Bewildered, but obeying her, he gazed in the tiny, gold-rimmed circle of glass and saw a huge smear of black grotesquely splotching his face. It must have been from the waste he had mopped up the ink with.

After that, it was not easy to get back into the routine of work.

A SECOND blow fell upon Reed this fine spring day when Mr. Marble called him into his private office and threatened to take his job away from him. John Marble was president of the company, which he had inherited from his father, and now, middle-aged, resourceful, efficient, he had been responsible for the great growth of the business. He was not a difficult boss to work for; with Reed he had been friendly and helpful; but he was candid.

"Maybe, Reed," he reflected, taking his wiry black mustache between thumb and forefinger, and pulling on it solidly, "maybe we should have kept you in your old job as secretary. Would you rather go back to it?"

Reed knew a moment of panic.

"No," he said, "I want to remain sales manager." It was a promotion he would hate to relinquish, promising the only advancement in the company.

"I thought you were good at detail work, that you just ate up anything methodical, but now I'm beginning to think I was wrong. Am I?"

"No—I mean, yes." Reed jerked one hand out of his pocket anxiously. "I *do* like detail."

"But the salesmen have been sending in complaints—territories switched by mistake, sales letters behind schedule—what's the matter with your face?"

Reed flushed.

"Ink. I couldn't get it off."

"What did you do? Try to put your head in the ink-well?" Mr. Marble laughed. "You're more nervous than you used to be, aren't you? And your color's not so good. Not sick, are you?"

Reed braced his shoulders, determined that if ever a time for resolution had come in his career, now was the time.

"No, not sick, but I guess I've been a little upset lately—not business, Mr. Marble, but something outside. It's had its effect on my work, of course. That's why I muddled up some of it. I won't do it again."

"If you want any more help, you know you can hire as many stenographers as you want."

"I—I *am* going to make some slight changes," he said, thinking of Muriel. "I'm going to get myself in hand. You'll see the difference in a week. I promise you that."

"Good! That's all I want, Reed."

"AS REGARDS window displays comma which comma we feel comma can not be over-emphasized comma give all the time possible to cooperation with—with—" Damn it, he couldn't help all that punctuation! He had been led to believe it was necessary. "Where was I, Muriel?"

"Give all the time possible to cooperation with."

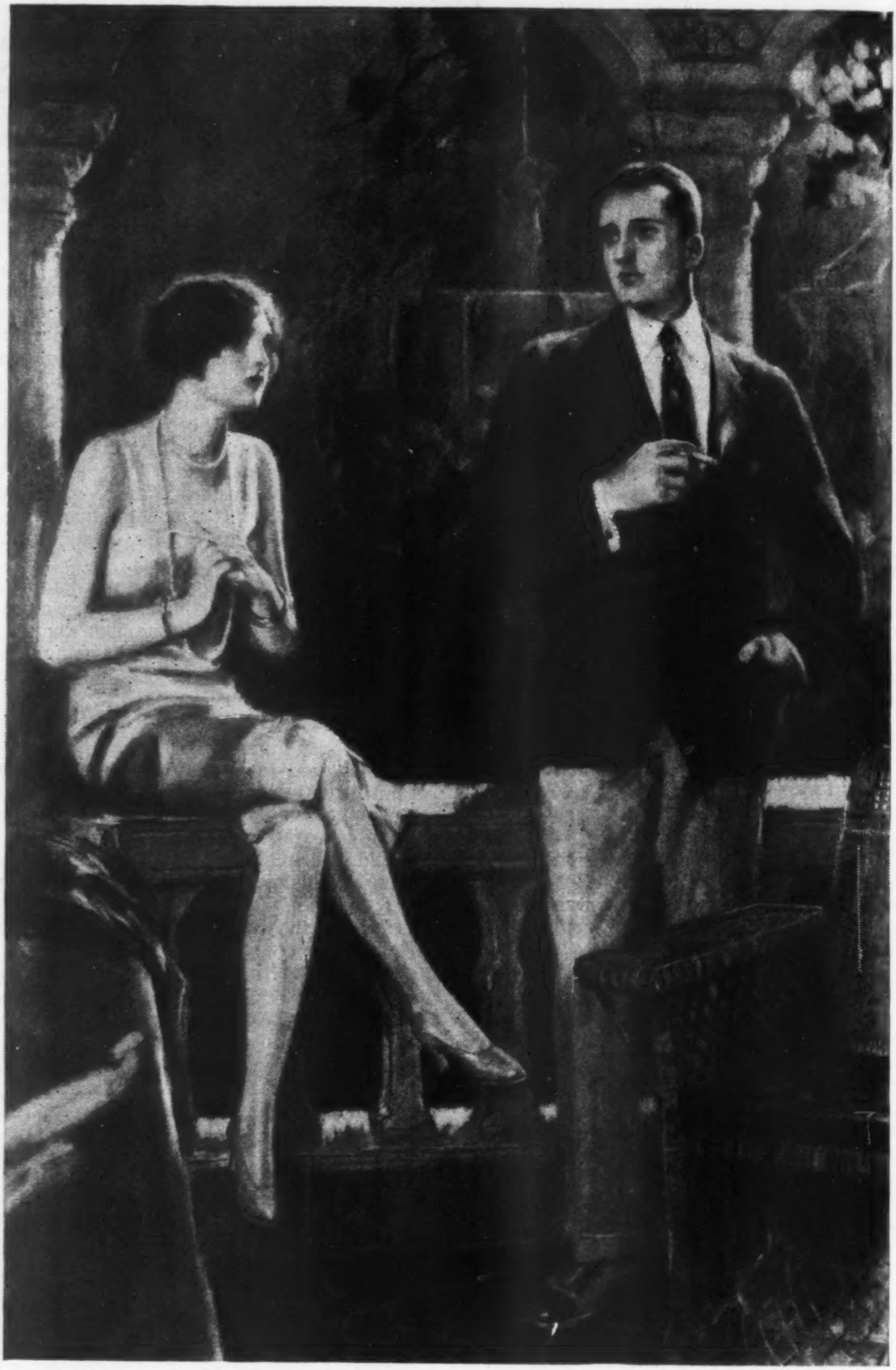
"Oh, yes. With local dealers period. And now a letter to Pethick in Altoona. Regarding the cardboard boxes comma—" He got up from his chair and paced to the window, where he saw in the street the top of a new limousine as black and lustrous as Muriel's hair. "In my judgment comma it would be a great mistake to postpone—" Hastily he returned to his desk and sat down. "No, cross that out. To take the risk of having postponed a matter which comma—" Again he rose and strode to the window. Maybe she had only come to work here in the mood of a social worker curious to find out how the other half earned its living! "What was that last, Muriel?"

"A matter which comma."

"Take out the comma."

"Really?"

At the surprised tone of her voice he turned quickly enough to catch the smile in her eyes, and suddenly all his pent-up feelings caused him to exclaim bitterly:



"Well, Reed," Muriel said, "you *have* changed!" "I tried to," he returned, "and it wasn't hard."

"I know! I know! I'm a comma hound, as you said."

Muriel's pad slipped from her knee to the floor.

"You heard me?" Her eyes were wide with astonishment.

"Yes. I was in the storeroom at the time."

"I'm sorry," she said, seeing the queer look in his face. "I didn't mean to hurt your feelings."

"Oh, no! . . . No, of course, not."

She gave him a level glance.

"Now, Reed," she inquired, "you aren't taking yourself too seriously, are you?"

He stared at her.

"I suppose I am," he said in a firm voice. "But I get a lot of fun out of taking myself seriously!"

She gasped; she had never seen him in this mood before.

"Is that why you were so nervous just then? Have I made you self-conscious? I know you're terribly shy sometimes."

He stepped back to his chair and sat down.

"If I'm nervous it's because I've got something on my mind, something I've got to tell you, and I don't know how to break it without hurting *your* feelings. I suppose the best way is just to say it. I've got to ask you to leave, Muriel."

"To leave? You mean—quit?"

"Yes."

For a moment she regarded him silently, considering.

"So I'm fired, am I?"

"No, no. It's just that I've got to make some changes in the office, and you happen to fall among the—the changes."

"You aren't mad about the commas?"

"No. It's as I said; some changes have to be made. I'd rather not go into details, if you don't mind."

A flush crept into her cheeks.

"I don't like being fired from my first job. Some of my friends are going to laugh at me and say 'I told you so!' "

"Well," returned Reed, "you don't want to mind what they say. That would be taking yourself too seriously."

She caught her breath.

A sense of strained relationship marked their parting, and as soon as Muriel left, Reed released his fingers from the under side of his desk, where they had been clutching the ledge of the drawer tightly.

"Thank Heaven," he breathed to himself, "that's over!" Sinking back in his chair, he gave himself up to his thoughts. "Now, with her out of my mind, I'll make no more mistakes here." He began reaching decisively for this tray and that. "I feel better already." After all, he should never have let himself get into the state he did, dreaming of her as if such a dream were attainable. "Now," he decided after some further adjustments about his desk, "everything's ready for tomorrow. No loose ends lying around. I'll go home and amuse myself this evening. I haven't touched my piano for a month."

SO HE called up Rex Whitock and begged off from the engagement to go down to the country club for golf and dinner, promising that he'd go the next afternoon instead. Rex and a couple other business men were in the habit of dining together at the club, and Reed was a recent member of the country club and could never shake off the feeling that he was an outsider.

"The Elms," where he lived alone, was an old mansion that had fallen upon the evil days of boarders and housekeeping apartments, under the proprietorship of Mrs. Tootle. Reed occupied the largest suite, consisting of parlor, bedroom and bath. In the parlor he sat at his piano after dinner, staring blankly at the music rack and feeling no more like playing than flying a kite.

"Just beginning or all through?" demanded the voice of Mrs. Tootle from the spot where his door to the hall stood ajar. Mrs. Tootle was always being discovered standing around speaking in a sing-song voice, like a strophe in a Greek chorus.

Reed turned to regard her lank, lethargic figure, and then turned away, hoping she would do the same.

"All through," he announced.

But Mrs. Tootle wasn't.

"When I think of all the time my father made me study the piano—and now you can turn one on by pushing a button and play anything! They say, though, that if everybody stopped singing lessons and piano and so on, there wouldn't be any more music after a while. It would die out. I guess that's true enough." She paused to let somebody else chant the antistrophe. But Reed remained silent. "Think of the people who spend their lives learning to play the piano. . . . It never struck me!"

The futility of Mrs. Tootle's philosophy, after she had gone, aroused a certain resistance in his mind.

"Think," he said to himself, "of the people who spend their lives learning to do anything! Well, that's what life is for—learning. . . . And I've learned a good lesson today."

But what it was he couldn't have said, and to avoid having to explain it to himself, he grabbed up his hat and went out for a walk, stopping at the public library to consult the shelf of rhetoric books and coming away with a sentence running through his head: "independent elements are separated by commas." When he reentered his rooms he was still saying to himself: "independent elements are separated by commas." Like a popular musical comedy air, it kept repeating itself in his mind, and he got into bed murmuring it. Then, just before he fell asleep, it became: "Muriel and I are separated by commas."

In the midst of renewed efforts at concentration and keeping two stenographers busy, Reed was summoned to Mr. Marble's office.

"Did you know that Lamont Pittsley recently bought some stock in this company? Well, he did. And last night he stopped me at the country club and said he'd heard Muriel had been fired. He says he's coming in to see you the first chance he gets. What are you going to say to him?"

Reed was suddenly struck dumb.

"I—I don't know," he admitted frankly. "But I hope he doesn't come in today." He smiled grimly. "I'm working like a house on fire, and I don't want any cold water thrown on it."

At five o'clock Reed let Rex Whitock carry him off to the country club, where he dined with Rex in a corner where he hoped he would be inconspicuous enough to escape the notice of Lamont Pittsley. Muriel was there, and so Reed assumed that her father might well be somewhere about. At nine o'clock the usual Tuesday night dance began, and at nine-thirty Reed stood with Muriel, in a lull in the dancing, at the far end of the long Moorish-arched veranda, with its view across the valley below, where the headlights of automobiles moved comet-like through the night.

"How did the commas go today?" Muriel smiled as she leaned against the veranda rail.

"That's what I want to talk to you about—in a sense." He put his hands on the rail at her side, facing her. "You may not care to explain this to your father, but I want to explain it to you. The reason I asked you to leave. It may sound funny to you, but—but it's because—" His hands stiffened on the rail. "Oh, it does sound funny, I suppose," he went on with such an odd look in his face, illumined by a near-by window, that Muriel could see the struggle he was undergoing to say what he wanted to say; "it's because I love you—"

"Reed!" Muriel caught her breath, and the color swept into her cheeks.

"I mean," he put in hastily, "it *was* because I loved you. I know you don't care anything about me, that you probably think I'm silly to act as I did, but I couldn't help it. I'm so in love with you—I mean, I was so in love with you that I couldn't do my work properly with you there. I got things muddled. The salesmen noticed it. Mr. Marble began to wonder if I oughtn't to give up the sales managership and go back to my old job. You see, being in love with you, Muriel, was a darn serious business! . . . Now, do you understand?"

"What a funny proposal!" She studied him, astounded, silent for a moment. "You surprise me, Reed."

He tried to laugh, but it didn't come off.

"I KNOW. I surprise myself." His glance traveled down the shadow-spotted veranda toward the flood of light in the big open doors where a knot of young men stood smoking and talking gaily; he recognized the figures of Van Arsdale, Wadsworth, and Drake, recent college graduates whose families were well known in Pittsleyville. "I've often wondered," said Reed, nodding toward the group, "why you haven't fallen for some of those boys."

"You don't know them very well, do you?"

"No," he admitted.

"That's the reason. You're too sensitive. They're too blasé. I'm waiting for what you might call 'the happy medium.' "

"I suppose you think I'm mad."

"No, you're not mad. You're methodical. What you really need *is* a little madness in your method." She paused, and he missed the chance to catch a suddenly wistful look in her dark eyes. "Shall I tell you more about yourself, Reed?"

"Go on," he urged grimly, "since you can't tell me you love me."

"I like you," she said with friendly emphasis, "as well as any man I ever met. And I know you fairly well, Reed—better than you think, perhaps. I know, for example, how self-centered you are." Though he winced and then stood stiffly against the rail, she went on: "If it hurts your peace of mind to be told this, it's a good thing. For you don't like to have anything upset your peace of mind, your office routine. I upset you. So you fire me. If you really loved me, you wouldn't care whether I interfered with your job or not. You'd throw it over and get another one, and in time learn how to handle me and a job too. You've always told the salesmen 'you can't keep a good man down.' That's a good platitude for the office. But *you* don't live anywhere else. You stay in your shell, an office shell. You ought to change that motto and make it, 'you can't keep a good man down town.' "

Reed shifted on his feet uneasily.

"That's all right," he admitted, glancing restlessly toward the doorway, "but you don't understand me."

Muriel had no compunction about laughing.

"Oh, dear!" she exclaimed ironically. "Another misunderstood man! . . . Let's go back inside. I see you want to get away."

He did want to get away, feeling so unhappy and discontented that when he was alone again he sought out a deserted corner of the reading room. But, as luck would have it, the iron-gray head of Lamont Pittsley rose from the chair-back that had been hiding it, and the

[*Continued on page 170*]

Publisher's Announcement

BEGINNING with the next issue, the contents of *Everybody's* will be exclusively made up of fiction.

And it will be action fiction of the most stirring sort—stories of adventure, of danger, of perilous hazards, gathered from the four corners of the earth. It will be written, too, by men and women who know intimately the color and clash of the life about which they write.

Merit only will determine the selection of contents, which will be held to a high level of quality.

There will be novelettes of generous length, serial novels, and at least seven complete short stories in each issue.

The handy size of *Everybody's* is already admirably adapted to the purpose of an all-story magazine. For the further comfort and convenience of the reader, the type will be larger and each story will be printed on consecutive pages, requiring no turning to the back of the book.

The December issue, the first to reflect the change, will be published November 20th.

He Reigns Over Our Animal Kingdom

Dr. Edward W. Nelson, head of the U. S. Biological Survey, began life as a boy naturalist. For fifty years he has been exclusively devoted to the study and conservation of bird and animal life

by Herbert Corey

THE greatest hunting organization in the world is under the direction of Doctor Nelson, whose department employs from two hundred to four hundred hunters and trappers to protect the rest of us from predatory animals. His own adventurous experiences in the wilds have helped him solve some of the problems of our rapidly diminishing game supply and to insure perpetual good hunting for coming generations of sportsmen.

HE'S LEGENDARY, that's what he is. Traditional. A holdover from the good old days when men went out for the season with rifles in one hand and their lives in the other. He does not seem to care about his neck and he is more stubborn than the man who invented knowing how not to quit.

That is the side of Dr. Edward W. Nelson's character that I would like to write about. No doubt I am romantic and when a man does the things that Nelson has been doing I follow him with my eyes shining and my ears cocked. But it is needful that these ardors be restrained and due attention be paid to the other side of Nelson.

"He isn't afraid of any man or any man's voice," said one of the foremost sportsmen of the world. "He is absolutely sure he is right. He is the most transparently honest and kindly man I know and he is so stubborn that if he were a bee he would hang on to his tree if the woods were afire. He disagrees perfectly with a lot of the rest of us and we disagree happily with him and no doubt from time to time some one loses his grasp on his vere de vere. But between times his opponents respect and admire him and at all times both schools—conservationists and administrationists—are for the sportsman and the game against the rest of the world."

Doctor Nelson began life as a boy naturalist before he knew what the word "naturalist" meant. He had discovered a new species of bird before he was sixteen and although he had taught himself ornithology out of a book, he spent five years in Alaska and the book that he wrote at the age of twenty-two is still the ranking authority on the vanishing Eskimo. His explorations in Lower California did more to make that dangerous desert known than anything that had been written. He did fourteen years on foot and in the saddle in Mexico and when he has time he proposes to write what he then learned of Mexican wild life. No one has rediscovered it since he left. He is seventy-three years old and one of the few men to whom has been granted the statutory two years more in office, simply because when he was seventy-two years old the Government at Washington would not let him quit. He has been connected with the Biological Survey of the National Museum since 1877—a matter of forty-nine years—and the greater part of that time he was alone in the wildest wilds as a field naturalist. And he has only one lung and a bad heart. He believes in the proper and reasonable killing of wild game in order that our grandsons and their grandsons may still be able to get a reasonable day's bag when their time comes.

He is a squarely built, broad shouldered, upright man, whose eyes twinkle behind his thick glasses. For all of his seventy-three years he can swing easily into a saddle. He likes a good story and tells one. So far as possible he suppresses his personal side, and when one tries to coax a story of adventure one is surprised to discover that he is genuinely diffident. He does not want to talk about himself. What little his friends know of the dangers and pleasures of more than half a century spent in the field has

[*Continued on page 153*]

DR. EDWARD WILLIAM NELSON is chief of the Biological Bureau, U. S. Department of Agriculture. He was born in Vermont seventy-three years ago and is one of the few men who have been permitted to remain in Government service beyond the statutory age limit of seventy. He has headed explorations in Alaska and Mexico and has written numerous books on natural history.

JOHN ROBERT GREGG, inventor of the system of shorthand that bears his name, believes that longhand has become too cumbersome for our efficient age. The young man in the circle, Martin T. Dupraw, won the world's championship by writing over two hundred and fifty words a minute. The average person speaks at a rate of less than one hundred and fifty words a minute.

Poor John Made Pothooks Pay

The boy at the foot of the class found shorthand too difficult to master so he introduced improvements of his own. Now ninety-five per cent. of the schools teaching shorthand use John Gregg's system

by Kingsley Gray

SHORTHAND is one of the arts with a colorful history. It was developed to a high state of perfection in ancient Roman times and then lost to the world for centuries. John Gregg took hold of the crude and cumbersome system taught when he was a schoolboy of sixteen and perfected a modern one along scientific lines. Then came years of discouraging effort to get it adopted.

THERE are plenty of stories written these days about men who have risen from "rags to riches" in the free-for-all business world, but this is a different sort, the story of a man who, in a brief thirty-three years has made a success in the most conservative realm of all—the educational world. Yet when a boy in school he was almost always at the foot of the class. In fact he was considered so unpromising that even in his home he was known as "Poor John." When his mother's will was opened it was found that his share of the money was left in the custody of the older children with the instruction that they dole out to "Poor John" his share as they saw he needed it.

"Poor John" is now John Robert Gregg of New York City, the inventor of a system of shorthand, which, although unknown in this country thirty-three years ago, is now used in ninty-five per cent. of all the schools teaching shorthand.

Despite opposition, and despite the further handicap of being a stranger—for he came here from England—Gregg has succeeded in three decades in so breaking down the indifference of conservatism and in building up a teaching organization that the great bulk of the nation's business correspondence now goes through the system of loops and curves that bears his name.

"How did you first get interested in shorthand?" I asked, not knowing that I had accidently struck the question which caused Mr. Gregg to begin his story with his childhood days.

"When I was but a small boy," he replied, "a friend of the family's and one of the early exponents of shorthand, came to visit us in our little village up in the north of Ireland. When he went to church with us on Sunday morning he took his notebook along with him and began to take notes of the sermon. In that little village a stranger was naturally a source of interest and curiosity, and when he began to write you can easily imagine how the attention of the congregation was focused on him. Probably no one in the church had ever seen a reporter before. It had a demoralizing effect upon the young preacher, who almost broke down in his sermon. After the meeting was concluded the minister hurried over to our friend and begged him not to publish the address because it had been taken from Spurgeon or Talmage or some other great preacher—I don't remember which.

"This event impressed my father so strongly that he decreed all his children should learn shorthand. So all of my three brothers and my only sister as they grew up studied shorthand. My two older brothers did not seem to make any particular success of shorthand as they went through school. Then came the two brilliant members of the family, my brother George and my sister Fanny. They stood at the head of the class most of the time. And then after they had finished school, I came along. The head master took this occasion to call the children together and tell them about the successes of my brother George and my sister Fanny. Then, pointing to the little red-headed youngster by his side he said: 'Here we have another of the Greggs—' and proceeded to forecast an equally remarkable career for me.

"No, I didn't live up to his predictions. I was at the bottom of the class most of the time. And that's just where the difficulty lay. The teacher seemed to take a special disliking to me for falsifying all his predictions, which meant that I was often the recipient of a caning. He belonged to the age when teachers studied the art of physical punishment more thoroughly than they studied pedagogy.

"I grew up under the impression that I was a hopeless dunce. All the family referred to me as 'Poor John,' and whenever I said anything that sounded ordinarily sane, it was a subject of comment in the family circle.

"This state of affairs bred in me a sort of determination born of desperation. I found that none of the other children had succeeded in their study of shorthand, and I decided that there was one chance—I would stick to shorthand until I succeeded, even if it killed me. They had succeeded in everything else and failed only in that. I had failed in everything else—and I was going to succeed with shorthand. It was my last chance!

"But I did not plunge into this endeavor in a blind fashion. I reasoned that if they had failed to acquire the shorthand system then in vogue it was hopeless for me to attempt to master it. And to that bit of rather obvious reasoning I owe whatever success has attended me. I proceeded to cast about for some other system and was thus drawn to studying systems comparatively. Finally I started to work out a system of my own, not with any thought of ever publishing it, but simply because the subject had become so fascinating to me. I was then about sixteen and employed in a law office in Glasgow. The fates seemed to be with me. My employer, being of a very convivial nature, was away from the office a great deal, and this permitted me to work undisturbed for weeks at a time on the study and practice of shorthand."

Gregg's endeavor was to construct a system less complex and less artificial than the one then in general use. He noted that because of the physical structure of the arm and hand certain strokes can be made more easily than others. He found also that the curves and strokes of longhand writing provided examples of the more easily executed movements, because longhand has been adapted by centuries of use to the peculiar structure and possibilities of the hand and arm. With this as a foundation principle he constructed a shorthand system that was physically easy to write. He introduced the slope of longhand, combining his characters in such a way that easily written, legible curves were formed by the junction of two of them. Of course there were many other features, all of which tended to remove complexity, but their enumeration would lead us into a technical field. "Poor John" had reached the advanced age of nineteen when he decided to publish his system.

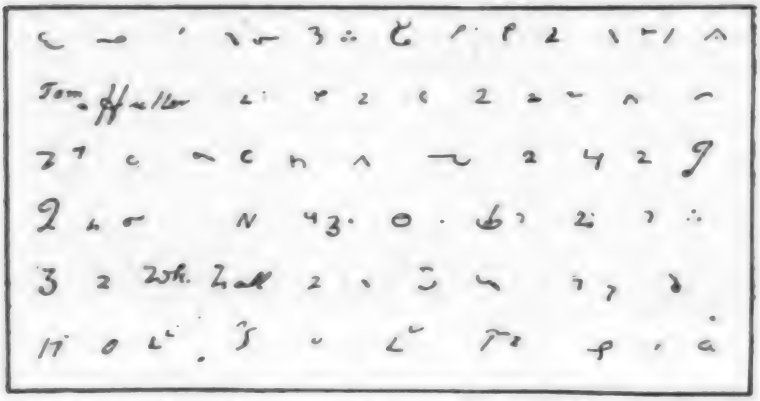
"As I had no money," continued Mr. Gregg, "I borrowed fifty dollars from one of my brothers, who has since told me that he did not give me more because he thought the less I had the more quickly I would be through with my crazy notions. I was still 'Poor John.' I published the system in a little twenty-eight page book in the spring of 1888. The edition was five hundred. By the way, there are only eight copies of that edition known to be in existence today. The only one I have cost me $100.00, which is double the whole sum I borrowed—though the book originally sold for a shilling—twenty-four cents.

"Yes, I opened a school, if you could dignify one small room on the top floor of a Liverpool office building by that title. There was no elevator in the building and there were ten flights of stairs up to that room. But there were some advantages—when a man finally got up there he was willing to sit down and let me talk to him. I found that to be a great blessing, because I was a very nervous and diffident youngster."

Five years of hard sledding and still harder work saw the system making good headway. There were schools in several cities. But when everything seemed to be in a fair way to succeed his hearing collapsed. For six months he could scarcely hear a sound. His teaching business vanished. As he was recovering, one of his students, who had gone to America, wrote asking for permission to publish the system here. He added, however, that if permission were not granted he would publish it anyway.

"You were really forced to come to America, then?" I queried.

"No, that is not correct. I had always intended to come to this country. I was saturated with American literature and was subscribing to American newspapers. But the thought


Tom. Fuller
Wh. Hall

This is a specimen of seventeenth century shorthand from the most famous diary in English history—that of Samuel Pepys. In this passage he tells of a certain preacher, Thomas Fuller, and of a visit to Whitehall where he "staid to hear the trumpets and kettle drums."

of losing my copyrights in America so appalled me that I came over sooner than good finance warranted. I immediately prepared a revision of the entire system, sold my school for forty pounds—about two hundred dollars—and sailed for Boston. After I had printed the little pamphlet containing the first edition of the revised system I was penniless.

"Here I was a stranger in a strange land forced to start all over again with a new idea in shorthand as my only capital. The odds were against me. I had landed in Boston, the most conservative of cities, and the year was 1893—the year of one of the worst financial panics in the history of the country. Half the typewriters in the city were covered. It was a terrible time to try to start something new, especially in educational lines. Under such conditions, I opened my first school in the United States.

"I shall never forget my first Christmas in America. In the old country Christmas is the day of days. We—the other instructor in the school, and I—determined that we were going to do the best we could to have one good Christmas meal. We found that our joint capital amounted to one dollar and thirty cents. We walked down to a hotel—walked to save carfare—and had our dinner. As we ate we drew a picture of the United States covered with schools teaching Gregg Shorthand. We pledged each other's health and vowed to continue our endeavors until we had relieved the young people the world over from the drudgery of learning the old systems. In estimating the cost of the meal we had reserved ten cents for carfare home—we had not thought of any supper. But the waiter helped me on with my overcoat and away went the ten cents!

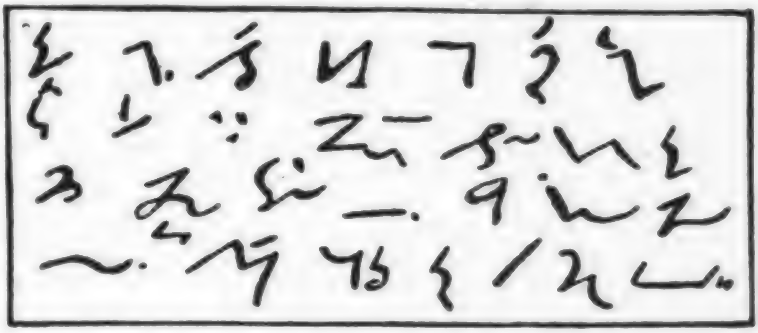
"Just exactly two years later I came to Chicago. I hunted around until I found the cheapest office. The first day I put a small advertisement in one of the papers. Within one hour of opening the office in the morning I had my first caller. This caller was a gentleman who had visited nearly all the commercial schools and was carrying their catalogs under his arm. He informed me that he had a son who possessed a great disinclination to study anything and that he wanted to place the boy in a school where he would receive a great deal of personal attention. With all the eloquence of my soul I promised to give that boy my best attention. The result was that the father paid me fifty dollars for the course. I honestly earned every cent of it before I got through with that young chap."

On the glass pane of the door of his one-room school Mr. Gregg hired a painter to put the sign: "The Gregg School of Shorthand, John Robert Gregg, Principal." The owner of the building informed him that if he vacated the room at the end of the month he would have to put in a new pane of glass. That's how permanent an institution the owner of that Chicago building thought Gregg Shorthand was.

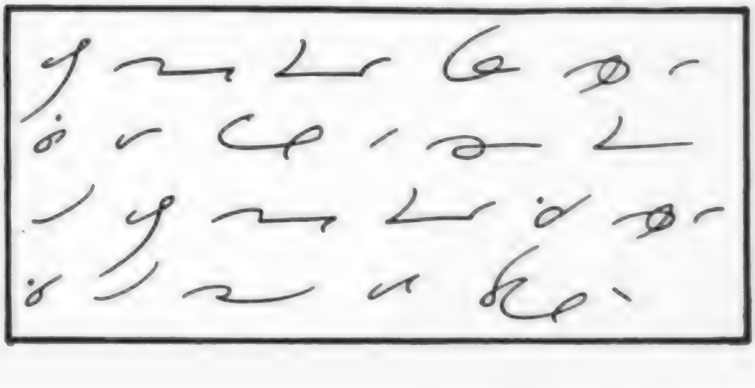
But Mr. Gregg did not vacate at the end of thirty days. He stayed until he had expanded over three adjoining rooms. Then his cramped quarters compelled him to move. The story of Gregg Shorthand from that day to this has been a fascinating account of constant growth.

"Tell me," I asked, becoming more interested by this time in the whole subject of shorthand, "what is the historical background of shorthand?"

"That is a matter of conjecture," he explained, as he settled back comfortably in his



The old and the new in shorthand. The above is a specimen of Tironian shorthand of 63 B.C., the first system of shorthand of which we have definite record. The fragment transcribes certain sayings from Quintus Curtius Rufus found in the Annals of Tacitus and in Pliny. The lower specimen is Gregg Shorthand, written by Mr. Gregg himself. It reads: "Whatever comes from the brain carries the hue of the place it came from and whatever comes from the heart carries the heat and color of its birthplace."



chair and began the recitation of the history of this "lithe and noble art," as it has been termed.

The Caesars Used Shorthand

"THERE have been attempts to show that the ancient Hebrews were acquainted with shorthand writing. Doubtless some method of abbreviating words was used by the professional scribes among the Hebrews and among the Greeks and Persians several hundred years before Christ; but there is no evidence that shorthand characters or other special symbols were employed. The first mention of an abbreviated system is in connection with the Roman poet, Quintus Ennius, who lived about 200 B.C. It is said that he used a scheme of eleven hundred signs.

"The first definite and indisputable evidence of the use of shorthand is recorded by Plutarch, who mentions that in the debate on the Catilinarian conspiracy in the Roman Senate, in 63 B.C., the orations of Cicero and Cato were reported in shorthand. Plutarch attributes to Cicero the invention of shorthand, but there is now no doubt that the credit for originating the first system of which we have any knowledge belongs to Tuillius Tiro, who was a freedman of Cicero's. Tiro was private secretary to the powerful Cicero and bore toward him the same important relation that secretaries bear to their employers today. On one occasion, when Tiro was ill, Cicero wrote to him: 'I thought, my dear Tiro, I should have been able to do without you more easily, but really it is impossible. Take care of your health, and be persuaded that, however much might have been the services for which I am indebted to you, the greatest you can render me is to keep yourself in good health.' An interesting side-light on the political value of a secretary is found in another letter of Cicero to Tiro: 'Give me reliable information on the political relations, how it stands with Octavius and Antonius; what is the voice of the people, and let me know whatever may be about to happen.'

"In reporting the Roman Senate, it is said that Tiro stationed about forty shorthand writers in different parts of the Curia. When one remembers that the shorthand writers of those days were without paper, pen, pencil, or ink, and possessed only a crude method of shorthand writing, it is almost incredible that they could have reported anything. The instrument used for writing was a stylus, which was about the size of an ordinary pencil, the point being of ivory or steel. Incidentally, the stylus could be made a very effective weapon. It was with such instruments that Julius Cæsar was stabbed to death.

"The world owes to shorthand the preservation of some of the finest gems of Roman literature. However, to most high school students who have struggled with second year Latin, this serves only as an indictment of the art.

"Such notable ancients as Julius and Augustus Cæsar wrote shorthand. The Emperor Vespasian was such an accomplished shorthand writer that he often competed with the scribes for the sheer sport of it. The historian informs us that he taught it to his stepson.

"The history of shorthand is anything but a colorless one. In the third or fourth century a teacher by the name of Cassianus was suddenly set upon by his exasperated students who stabbed him to death with their stylus. The historian fails to tell the cause of their exasperation, but I venture they were driven to desperation by the complexities and difficulties of the system then taught. That reminds me of something that took place on a subway some time ago. Sitting opposite me on the train one morning were two boys who were evidently going to a business school. One of them was looking at a shorthand textbook which was very familiar to me. The other boy said: 'Do you know that our teacher says that the fellow who made up that stuff is still living, and in this town?' To which the boy with the book replied with deep feeling: 'Living in this town is he? Well, he won't be living long if I see him.'

"With the decline of the Roman Empire, shorthand, like all other arts, lost favor. In the sixth century the Emperor Justinian forbade his famous code of laws being recorded by catches and short-cut riddles of signs. Later, Frederick II ordered the destruction of all shorthand characters as being 'necromantic and diabolical.' Thus shorthand became one of the lost arts.

"The first system of shorthand published in modern times was that of Dr. Timothy Bright in 1588, which, by the way, was exactly three hundred years before Gregg Shorthand. Bright was a distinguished physician and the author of several noteworthy books.

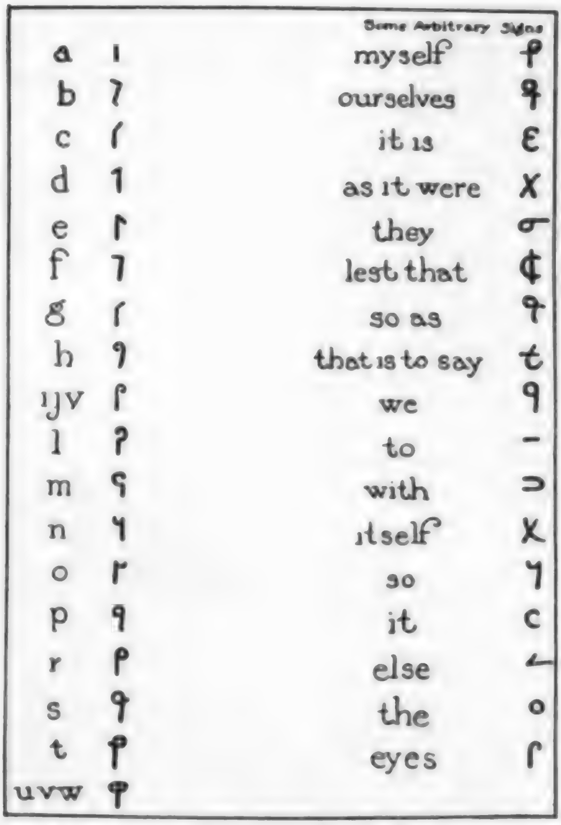
"It is a curious fact that the first mention of the word 'shorthand' was on an epitaph, which is still to be seen in the cloisters of Westminster Abbey. The epitaph is to a young man who died December 28, 1621, and quaintly includes the following pun:

> "Shorthand he wrot, his flowre in prime did fade,
> And hasty death shorthand of him hath made.

"Most of the early systems were crude and cumbersome, being little more refined than Tiro's. Charles Dickens, in 'David Copperfield', gives a very vivid and possibly a somewhat exaggerated account of the difficulties he experienced in learning the art.

"Upon its revival shorthand must have spread quite rapidly, because as early as 1628 Bishop Earle denounced 'certain graceless young persons who did not scruple to store up other men's sermons by the aid of shorthand, and palm them off later as their own.'

"Probably every one who has even a speaking acquaintance with English literature has read portions of Pepys' diary. But few know that it was written in shorthand and owes its frankness and self-revelation to the fact that Sir Samuel thought his words were thus protected from prying eyes. He wrote of the brides he took, of how he kicked his servant girl and gave his wife a black eye, and of numerous other disgraceful things he did. He also tells of how he attended King Charles II, by command, at Newmarket, and there 'took down in shorthand from his own mouth the narrative of his escape from the battle of Worcester.'



This is the first system of shorthand invented in modern times. It was published in England in 1588 by a Dr. Timothy Bright in a book entitled: "Characterie: An Arte of shorte, swifte, and secrete writing by Character." It was a clumsy system, ill-adapted to speedy writing. The chief difficulty was that the various characters could not easily be joined together.

"By the middle of the eighteenth century shorthand reporting had become a widely and firmly established profession in England, serving an increasingly important place in the business and political world. Today it is altogether indispensable.

"What do I think is the future of shorthand? I believe it will ultimately become universal. The first step—and it is already being taken in some places—will be the introduction of shorthand into the grammar grades and from there into the colleges and universities. From the rapid expression of thought, making notes on personal matters, notes in conferences or at lectures, extracts from books, drafting documents, recording telephone messages, keeping diaries, and a hundred other uses, longhand is altogether too cumbersome for our efficient age. In longhand, for example, the simple word 'thought' requires twenty-seven strokes to express the three sounds contained in it! In shorthand it is written with two easy motions of the pen."

"How fast is it possible for a person to write in shorthand?" I asked. His reply was sweeping enough: "As fast as it is possible for a person to speak distinctly. The average person speaks at the rate of from 100 to 150 words a minute. In the last annual international speed championship contest the dictator was unable to keep up to the speed required for the contest—280 words a minute for five minutes. Few men are able to talk that fast for five minutes, and yet there are always several aspirants for the championship who can write at that speed and keep their per cent. of accuracy above ninety-five. The present nineteen-year-old world champion, Martin J. Dupraw, transcribed wrongly only one word of the 1289 words that were dictated in the five-minute test in the last annual contest. When a person is writing 280 words a minute, it means he is taking down five words a second, or in other words that he is averaging seven strokes a second with his pen."

However, the fact that some have acquired marvelous accuracy in their writing does not mean that all stenographers have. Grotesque and even side-splitting blunders are often made by care-free graduates of numerous commercial colleges who essay to take down the thoughts of serious business men. Here are two or three that Mr. Gregg's sense of humor provoked him to relate:

In dictating a brief a lawyer referred to "an anecdote." But it came back to his desk "a nannygoat," which probably "got his ——."

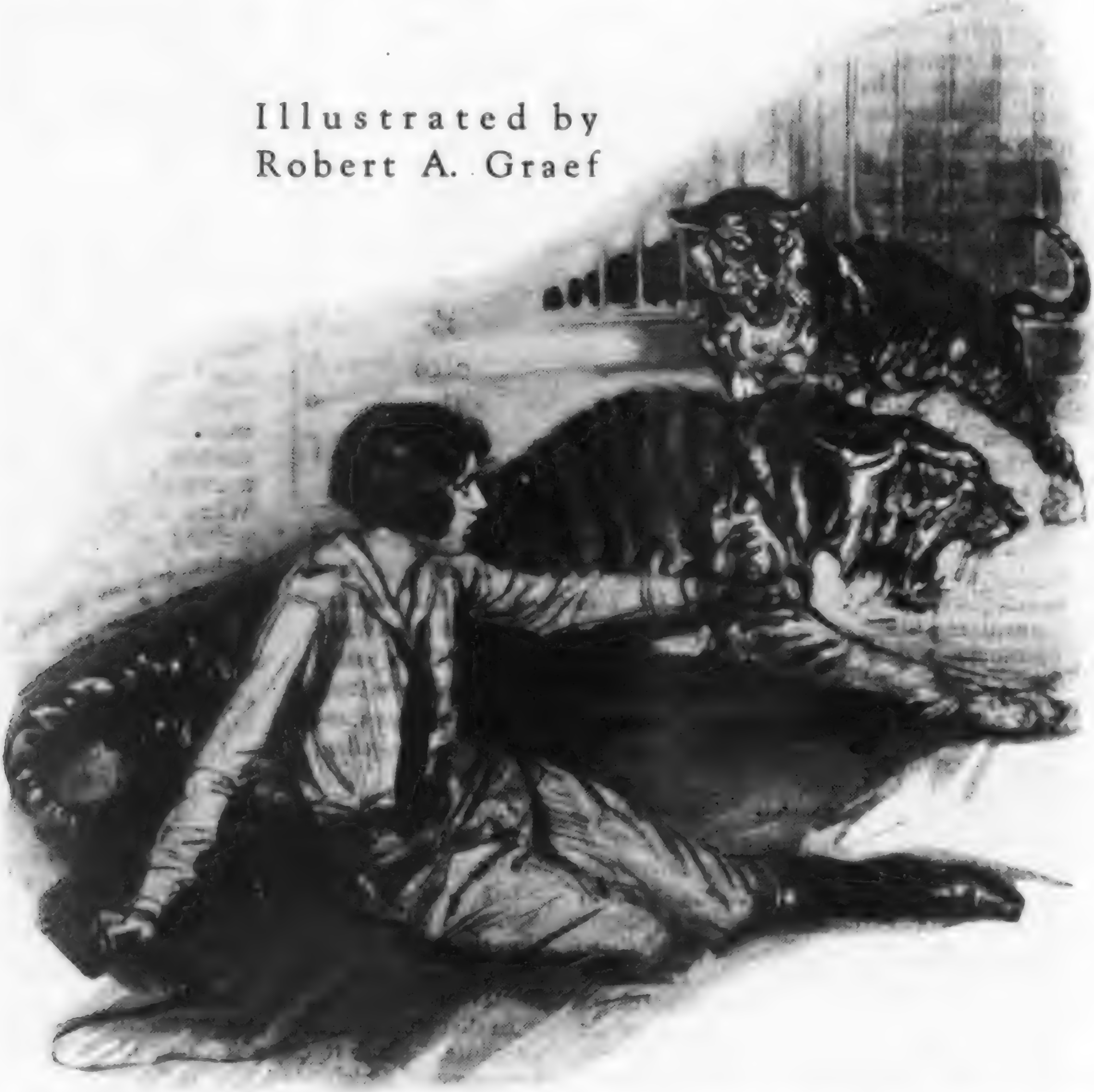
"Upon the applicant giving bond and taking the oath prescribed by law," droned the lawyer to his stenographer as he drew up a document for a widow. But the "stenog" placed in the client's hands the embarrassing instructions: "Upon the applicant giving bond and taking a *bath* prescribed by law . . . "

To the bereaved one the sympathizing friend wrote of how he trusted that time would "soften the force of the blow." But the transcribed epistle attributed to him the rather questionable words of comfort—"time will soften the fires of the blow."

Cats' Kittens

In the nick of time the menagerie house cat pays a debt of gratitude

Illustrated by
Robert A. Graef

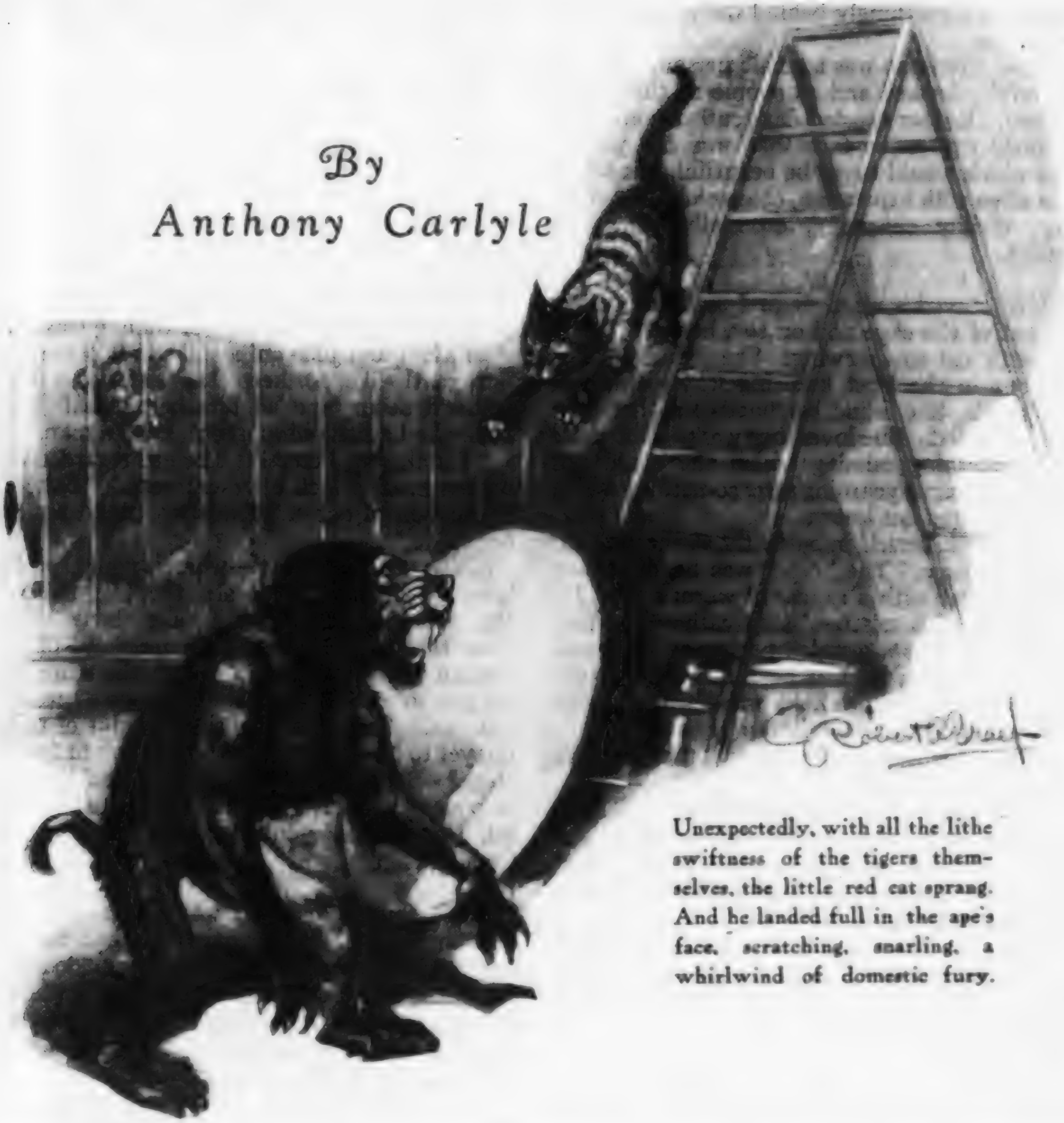


THE big elephant rolled in his pickets, and trumpeted his unrest to the world at large. A caged young wolf yip-yipped his desperate and unavailing protest to high heaven that fate had made of him a prisoner behind bars. An old lion stirred in his sleep, as though the wolf's complaint had stirred depths within him, awakened memories of an old, free life.

Other animals snarled and fidgetted, rustling ruthlessly, as if disturbed by the elephant's trumpeting. Storm was in the wind. The hot, west blustery night was charged with electricity.

In one of the smaller cages a little red cat mewed, at intervals, rather piteously, though with a patient resignation, laboring to give birth to a family of three, of which two were dun, and one vividly red. Of those three two were weaklings, puling, too fragile for existence;

By
Anthony Carlyle



Unexpectedly, with all the lithe swiftness of the tigers themselves, the little red cat sprang. And he landed full in the ape's face, scratching, snarling, a whirlwind of domestic fury.

while the third was of unusual size and great strength.

In a larger cage, not far distant, a big cat with yellow eyes which were at moments wild, and at others sleepily content, was in like travail. A royal cat, this, a Bengal tigress, bred in captivity, within the confines of a Rajah's palace, but with her wild instincts not dead, but merely dormant.

She had been brought to another land while her eyes were still innocent, lacking the red fire that could light them now; to her present place of dwelling by vicissitudes of outrageous fortune. A smooth, beautiful, big beast, all undulating curves and supple grace. A sullen creature for the most part, indignant at the human interference which had chosen for her a mate of lesser lineage, and whose company had never been desired by herself.

A savage beauty, still. Tricky, uncertain of temper, moody, impatient until prospective motherhood sobered and quieted her, and made her languid, and lazy, and indifferent to outside interests. Unreliable, except with her keeper and trainer, for both of whom she knew respect as well as a surly, slow affection. For most other humans she nourished an abiding contempt which expressed itself occasionally in a bitter resentment of any friendly approach.

Tonight, like the house cat, she was distressed, but she knew a curious and unusual sense of satisfaction, even of triumph. Sometimes, heavily, she paced up and down. Mostly she lay on her side, opening and closing her eyes, licking a big, terrible paw, the claws sheathed now, but none the less menacing.

Her keeper had done all he could for her immediate comfort. Her trainer had visited her, not once, but several times, bending above her, fearlessly to rub the smooth sides, or to scratch gently and soothingly behind the rounded, perfect ears.

Zena Stedman was a small person, quite as gracefully formed and as supple as the tigress herself. Rather tousled dark curls framed a piquantly expressive face that was not pretty, and which would never be beautiful, but which was alive with expression, changeful as an April sky, vividly charming, especially when she smiled.

SHE stayed a moment or two, then passed out of the cage and on to where the little domestic cat was mewing. She sighed a little, without in the least knowing why. Business was good. She found her hands full, her time well occupied. She loved her work. But there was something missing which she could not name. A vague yearning after something which so far she had not known.

She shook herself impatiently as she reached the little cage. The keeper was bending over the little cat with a saucer of warm milk. He grunted at his mistress' step without looking round. He was a grizzled person of unprepossessing aspect, who had been Stedman's right hand man long before Zena was born, and who had been friend and adviser to them both.

Capable, efficient, wiry, he was nevertheless getting on in years.

"Doin' all right," he pronounced— "Three! One a beauty—fine and fat and strong. The others might as well go to the bucket right away. They won't live. Measly little brutes—hark at 'em keening, will you?"

Zena bent, touched the cat, stirred her slightly, and took the two smaller kittens in her warm palm. They whined, a pitiful, feeble cry, and she looked inquiry at the man.

He shrugged.

"Them stray cats," he told her disgustedly, "never ain't any good; not when it comes to rearing a litter! No backbone. No nourishment, that bein' natural. And, by the same token, you can't expect two kits that are so small they can't suck to thrive—under such contrary circumstances. Ye cannot!"

Zena laid the kittens back gently, and the little cat licked them worriedly. The third kitten was making an energetic and noisy assault upon his parent in search of sustenance. He was red, and sturdy, unusually big. The girl touched him with a light finger.

"Glutton!" she murmured, then looked up at the keeper. "Certainly the others aren't up to much. And she's been off her feed, lately. The red kitten is stronger, of course, and bigger. He may stand a chance, though the others certainly will not."

"Sure!" Peters' tone was sarcastic. "And by the same token Lady Caden has sent down her queen for treatment, so that I'd've been mighty pleased to have had this creature's house room. That queen's a tricksy bit, and her kits'll be worth hundreds. Three first and—"

"Where is she?"

"Ah! An' you may well ask. That tortoiseshell queen's worth a cool five hundred if she's worth a toe-nail, an' there she is, in the littlest cage of all within half a dozen yards of that pestiferous son of Satan who's kickin' up the rumpus that's making half the animals wild with unrest. I ask ye, listen to 'im! Simply 'orrible, that row! Glory be! I'd see myself trustin' that bloke any nearer than 'e could get with a ten foot pole an' a spike in it persuadin' 'im gentle-like to keep his distance. Your father'd never 'ave 'ad him here, miss! Your father had a little bit o' sense, bein' a man."

"Thank you, Peters!" The girl regarded him with a smiling lack of resentment. "But who is the 'son of Satan?' I don't seem to remember. . . ."

"Miss Scottie's. Lor'—where's your thoughts been flittin' to? Isn't she the big noise in the ape world? Doesn't she boast she's done the biggest stunts with monkeys of any woman in this business? Didn't she write askin' you to put up a baboon that she's specially nuts on? Didn't she say there's a bit of training yet to be gone through before he's fit for the stage? Begorrah! And I believe her! if you'll step along and have a look at the brute for yourself I'm thinkin' you'll be of the same mind! Come along!"

ZENA flung a last soft word to the cat, and came along. By now the din had become terrific. The elephant's trumpeting made thunder in the air; the old lion was grumbling in his throat. But above all sounds came that roar and bark which is peculiar to the baboon, and more than a little awe-inspiring.

As they reached his cage the great beast—which was making a very pretty exhibition of right royal rage—ceased his noise, and came shufflingly close to the bars, peering with piglike, wicked eyes from a demoniacal head, first at the girl, then at the man.

Zena wrinkled her nose.

"He's no beauty!" she pronounced distastefully, and checked a laugh as the big brute roared anew. At her elbow Peters growled.

"Beauty! Bloomin' rainbow, I'd say! Look at the face of him, like a sunset, all colors. More like some fantastic devil than a monkey, 'im! Can't understand any woman doin' an act with that 'orror. . . ."

"Depends," said a voice from out of the shadows at the back of the cage—"on the woman."

A big figure lounged forward, a loosely knit, loosely clad, broad shouldered man, who in the dim light seemed to tower high above the other two. Zena caught the gleam of white teeth in a brown face, of gray eyes under sharply defined brows. She lifted her own brows inquiringly, and with a faint resentment. Zena was very much "boss" of her little show, and strangers were rare.

"And who are you?" she inquired. At her side Peters intervened hastily.

"The keeper, miss. Wait, I'll make a light."

He proceeded to do so. The keeper was standing close to the bars of the cage, his hand inside, rubbing the baboon. Without pausing he looked over his shoulder at Zena.

"Name's McKenzie, Miss Stedman," he told her, and she looked at him with a new curiosity, attracted by the pleasant modulation of his voice, a certain easiness of manner, a lack of hurry. He spoke like a gentleman. "I'm managing this baboon for Miss Scottie. Have been for some months now."

"Oh!" Zena felt that the remark was somewhat inadequate, but for the moment she could find no other. She was conscious of a started unsureness of herself, suddenly—of surprise—of instantly awakened interest. The man, presently, went on:

"She lost her animal man about six months ago, and had a good bit of trouble with Paudeen—" He smiled as at the sound of his name the baboon shuffled eagerly nearer to the bars—"and I got to hear of it by chance and offered my services. He's a tricksy customer to handle, and though she has shown him she has never let him act—do an act with her. She's training him now; but he's untrustworthy still, very—and jealous . . ."

"I see. And you brought him along here?"

The man nodded. "We thought it would be best to have me stay near him in case he gives any trouble. For some unearthly reason he's taken a great fancy to me. I can do pretty nearly anything I like with him, and go in with him fearlessly, though I've only known him months and Miss Scottie has had him ever since he was a baby—close on eight years."

He stopped. An instant later Peters shouted and Zena, bewildered, unprepared, found herself lifted clean off her feet and swung swiftly about, while a nerve-shattering roar set every animal in the place clamoring.

The touch of a thick flannel shirt was against her cheek, the pressure of an arm unbelievably strong about her. Blinking, gasping, she looked around as McKenzie set her down, clinging to him, breathless. In the cage, his face, crushed against the bars, the baboon was gibbering and gesticulating, eyes red with fury, huge fangs agleam. Peters, quite unaware of being guilty of imitation, followed suit, pouring forth invective and protest, his wrinkled face scarlet with mingled wrath and dismay.

"Mother av Hivin! Will you look at that now? Jealous, is ut? I'll say it is! Nearly grabbed you by the back of your hair, miss, he did so; and if he had, I'm tellin' ye, he'd have eaten the face off of ye! Take your murderin' beast away, man! He's not fit to be among self-respectin', decently behaved animals!"

Zena, still a little dizzy with surprise, was looking up into McKenzie's face. It showed white, no longer boyish, and there was something like horror in the pleasant eyes. For a long moment, while Peters raged on and the baboon shook his bars passionately they stood thus, very close together, the man's arm still about the slim shoulders.

Then abruptly McKenzie let her go and stepped back. He flung a glance at the infuriated Paudeen.

"I told you he was jealous," he said, rather jerkily. "It won't be safe to get within his reach." He hesitated. "You don't want me to take him away? I'll get a room in the village, and I'll attend to him, with your permission, as usual. It was just the board Miss Scottie wanted for him. You see, he's bad-tempered and upsets the other monkeys. Miss Scottie's not acting for a few weeks and she wants to give what time she can to his training. She's at the Station Hotel. She'd like to have a talk with you some time tomorrow, if it's convenient to you. . . . I hope he hasn't frightened you? And—" as she shook her head—"you'll let him stay?"

"Never!" Peters intervened. "Sure, Miss Zena, darlint, ye'll never be so crazy! I'm tellin' you, if you do you'll regret it!"

But Zena was still looking at McKenzie, and Peters stopped short. The color was back in her cheeks and she was smiling a little. The old man had never seen her look quite like this before, and after a minute, after a malevolent glance at the now whimpering baboon he turned away, and, rubbing his head perplexedly, went back to his cats.

The girl laughed rather breathlessly.

"Of course," she said, with a promptness which somewhat surprised herself—"of *course* he can stay!"

But she did not even glance at the protesting baboon. Her thoughts were with McKenzie. For the first time in her life, and with an inexplicable suddenness, Zena Stedman found herself interested in a man.

THE baboon stayed.

He was not a desirable "paying-guest" by any means. He demoralized his companion captives, and he seriously upset Peters.

For Zena he had no use at all. He expressed his opinion of her, as hostess, as insultingly as he knew how. He threatened her, savagely, with instant attack should she dare venture too near his cage. He hurled abuse upon her, and upon her house whenever the opportunity arose.

Zena was moving among the cages when he came in the morning, calming, as best she might, their impatience. She looked a shade pale, after her unwontedly wakeful night, but a hint of rose-bloom flushed her cheeks as McKenzie approached her. His keen eyes flashed over her, frowned upon the fawning Paudeen, then smiled.

"Been playing you up?" he asked. Zena returned the smile.

"Terribly! He's been outrageous. Poor Peters is ready to shoot him. And I'm afraid I'll have—for about the first time in my life—to admit defeat. Paudeen is one of the few wild animals I've not been able to coax into amiability. He won't put up with my advances at any price!"

"He's queer," the latter admitted. "He detests strangers, and is strongly averse to women at the best of times. . . ."

"But he belongs to a woman?"

McKenzie nodded.

"I know. All the same, he does not like the sex. Miss Scottie herself, so far, has never attemped to deal with him except when he's in a thoroughly good temper—which, I may add, is not often; especially lately. While he was quite a baby it was different, but in the last year or so I understand he has become more and more disagreeable. And since I've handled him he's shown positive ferocity—except, curiously enough, toward myself."

Zena nodded.

"He likes you," she observed, and McKenzie slipped a hand between the bars, rubbing the ugly, highly colored snout. The baboon whimpered, sidling nearer to the bars. The man shrugged.

"Yes. They take queer fancies; and they're jealous as the deuce. As, I expect, you know yourself."

"I know, all right," the girl assured him. "I've had a good many monkeys. But I've never done much training with them—and never any public 'stunts.' I prefer the cats."

She looked toward the cat-cages, where Peters was, collarless, dishevelled, slightly stooped and very earnest. She added, with a note of warmth in her deep voice:

"They're so beautiful. All the apes are hideous."

Paudeen snickered savagely, his eyes upon her. McKenzie laughed outright.

"A truly feminine reason!" he commented. The girl shook her head.

"No. It's not that. But I think I have a slight antipathy toward apes, though I've become thoroughly accustomed to them. Perhaps it's because, in some ways, they're so extraordinarily like people! I like animals to be really animals."

Paudeen swung suddenly away from the bars, raced round the cage, and hurling his ungainly weight back into position again, roared. McKenzie said, gravely:

"He's animal, right enough. And it's obvious—"

"Will ye be after steppin' over here and lookin' at Kit-cat. Fine and flourishin', she be, with one cub . . . and that measly little housecat limp as a rag, and all the kits dead except the red one. By the same token, he'll go west soon, if we can't get some nourishment into 'im! For the love o'Mike, miss, leave that hollerin' son of Hades to 'imself and give these other beasties the once over yourself."

WITH McKenzie following, the girl obeyed. With practiced hands she stroked each cat. Finally turning from the big to the little one she said:

"They're both all right, except that the little cat'll lose her last kitten. She's not fit to rear him. Tried a bottle?"

"Tried every 'tarnation thing I can think of. He'll suck, but he won't thrive. Wants proper nourishment, 'e does, an' plenty of it!"

Zena reached in her hand and picked out the blind kitten—a lusty youngster, mewing piteously. The little she-cat looked after her, drew a sigh of relief, and curling up more closely presented an indifferent back to her visitors and offspring alike.

"Huh!" murmured Peters, in mingled indignation and relief. McKenzie raised an eyebrow.

"And that's that—plainly!" he observed. "No maternal instinct in that little lady! But it's pretty rough on the youngster. Fine little chap. . . . Why, Miss Stedman, what're you going to do?"

Zena, the kitten in her warm palms, was stalking determinedly to the royal lady's cage. She did not enter, but reached through the bars, touching the tawny head, drawing away one great paw the better to see the squirming newcomer who sheltered beneath.

"How goes it, old lady?" She asked the question conversationally. A light of deepening admiration in his eyes, McKenzie looked on. The big cat blinked, stiffened, relaxed and purred. Zena held out her left palm and in it the mewing kitten.

"Here's another baby!" she announced, and pushing the tigress' cub gently aside put the little kitten in its place. McKenzie exclaimed. Peters laughed scornfully.

"You're dippy, this morning, Miss Zena. Think the ould empress'll stand for that? St. Patrick! And she'll make a meal of the little 'un—mop 'im down like an oyster, an' not know she's 'ad 'im. Not"—with immense contempt—"that it matters if she does, seein' the kit ain't worth a tin-tack. An' kinder than drownin'!"

"Quit your nonsense," his mistress adjured him. "Kittens are kittens, and cats are cats, all the world over! And these are cats' kittens, both of them. You'll see—he'll thrive. Cats' kittens, nothing more or less, for all the difference in their size!"

Miss Scottie put in her appearance during the course of the day, very hurried, rather flurried, over-excited by an offer from a promising manager which had reached her only this morning. An offer to tour for six months, with a good salary and great expectations for the future.

She must start at once. She could not possibly take Paudeen with her. Could he stay? Mr. McKenzie—her languishing, effective black eyes softened and smiled as they sought the blue ones—would, of course, remain at hand for a while at least, and go on with the training. If Miss Stedman *would* keep Paudeen a while Miss Scottie would be *so* grateful.

"You see," she concluded—"he's *so* big, and so cantankerous, and so unreliable. I can make a few flying visits back here, and Mr. McKenzie can be shaping Paudeen up. *Will* you have him?"

Peters demurred. McKenzie did not. Neither did Miss Stedman. Afer a good deal of unconnected chatter, some slightly shrill laughter, and many admonishments as to the care of Paudeen, Miss Scottie took a vivacious departure. Paudeen, gibbering rage at her slender back, remained.

And, in the tigress' cage the huge foster mother, investigating the extraordinarily diminutive addition to her family, turned it over with a contemptuous paw, growled, then changed her mind and fell to purring, as if in half scornful and amused content.

DURING the six months that immediately ensued Paudeen grew more savage, Peters more morose, and the two baby cats more alluring, and plump, and impertinent.

Zena Stedman bloomed like a rose; McKenzie took a greater interest in the baboon's education than ever he had done before. True, the training chiefly consisted of long talks with Miss Stedman before the animal's cage.

True, too, that Paudeen did not progress remarkably far along his path to fame. But he was an excellent if unwilling chaperon.

Further, Mr. McKenzie took a real and lively interest in Miss Stedman's "circus" as he was pleased to call it. He became acquainted with all the animals, proving himself an animal man after her own heart—and even coaxed his way into Peters' good graces.

He helped where help was needed. He knew pretty well as much about beasts as did the girl herself; he liked them with the same understanding and sympathy. Within a very little while she fully realized the reason why Miss Scottie had engaged him. She would herself have liked a keeper of McKenzie's qualities and caliber.

She fondly believed, also, that it was those qualities which had awakened her interest in him—not the man himself. She watched him with Paudeen, admiring his nerve and his patience. She saw him depart, resignedly, in answer to the fairly frequent telegraphic or telephonic summons from his mistress, who was, it would appear, in constant need of urgent consultation with him upon some matter or another. She guarded Paudeen for him—from a distance—wistfully hoping to break down the big brute's prejudice against her, but never succeeding.

And, upon his return, she always welcomed McKenzie back with a pleasure she did not attempt to conceal.

During those six months occasionally she herself showed, chiefly with her cats; but for the most part she preferred to earn her living with the training, for other performers, of their beasts; or the training of animals for circus, cinema or vaudeville. Often McKenzie, in his spare time, helped her.

He had rooms in the village, and when off duty with Paudeen—a duty to which he attended scrupulously—he was either riding with Zena, assisting her in some tricksy "acts", or supping with her in the little house after a full and strenuous day.

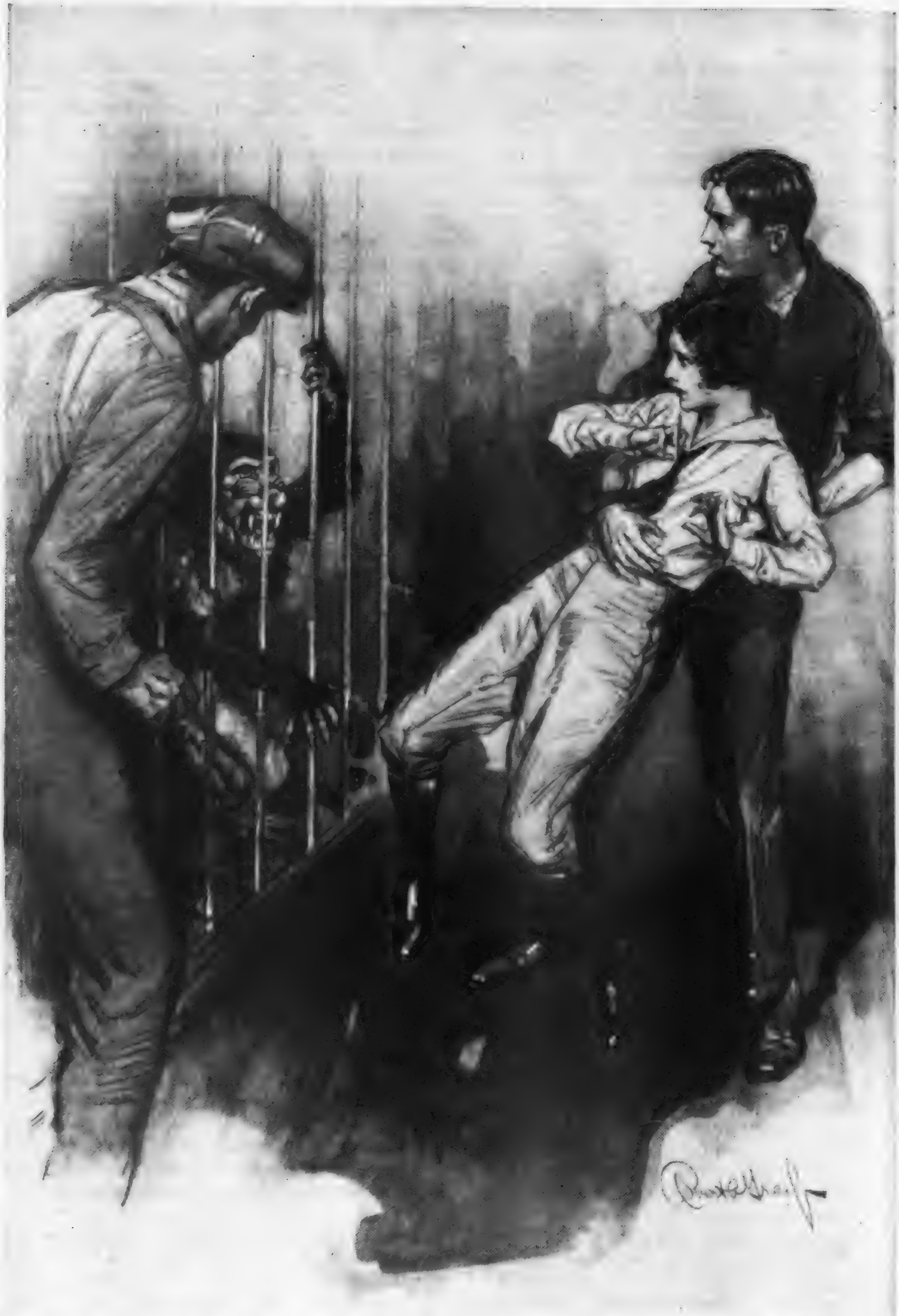
So the months slid from six to eight, from eight to ten. Kit-cat's kittens were no longer kittens, though the cub, despite its size, looked far younger than the kitten. Both were sleek and soft, and deceptively gentle. Each, in his own way, was enormously powerful. Zena, watching them sometimes, would say to either Peters or McKenzie, her pretty lips upcurled in a smile of triumph, her eyes glowing:

"What did I tell you? Didn't I *say* Kit-cat would be large minded enough to play the rôle of foster mother to perfection? And hasn't she done it? Look at that Rufus, if you please!" She would indicate the kitten with a proud gesture: "Isn't he more like a miniature tiger than the offspring of a domestic cat? Hasn't he absorbed, with his mother's milk—and Kit-cat has been more of a mother to him than ever his own would have proved—something of a tiger's instinct? I'll say he has!"

Peters, usually, would grunt noncommittally. McKenzie would indulgently acquiesce. Paudeen, near by, would generally squall scorn and hate and bitter impatience. He had as little love for the three cats as they had for him. Natural enemies, captivity had in no wise reconciled them.

Once Zena, watching, had seen the big tigress rise and pad softly to the bars at the side of her cage nearest to the side of Paudeen's. Her tawny eyes had held gleams of red and green, and shone like a flame of hate. The baboon, hunched, sullen, eyed her redly, then broke into his petulant roaring bark of rage.

The tigress growled in her throat, very softly, very menacingly, and to her side there came the cub, sidling against her, stiffening an instant



Zena found herself lifted clean off her feet and swung swiftly about, while a nerve-shattering roar set every animal in the place clamoring.

later in defiant hate, equalling that of his mother. It was a hate which had in it something of fear, but a fear that did not cow, only lashed to life sleeping fires.

And, occupied in cleaning its paws, the kitten, near by, stiffened too, turned its head, narrowing green eyes as one sees a house cat narrow its eyes at sight of a bird—or of a range dog. An instant later the baboon thrust his huge hairy arm through the bars, in a futile endeavor to grasp at the tigress. The growl in Kit-cat's throat became a thunder of rage. Her shoulders rippled. Lightning-like in her rapidity, she sprang. The extended, vicious claws just reached and ripped the monkey's forearm before she fell back, baffled by the bars. . . .

Zena and McKenzie, breathless after restoring order, looked at each other.

"Some feud!" the girl commented. "Mighty lucky for the menagerie they can't get at each other! And did you see Rufus? I believe he hates that baboon as much as the other two do."

"Shows his excellent common sense, miss!"

It was Peters speaking from behind her. He went on, regarding the monkey unlovingly:

"Paudeen's an ugly beast, both in looks an' in temper, which hasn't been improving any since he's been here. If anythin' it's worse than it was. An' always worse when you're about, miss. He wouldn't naturally like the cats, any more'n they'd naturally like him. But he hates them special just because, lately, Mr. McKenzie, here, has been after givin' 'em a good bit of his attention—fussin' over 'em—admirin' of 'em! Paudeen's jealous."

Zena nodded. McKenzie raised his brows. Peters added grimly:

"An' 'e's jealous of you, too, miss. Always has been."

"But *why?*" The girl frowned perplexedly, with faint annoyance. Peters chuckled. His glance went to McKenzie, and with a half shrug he turned away.

"For the same reason!" he informed her, bluntly, and disappeared.

For a full minute McKenzie and the girl stood staring at each other. The girl was growing slowly scarlet; McKenzie blinked, slowly absorbing the force of the old man's statement. Then he drew a long breath, squaring his shoulders, and into his eyes there leaped a light that sent Zena two sharp steps backwards from him.

"Oh!" she gasped, helplessly, appealingly. But she got no further. McKenzie took her bodily into his arms and kissed her. Paudeen, looking on, howled passionate disapproval. After an interval there came the sound of Peters' voice again.

"Ah-ha!" he pronounced, knowingly. Zena, with a little squeal, made an effort to get away, but McKenzie held her fast. He looked back over his shoulder at the old man, grinning.

"We're engaged, Peters!" he asserted, confidently, and continuing to ignore the girl's efforts at protest. Peters winked.

"Sure! It's what I've been expectin' for months, an' wonderin' when ye'd be after comin' up to the scratch. A fine match, ye'll be. Only, I'm warnin' ye, don't advertise the fact too suddenly—or too much. Leastways, not until you're safely hitched up."

He paused, jerking a thick, and rather dirty thumb over his shoulder.

"Here's Miss Scottie just drivin' up to the lower gate—an' Paudeen here, that wild he'll bust his bars if we ain't careful. What I say is, if you're wantin' an ould man's advice, the two o' you—*look out for squalls!*"

ON THOSE occasions when Zena and Paudeen's mistress had come in contact the latter had been superficially pleasant; but as time had gone on it had been a certain indicated acerbity of which Zena had not been in the least aware.

Even had she been aware of it its cause would have remained unguessed. That Miss Scottie's interest in McKenzie was anything more than the interest she might have taken in any efficient and thoughtful guardian for a valuable animal had never occurred to her, any more than it had occurred to McKenzie himself.

Neither had dreamed of the possibility that she could know any feeling approaching that of love for him. But then neither of them, it may be said, was familiar with any other woman of Miss Scottie's type and temperament. She was young and attractive, and effective. Vivid, flashing, highly colored, and genuinely courageous, she had inspired real admiration, had collected about her many would-be wooers.

She had had her flirtations, but, while she had often played at love she had never entered seriously into any thoughts of its fuller meaning until McKenzie had drifted across her path. She had, with that perversity of woman in general, and woman of mixed race in particular, been immediately attracted, and strongly attracted at that.

Miss Scottie owned Polish, Italian, and Irish ancestors. Miss Scottie was quicker to strike than to think. She was passionate, impatient alike of restraint or of obstacles in her path. She was something of a little queen in her own profession and her own circle. She was used to the homage of the men with whom she mixed. But she had looked for homage from Douglas McKenzie in vain.

Or, rather, she had mistaken for it—for something warmer than liking—that gentle deference which the man showed to all women.

It had pleased her, with a sort of arrogant pleasure, to know herself responsible for having helped him, by giving him permanent work, when he had seriously needed help. She had imagined, blinding herself as women who have been much fêted and fawned on will, that he was overpoweringly grateful, and that gratitude was growing into something greater. She had chosen to believe that he loved her from afar. And it was a remarkably nasty shock to her to find him, metaphorically speaking, in Zena Stedman's arms, now.

"Engaged?"

Later she had faced him, quivering with anger, trembling in her effort to control herself.

"But I do not believe it! It is not possible! I—you—" she met the blank hardening of his blue eyes and caught her breath. "I mean—I have depended on you! I am still depending on you. Being—engaged—will make a difference— Men in love—" she essayed a laugh—"have not their minds upon their work like other men!"

The hardness remained in McKenzie's eyes. He did not understand what was driving her, but he was displeased. He said so, after his own fashion.

"Nothing would interfere with my work," he told her. "If I thought it would I should not continue to hold responsibility. For the rest, I have a right to do as I please in such intimate matters without interference."

Miss Scottie, sensibly, swallowed the rebuke and her own rising hysteria. Choking, she turned her attention, without the least interest, to Paudeen. Tight lipped she had departed. She had spent a sleepless night, Zena's starry eyes ever before her—McKenzie's brown face, with its new look of proprietorial tenderness.

All next day she brooded darkly, as women of her type will. With several days of idleness before her she had made the opportunity to come and see how the baboon was progressing; and, since she was satisfied in that respect it was at first her inclination to go away again speedily.

Yet she did not. She continued to brood, to lash herself to a slow, hot fury first against the man, later, and more bitterly, against Zena. In her eyes Zena was the culprit. McKenzie a victim of a brazen hussy's wiles. If Miss Scottie's reasoning was peculiar it must be remembered that, in addition to being a member of the illogical sex she was also, as has been said before, of decidedly mixed ancestry. And at the moment far away whispers of vendetta roused within her all the more ungovernable passions of her southern blood.

She stayed for the whole of the following day in the hotel. But toward the golden evening she was drawn back to the place where Zena was still busily working as if by a magnet.

This time she walked, and, knowing her direction, entered the big, somewhat hangar like building in which the cages of the larger animals were kept. In this building was a wide sawdusted space, circled and secured by the cages, into which, for individual training, the girl frequently took out a beast, or, on occasions, more.

The other woman saw that the girl was now in the arena, the long whip she always carried but scarcely ever even cracked, in her hand. She had not heard the approach of her visitor, and the latter paused, instinctively, just inside the great doors, in their shadow.

She observed the scene with heavy-lidded dark eyes in which was a growing fire. Zena did not look round. She was absorbed in her work. And tonight it was that of putting the cats through their paces, always a pleasure as well as a duty.

She passed from one cage to another, then on to that of the tigress and her cub. The house-kitten which, though big, could get through the bars of the cage, was mischievously playful—already out, gamboling irresponsibly all about the arena and exciting his foster-brother to impatient envy.

He raced up onto Zena's shoulder, and she exclaimed sharply, admonishing him with the tip of her whip:

"You little brute! You've stuck your claws into my shoulder! Rufus, you're getting too big for this sort of thing. You're nearly as powerful as a real tiger-cub, and abominably heavy. Get off! And get out of the way during this act, or I'll lock you up! Git!"

Rufus, obediently, got. He took up his position on the top rung of one of the several ladders and surveyed the proceedings with indulgent scorn, purring whenever his mistress passed beneath him. Rufus had almost a dog-like affection for the girl, and when not risking his life playing with his foster-brother spent most of his time prowling after Zena.

MISS SCOTTIE glanced at him, then back at the girl. She was passing between Paudeen's cage and the door of the tigress. The baboon roared instantly, and shuffling forward with incredible speed hurled himself at the door with such furious force that it shook beneath his weight. With one hairy paw grasping and shaking the bars he stretched the other terrible arm out across the space between the cages, striking blindly in an endeavor to reach the girl. She dodged, expertly, ignoring him, and his roar lifted again, filling the building.

Miss Scottie, even from the distance at which she was standing, saw the savagery of the little, greedy eyes; and her own narrowed, gleamed, took something of the same red light of murder. At her sides her hands clenched. She drew in a shuddering breath.

Zena, serenely unaware of her regard as she was careless of the monkey's, was opening the door of the tigress' cage.

At her soft call the latter lifted a tawny, lazy head, stirred, yawned, and rose. She did not hasten. Kit-cat's dignity forbade her to hasten. She entered into the sawdust of the arena almost languidly. She snarled, keeping well away from his cage, at Paudeen, her glance giving back savagery for savagery, hate for hate. She warned the gamboling, eager cub who followed her, in some miraculous maternal way to do the same.

Then she lounged to where Zena stood in the center of the circle, and sitting on her haunches yawned again, audibly this time.

The cub was flittering around in joyous delight at being freed, if only for a while. He was tamer than his mother, so Zena argued, but then, as Peters insisted upon pointing out, he was only a baby still. Much more of a baby than his diminutive brother preening himself on the ladder.

He did not know the same resentment that always rankled in the heart of his royal dam at the indignity of being captive. He had known nothing else, and was content, though he ached for wider ranges and greater freedom, envying the red cat, Rufus, because he was able to indulge that natural instinct of all cats to roam wild and unfettered.

Rufus mewed insultingly as Zena lifted her whip, and the tigress turned back her lip, blinking at him and snarling. She walked round Zena twice before she condescended to precipitate her lovely, lithe body through the uplifted hoop. And she cuffed her son soundly for being in her path when she was about to land. He whimpered. Rufus mewed again.

Twice Zena in putting the tigress through her paces unconsciously came nearer to the baboon's cage. Twice he flung himself at the door, as if thoroughly realizing that it might prove weaker than the bars, and shook it, roaring. And twice Miss Scottie's eyes answered the grim glow that lay in his.

Then, as if acting without consciousness, keeping her eyes ever on the girl on the arena, and her thoughts upon the man who loved her, the older woman began to move forward, nearer and nearer to the monkey's cage, but keeping on that side of it farthest from the arena. It was more than ever shadowy; she was wearing dark clothes, and Zena was far too interested and too watchful of her charges to notice the slight rustle of her skirts or patter of her light steps.

This is not an attempt at analysis of a bitterly jealous woman's warring natures, not to accuse nor condemn. It is a statement of fact, a mere picture of an incident in a world peopled chiefly by animals. It suffices, in respect of Miss Scottie, and the madness that drove her to an unforgivable, unbelievable, and outrageous action, that she succeeded in doing what she had found herself suddenly driven to do. More quickly than she had hoped she was in the narrow passage way between the two cages. Breathlessly waiting her opportunity—a moment when Paudeen was well on the other side of the cage—she pulled cautiously at the bolts. They were well oiled, as the bolts of cages should be, and slid back soundlessly.

The cage was not set high; it was upon the ground, and the iron door, swinging open, blocked the whole passage, wedging a little as it caught against the other cage, so that, behind it, Miss Scottie was in no danger.

Zena was calling the cub to order; Paudeen had started one of his shuffling irritable journeys round the cage. Presently, as before, he would come to a raging pause at the door—and find himself free!

And then . . .

Miss Scottie's breath caught stiflingly in her throat. She watched the beast, wide-eyed, with a sort of awful fascination. She even tried to crash the great door to again as Paudeen turned to come toward it, but it was jammed. The deed she had done her strength was not great enough to undo. In a moment Paudeen would be free. . . .

She knew that she screamed, but she heard no sound. She knew that, with a roar that shrilled high and ever higher on a note of triumph the baboon had launched himself into the passage between the cages—was aware of his freedom—horribly aware, in the same instant, of the helplessness of his victim.

SHE stood quite near to the passageway, playing teasingly with the cub, her back to the approaching, horrible menace of those terrible, hairy arms. And, helpless now, aghast at what she had done, trembling from head to foot Miss Scottie clung to the bars and closed her eyes. Visions rose before her—visions of things she had witnessed on other occasions—accidents in the ring, when limp and badly mauled victims of a beast's sudden and incomprehensible fury had been borne out of sight of the awed and frightened audience.

Of other accidents, some in the wilds, some within the bounds of civilization when those victims had been too torn for any hope of recovery. Already it seemed to her the blood-taint was in her nostrils. In a few minutes—in only a moment, now, Paudeen would strike. . . . Baboons, in their rage, literally tear their victims to pieces. . . . In the space of a few more heartbeats the arena would be a shambles. . . .

She screamed. Screamed again, the note rising higher and higher; and, screaming, she turned and ran for the door.

At the sound Zena swung round—and screamed too, leaping instinctively aside as the baboon's arm lashed out at her. Blindly, in an agony of the first terror she had ever really known in the face of danger she struck, with the butt end of her whip, and with all her force, which was not small, at the gnarled wrist.

[*Continued on page 174*]

A Home Made Prima Donna

It was Marion Talley's mother who superintended the job of making her daughter an opera singer, and it was done as part of her ordinary routine of home making. Grand opera's newest star inherited her taste for music

by Minna K. Powell

BACK of the dazzling success of Marion Talley's début as the daughter of the hunchback in "Rigoletto" last February at the Metropolitan is a story that begins with her mother's longing for a piano. Marriage and the care of a growing family came first in her mind for years and there was no piano in the Talley home until little Marion was old enough to play. With a mother eager to have her children receive the training denied her and a daughter so singularly gifted, the rest of Miss Talley's progress has been a story of expectations generously fulfilled.

SINCE Marion Talley made her spectacular début at the Metropolitan, the world has been asking how it came about. What necromancy was employed to change this Missouri girl into an artist capable of arousing audiences to a point of clamorous enthusiasm?

The answer to the riddle is as gratifying to our national pride as the singer is herself. It was Marion's mother who superintended the job of prima donna making, and it was done in the ordinary routine of home-making. Marion's voice is one of Nature's happy contrivings, but it might easily have failed to reach its proper goal had not Marion been born into a home that held a profound musical longing.

The story goes away back to a small home in Nevada, Missouri, where Marion was born. It goes even further than that, because it begins with Mrs. Talley's longing for a piano.

"I always loved music," Mrs. Talley told me, as we sat one evening several years ago in her Kansas City apartment. "After I was married I missed the music that formed the chief diversion in my old home. I wanted a piano, and Mr. Talley promised me one as soon as he could afford it.

"We had been living in Kansas since our marriage. Our older daughter Florence was able to toddle about, and still the piano was only an anticipation. Moving to Nevada cost more than we expected it would. Then came another reason for giving up all thought of a piano."

The "other reason" was the listing of the Talley home for an early visit from the stork. Reason enough, perhaps, for giving up all thought of a piano, and yet in her secret heart Mrs. Talley longed more than ever for an instrument.

"We were no more than fairly settled in our white frame house in Nevada," continued Mrs. Talley, "than I discovered that the girl next door had a piano. Every day she practiced. It was summer. I used to sit behind a screen of vines on our porch, not far from her window, and listen. When the music teacher came to give her a lesson, I could very easily hear every note.

"I was sewing on little white things that summer, but I never got much sewing done while the music was going on—or even after it stopped, for quite a while."

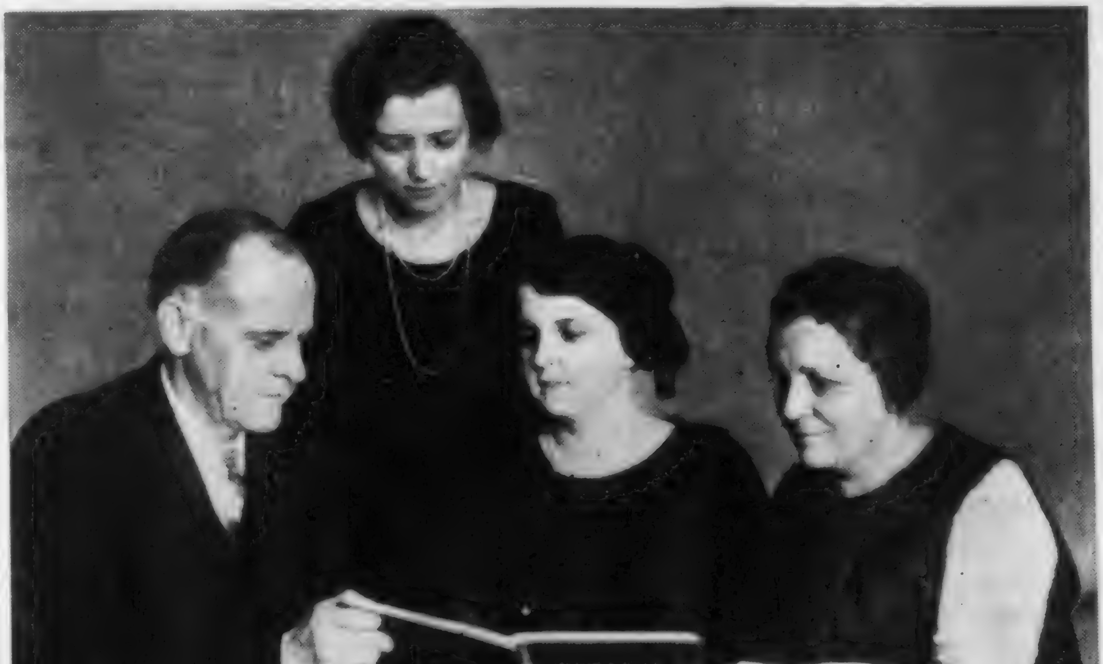
It was always a little surprising when Mrs. Talley drifted into a reminiscent mood and chatted on about her personal experiences. It was surprising because she was usually so reticent. It is not a shrewd reticence, at all, nor a tight-mouthed secretiveness. But she seems to have a certain timidity in gossiping about herself, as if to say: "That would be kind of foolish of me, to go on enthusiastically about a thing of that sort." She is far removed from the self-centered type of woman.

Mrs. Talley's early years were spent on a Kansas farm with her parents and her fourteen brothers and sisters. The family came from Germany and the children spoke only German until they were old enough to go to school.

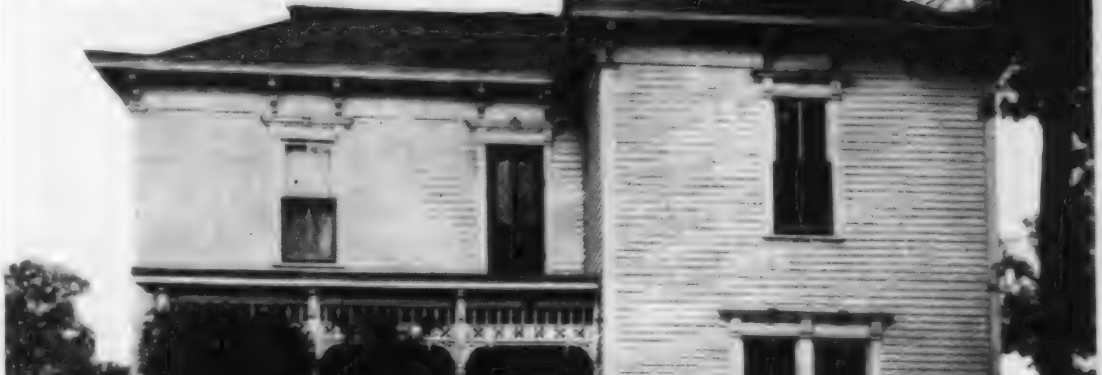
The whole family was musical. Gustav Braun used to say that he had a well balanced chorus in his own household. But none of his daughters, he regretted, could sing as their Aunt Augusta used to sing. Augusta Braun's voice had been the sweetest soprano in all the country where they lived in Germany.

"It made you think of church bells chiming," Gustav Braun used to tell his children. "At

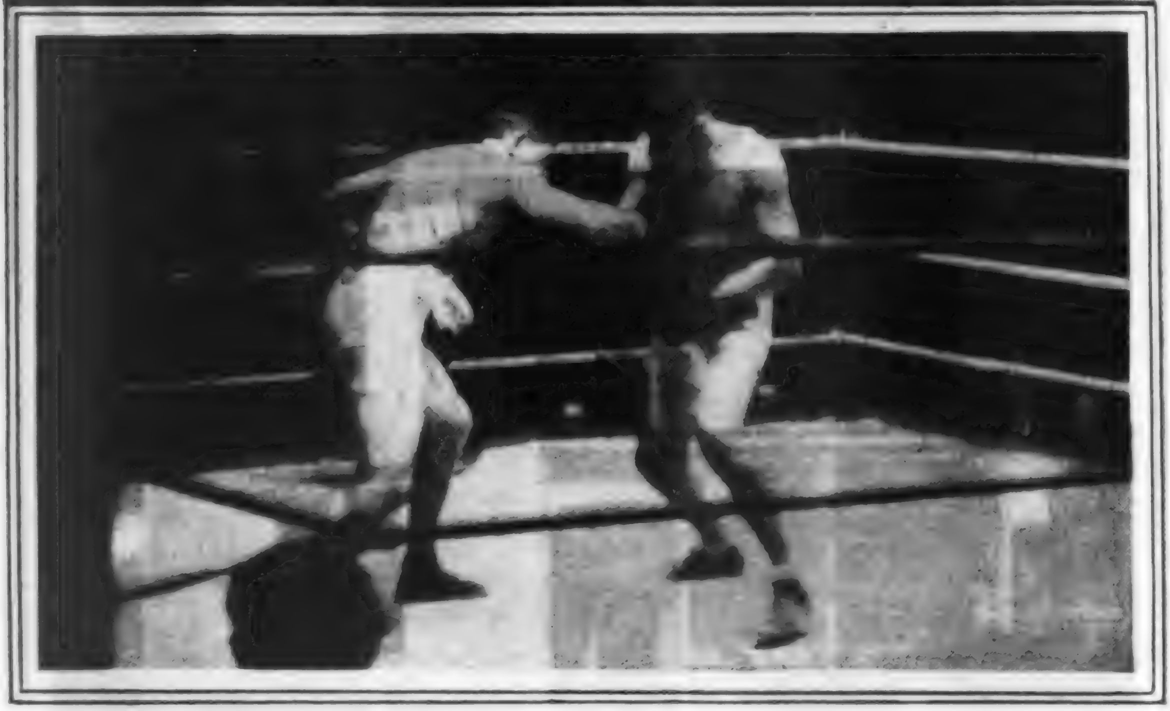
[*Continued on page 149*]



THE atmosphere of a sympathetic home circle has surrounded Marion Talley from her infancy in the family home at Nevada, Missouri (below), up to the time of her Metropolitan début. The family group includes her father, her elder sister, Florence, Marion, and her mother. The Talleys have lived in Kansas City since Marion was five months old.



THE prize ring has become the arena of big business since Mr. and Mrs. Leo P. Flynn arrived in New York twenty-seven years ago with no capital save carfare and the optimistic outlook of youthful newly-weds. Leo Flynn made four dollars as the result of the first boxing match he arranged. Today he manages the affairs of a number of young men who draw down a thousand dollars a round.



An Old Carpet Bagger of the Prize Ring

Leo P. Flynn began as an impresario of the prize ring on a capital of two dimes and a nickel. Now he manages the biggest "stable" of boxers in the world and looks back upon a life chockful of color and romance

by John K. Winkler

THE wandering booking agent of the squared circle is known in every city, town and hamlet where the bell clangs weekly or monthly, summoning our boxing enthusiasts to exhibitions of the art of give-and-take. Mr. Flynn has managed and seconded more than 5,000 Knights of the Scrambled Ear and he tells us: "Boxing is a clean game now. Many of my boys deposit all their earnings with Banker wife and are working to send their children to college. There is no room for rowdies. Fighting today is a profession. Fighters must study and train mentally as well as physically."

WHEN Leo Parnell Flynn landed in New York twenty-seven years ago, he was nineteen years old, three months a bridegroom, and acknowledged champion pool player among the bricklayers of Providence, Rhode Island.

A loose derrick and a nasty fall had brought Leo home early and limping a couple of days before.

"Katie, my darling," proposed Leo to his bride, who was a Conley and seventeen, "'tis tired I am laying them bricks. It's you to say the word, Katie, if tomorrow we go to New York, your fortune and my fame to seek."

In the space of time required for Katie's adoring eyes to laugh assent and for the arrangement of a detail or two, the high-hearted youngsters were on a boat churning its slow way down the Sound.

In a small room in a simple family hotel that evening, Leo and Katie took stock. Katie had a five-cent piece and a dime. Financially, Leo was not quite so opulent. He could not produce the nickel!

Two babes from the sticks, facing a world of steel and concrete and asphalt on a capital of twenty-five cents! A situation that might have given pause even to us courageous readers but not to Katie and Leo. It gave them poise. You see, they were seventeen and nineteen.

"Katie, darling," remarked Leo, "trust me with the whole quarter, all of it, I'll find a way to water them two bits and make 'em grow."

"And," laughed Leo Flynn, most successful manager of boxers in America, telling me the story, "something protected me that night. Probably because I wasn't looking for protection—Katie and I were too young and we hadn't gotten any bumps.

"But I landed in a cigar store near the old Polo A. C. in New York. There were three or four pool tables in the back room. I strolled in. Some fellow asked me to play Kelly with him and two other young fellows. I played and—" he chuckled—"when I came back to Katie long after midnight, our two bits had grown to more than $20!

"One of the fellows in the place was Jack Daugherty, an old-style fight manager. We took to each other right away. Some guy had whispered to me that Mr. Daugherty was handling fighters at the New Polo.

"We got to talking. I asked him about the fight game. It was 'game' in those days. Now I always say 'profession'! Jack said: 'Kid, most of these birds loafing around here have a fighter or two on their string. Why don't you get one too?'

"'How much money is in it?' I asked.

"'Plenty,' he answers, 'eight dollars even for semi-final bouts.'

"'Could I really be a manager?' I asks.

"'Could you!' says Jack. 'Say, Kid, if I had your gift of gab, I'd talk my way into the White House!'

"So I got to looking around. There was a gymnasium near where Katie and I had our flat. I walked in there late next day and backed myself in a corner. Lot of fat men. Lot of thin men. But there was one slender young fellow who was punching the bag in a murderous way. I strolled over and got to talking with him.

"His name was Rubenstein. He was ambitious to go in the ring. Used to run and swing Indian clubs and things but never had a chance. Worked in a sweat shop from seven in the morning until five in the afternoon. Wanted to duck T. B. by exercising in his off hours—guess I ought to say off moments.

"So we hooked up right then and there. Well, he was my first fighter. His first fight was at the New Polo. Eight dollars. He won in a walk because he was intelligent and capable. Know what that fellow did? Wanted to give me all of the purse! Said I'd given him his big chance. Well, of course, I wouldn't take the eight. Took four.

"But I got him matched up again and again and always for more money. During the year I handled him, he worked up to $200 a fight. He could be going yet except he invested his first $500 in a cloak and suit business and now he is one of the biggest men in the trade. He is worth a couple of million but he has never forgotten those early days."

"And was it then," I asked Leo, "you got your idea a fortune might be made by managing boxers on the wholesale plan and taking them through the country on one-night engagements?"

When His Wife's Cake Saved the Day

WE WERE sitting in his office on West Forty-second Street, New York. His secretaries were running around like white mice in a cage. He ran his platinum-circled fingers through his gray mane and his cobalt-gray eyes sparkled.

"Yep, it was then," he replied. "I got the idea then and it has resulted in my managing and refereeing and promoting thousands of fights and fighters. Now I am handling fellows like Dave Shade and Jack Renault, men at the top of the profession.

"But then, twenty-five years ago, I figured the country districts were as keen about athletics as the big Atlantic seaboard cities were. I knew how Denman Thompson always put it over in 'The Old Homestead'; how 'East Lynne' and 'Casey at the Bat' went as big in Des Moines as on Broadway.

"On and off, I have had twenty-five years on what my pal, Damon Runyon, calls the Kerosene Circuit. At one time I managed forty-three boxers in every class. Now I think there are only twenty—Hey Jack!"—he called his first assistant—"how many boys are with us now?"

A quick inspection of ledgers then—

"Twenty-seven," corrected Leo. Then he began to talk of the old barnstorming days.

"Had an old carpet bag," explained Leo, "one of the sort that goes with a politician's felt hat and celluloid collars. Bought it in a pawn shop on Third Avenue. Only carried it for appearance's sake and because Katie insisted it would add dignity to the little troup of boxers I was escorting about.

"There was another reason too," he added. "In those days, out in the owl lunch wagon sections a fellow's stomach could be easily ruined. Well, I have never taken a drink in my life but I have always been careful about my food.

"So, before I'd start a trip, Katie would bake some of her own bread and her own cakes. She'd wrap them up in tissue paper and put them in the carpet bag. Even if there was only one extra shirt and a tooth brush in the grip, I had a sort of home-like feeling with Katie's bread and cake at my elbow!

"Many's the time I've been riding cheap with one or two fighters and not enough money for railroad fare and kidded the conductor into letting us get by by giving him a slice of Katie's cake. Many's the time, too, half a loaf of her bread has given one of my boys enough strength to knock the other guy for a row of Chinese pergolas!

"And many more's the time when I've landed in a small town for a fire-house fight and been kept alive by eating Katie's bread and cake accompanied by ten cents' worth of round steak and a friendly stove!

"I lost the old carpet bag last year. I'd give a thousand dollars to recover it. You haven't any idea what a comfort it was to me. It was so soft and easy to throw out of hotel windows when the going was tough, crops were bad, it had been raining or something and it was essential—more than that—imperative to get out of town on the lam!

"Of course, those were the old barnstorming days when I was fighting my way up the ladder, before I took over great money makers like Bill Brennan and became match maker for Tex Rickard at the old Madison Square Garden.

"Now I still go out on the road, just because I love the thrill of the thing. Leaving tomorrow for a trip that will begin at St. Paul and end up in New Orleans. Sure I'll never forget the fun of my early days."

Now, Leo admits, the "game" has changed—moneymaking fighters today, says Mr. Flynn, are defensive men—fellows that weave in and out like the great welterweight, Dave Shade, and wait for their opponent to make one tiny mistake.

Then, quick flash of a right to the "button." A Jimmy Slattery lies prostrate. Another phenom exploded. A new star in the ascendant and—

"Shade's knockout of Slattery was worth a million to Dave and me," said Leo P. Flynn. "Shade is the type of boy I like to manage. He is the greatest welter in the country. They

Dave Shade, welterweight, is the type of modern professional boxer that Leo Flynn likes to manage, in contrast to the old-fashioned slugger. As the result of being what his managei describes as "earnest, thoughtful and intelligent," Shade has accumulated a respectable fortune. Here he is sharing his enjoyment of a new car with the playmates of his five-year-old son.

gave Mickey Walker the 'champion's percentage' against him last summer but you and everybody there knows Dave licked Mickey. Now, Shade has to fight middleweights. No welters will get into the ring with him.

"Since we began to manage fighters, Katie and I, we have held to a certain standard. One of our rules is that our boys must be earnest, thoughtful and intelligent.

"Dave is that type. He lives next to me, in the next house. He is earning more money now than President Coolidge but it has not gone to his head. His home and car are paid for. His five-year-old son is going to college eventually. His wife is happy and is proud of her husband, her home and her family.

"Dave Shade is the type of boy I like to develop. So is Jack Renault, the former Canadian Northwest Mounted policeman, who has purchased a $50,000 home near me. Jack has as many knockouts to his credit as any boxer in the ring. Jack has a Japanese butler and, though a bachelor, leads a sensible home life.

"Lew and Emil Paluso have the same outlook. They live near me too and I keep an eye on them. Lew is a crackerjack little featherweight and is working his way through Columbia law school. Emil was sent to me by Jack Dempsey as a Christmas gift. He and Lew are from Salt Lake City. Emil is a flyweight and only eighteen. He or Lew, perhaps both, will be champions some day; because they are both intelligent and clean and they realize thay are serving the public just as actors or you writers do and their function is to provide clean, interesting entertainment."

One would require volumes to adequately limn the story of Leo P. Flynn's progress from adversity to prosperity.

Behind all the flamboyant, exclamatory phrasing in which he has been schooled for more than a quarter of a century, lies a very real, very intriguing story. I have seen men, whose names are writ large upon current economic history, sitting agog at Leo Flynn's stories of his early days.

He tells these, does Leo, in the native dialect of the chief character he is describing—whether Jew, Irish, Scotch, Swede or even Chinese (for in his time the old carpet-bagger has managed three Chinese boxers).

There is, for instance, the occasion when Leo managed one Jack Robinson, a Cleveland middleweight. Robinson was to fight a local celebrity called "One Round Reilly"—plastered with this nickname because he either won with his first punch or "kissed the canvas" in the first round. The setting was a small Ohio town near Akron.

Jack had met another "One Rounder" in Albany the night before and licked him handily. At midnight, Flynn and he were to start west. At the railroad station a dispute developed over a trivial matter. The artist of the fourteen-ounce Fownes wanted to consume three or four ice cream sodas and Leo limited him strictly to two. Something like that.

Anyway, Robinson delivered an ultimatum. Leo accepted. The result: Leo went west to Ohio, his fighter took the next train to New York.

Next noon-tide, in the small Ohio town, Flynn stepped off the train and into the arms of the local fight promoter and a delegation of local sports.

"I had never seen the promoter before," explained Flynn. "We had done all our business over the wires—'collect' when he wired me of course. Well, I recognized him by his manner and his cigar. Before I could say Jack Robinson, he rushed over to me, shook hands and said: 'Hello, there, Jack Robinson!'

"Well, I didn't know what to do. But I have found it a good rule just to nod and do nothing in a situation like that! So they took me to the hotel, asked me how I felt, squeezed my muscles and asked me did I really think I could stand up against that bear cat from Akron who was coming over to box me that night.

"Do you know—" Leo laughed—"those fellows got to feeding my vanity so much that I finally said to the promoter: 'Mister Noonan, I'll knock that guy out in a punch but where's my manager? He has my trunks and shoes. What do you think *can* have happened to that Leo Flynn? He was to meet me here.'

" 'Oh,' says Noonan, one of those big dark Micks, about six feet four inches tall when they yawn and stretch, 'don't worry about your manager. We'll take care of you, boy.'

"Lord, I'd boxed with some of my kids. I weighed about a hundred and thirty-five but I didn't believe I could travel a round against a circus fat man!

"However, what was there to do? We sent a bellhop out to buy a set of running trunks and a pair of rubber-soled 'sneakers' and at eight o'clock we went to the fight club. While I was dressing my opponent came in. Lord! I got the surprise of my life. He was an old 'tank circuit' palooka—a guy hired to lay down before any bum that came along. I recognized him but he didn't recognize me.

" 'Mr. Robinson,' he said, 'I am glad to meet you. Heard lots about you.'

" 'Oh, you have' I sneered, 'well, I never heard of you. How vicious are you, Kid?'

Wits Won His Only Fight

"WELL, he began to curl right away. So I fetched him a friendly little slap on the chest that almost took one of his lungs out and I growled: 'So long, boob, see you in the hospital.'

"Gosh, I'd had dough knees myself before then. But not after I'd taken a look at that palooka. So I said to Big Noonan just before I went into the ring: 'My manager, Flynn, isn't here, and I ain't going on until I get my four hundred.' He looked at me and he turned apoplectic: 'Your *what?*' he howled.

" 'My four hundred,' I said calm and easy.

" '*Four* hundred,' he screamed, 'two hundred, two hundred! TWO HUNDRED!'

"Well, we had a little argument. He looked out of the peephole; I looked out. The house was great, not too many cops and firemen, but a lot of Elks and Masons and Rotarians.

"So I said: 'I ain't feeling so good. Anyway my manager ain't here. I got excuse not to go on.'

" 'Awright,' says he 'maybe you're worth it. Come around to the box office.'

"So we went around front and I stuffed four hundred in small bills down my two shoes. Then we walked down the main aisle to the ring. Well, that fall-away from Akron had been in the ring fifteen minutes. His face was the color of an old retired gravedigger. I knew then one frown would be like a bolt of lightning to him.

"Well, the bell rang. I posed, back on my right heel, left out. My deadly foeman came staggering out of his corner, going about one inch a century, and with *both eyes closed*. Honest, he didn't want to be an eye witness at his own funeral!

"So I slipped into a clinch, made faces, socked him a light one on the shoulder, and then pretended to pound away at the body like Harry Wills did to Fred Fulton over in Newark four years ago (only of course Wills really punched Fulton). Well, that fellow sort of slipped and caved and slid towards the floor like snow down a mountain side. And you'd have thought the ring floor was his best pal, the way he did cling and run his chin up and down like a razor on a strop.

"Course he was counted out quick. The crowd thought I had clipped him first with my murderous shoulder punch (!) and my terrific infighting and they gave me a great hand when I left the ring!"

The ancient carpet-bagger (he is past forty-six now!) grinned and added an aftermath:

"Right after my one and only fight, Robinson and I made up and I matched him lots around the circuit. One night we were in some town, think it was Watervliet, across from Troy, N. Y., when that Ohio manager, Big Noonan, came in.

"I wasn't in the dressing room but Robinson was. Noonan roared out:

"Where's my friend, Jack Robinson, the man who knocks 'em out with one punch?"

"Grinning all over, Robinson comes to the door and says: 'I'm Jack Robinson.'

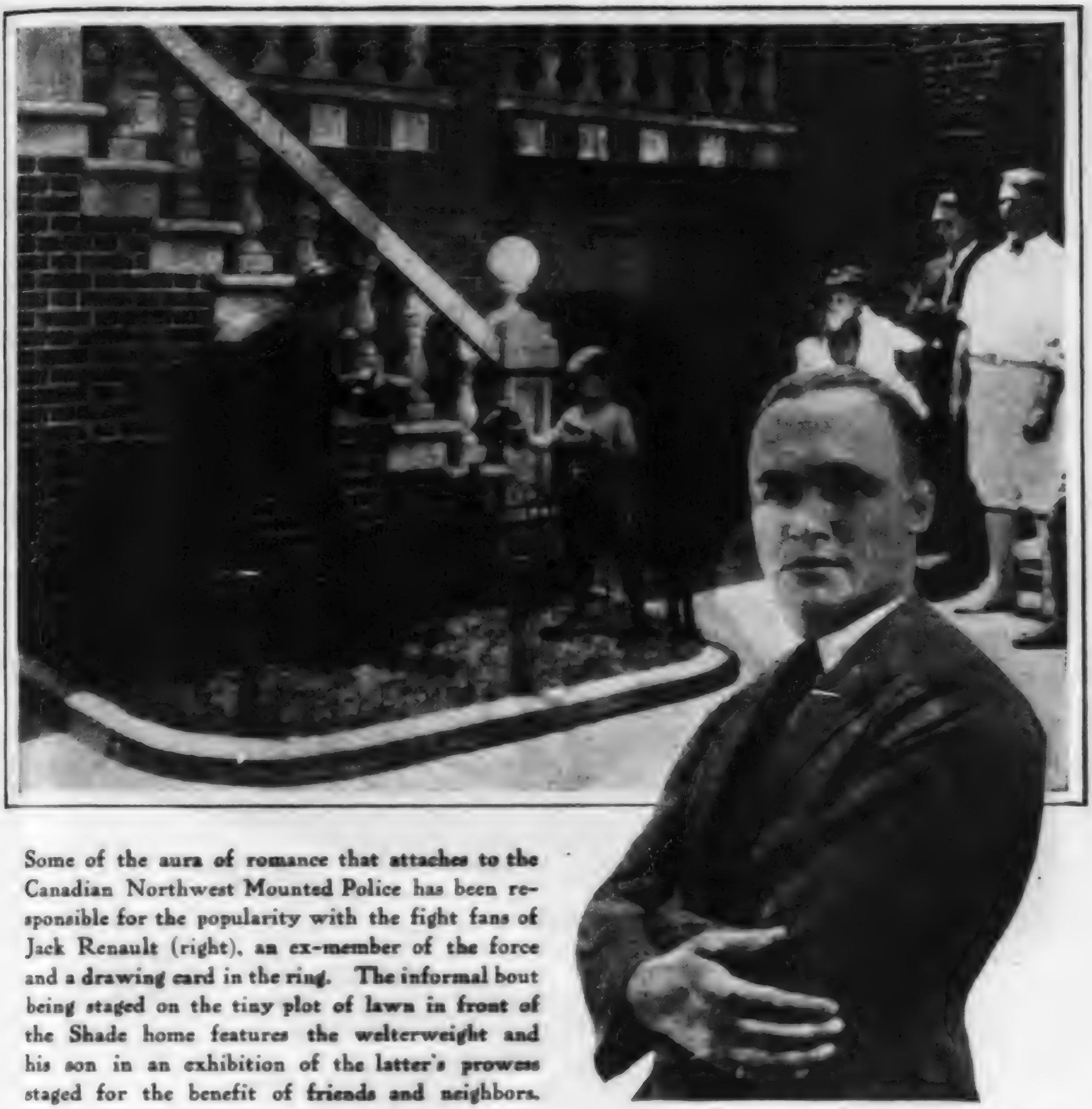
" 'Like thunder you are,' shouts Noonan and he was slightly elevated from hospitality provided by his friends in the vicinity, 'you're a faker. I'll expose you.'

"Just then I hove into view. Noonan saw me and rushed forward. 'Hello, Jack,' he said, 'going to knock your man out tonight?'

"I had to think quick. So I let my right wrist flop around and I said, nodding towards Robinson: 'Shush, Mister Noonan, I hurt my hand.'

" 'Oh,' he said, 'I understand. This dumbbell substitutes for you. Not a word'll come out of me, me boy.'

"And he sat at that strange ringside laughing



Some of the aura of romance that attaches to the Canadian Northwest Mounted Police has been responsible for the popularity with the fight fans of Jack Renault (right), an ex-member of the force and a drawing card in the ring. The informal bout being staged on the tiny plot of lawn in front of the Shade home features the welterweight and his son in an exhibition of the latter's prowess staged for the benefit of friends and neighbors.

and chuckling to himself while the real Jack Robinson outpointed his opponent!"

The old carpet bagger has handled and "readied up" a "shower of fighters" as he describes them. Once, when he was matchmaker of a small club in Massachusetts, he established a practice of paying the boxers by weight. Featherweight drew $1.22, a penny a pound; lightweights $1.33; heavyweights $1.70 or more.

"Of course, these were unknown boxers," explained Leo. "As soon as they made a bit of a name for themselves their prices went skyrocketing. Now, I can get a thousand dollars a round for just a good likely boy if he is what I call a 'crowd pleaser'—a plunging, intelligent, hard-hitting boxer.

"Often you see a small item in the papers telling how John Smith outpointed John Brown in Allentown, Pa., or Lincoln, Neb. Well, you fellows seldom hear of Smith or Brown in New York, just as you never hear of the vaudeville actors or the burlesque show stars out on the various wheels. But, believe me, these boys are honest, decent kids every one of them and I have poured advice into the ears of them all from preliminary kids to champions."

AT ONE time, Leo was matchmaker for eight clubs, stretching from Portland, Maine, to Havana, and manager of forty-three boxers!

More than ten million dollars *in cash* has passed through his hands, either as manager of ringmen or as paying teller for Tex Rickard or other starred promoters.

And still Flynn remains the delightful, whimsical soul who landed in the big "Help-Wanted" city with no resources save a joyous girl of his heart and a spirit higher than the then undreamed-of Woolworth Tower.

"Like Al Smith is and Teddy Roosevelt was, I'm a showman at heart," laughed the Gatti of

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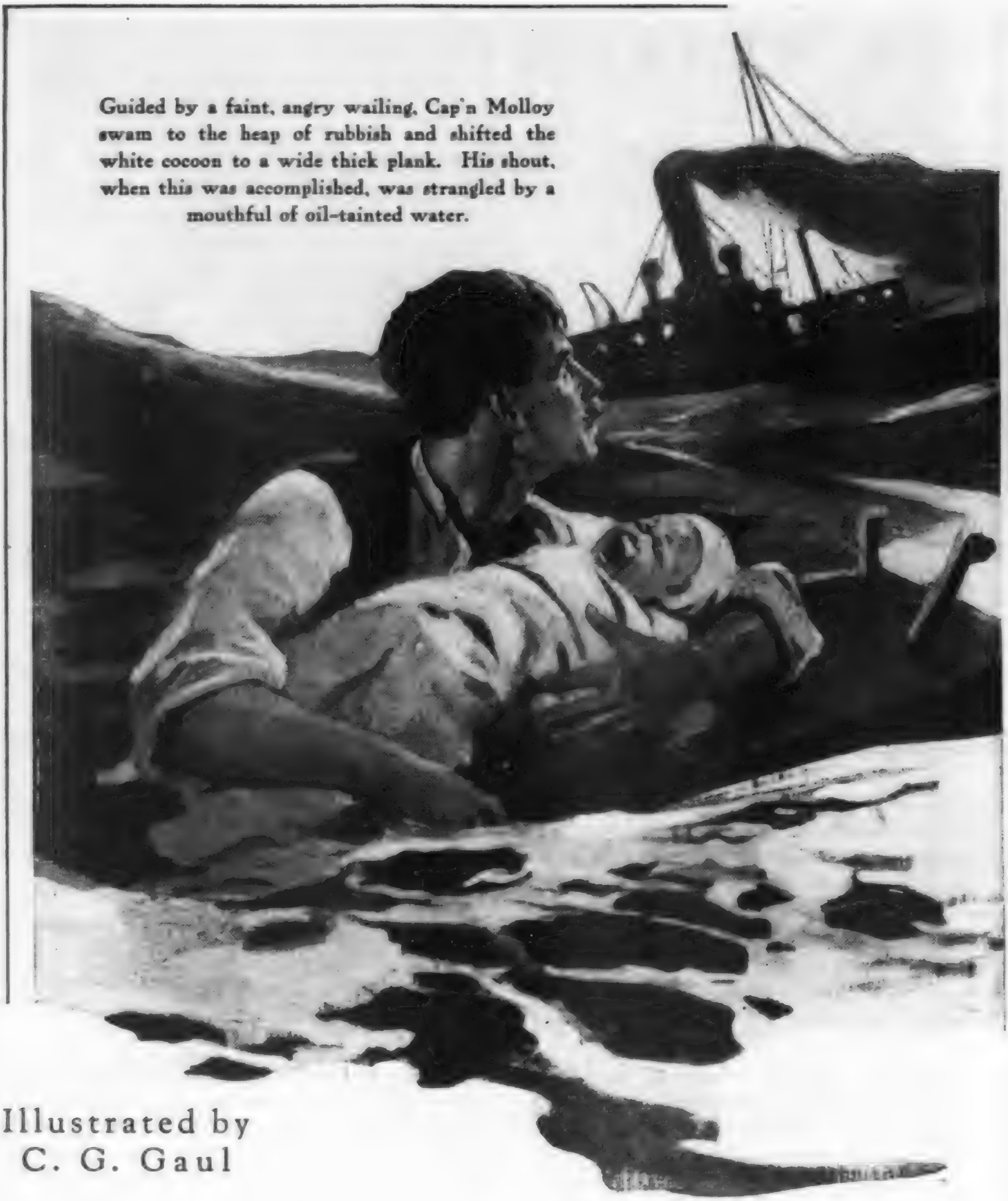


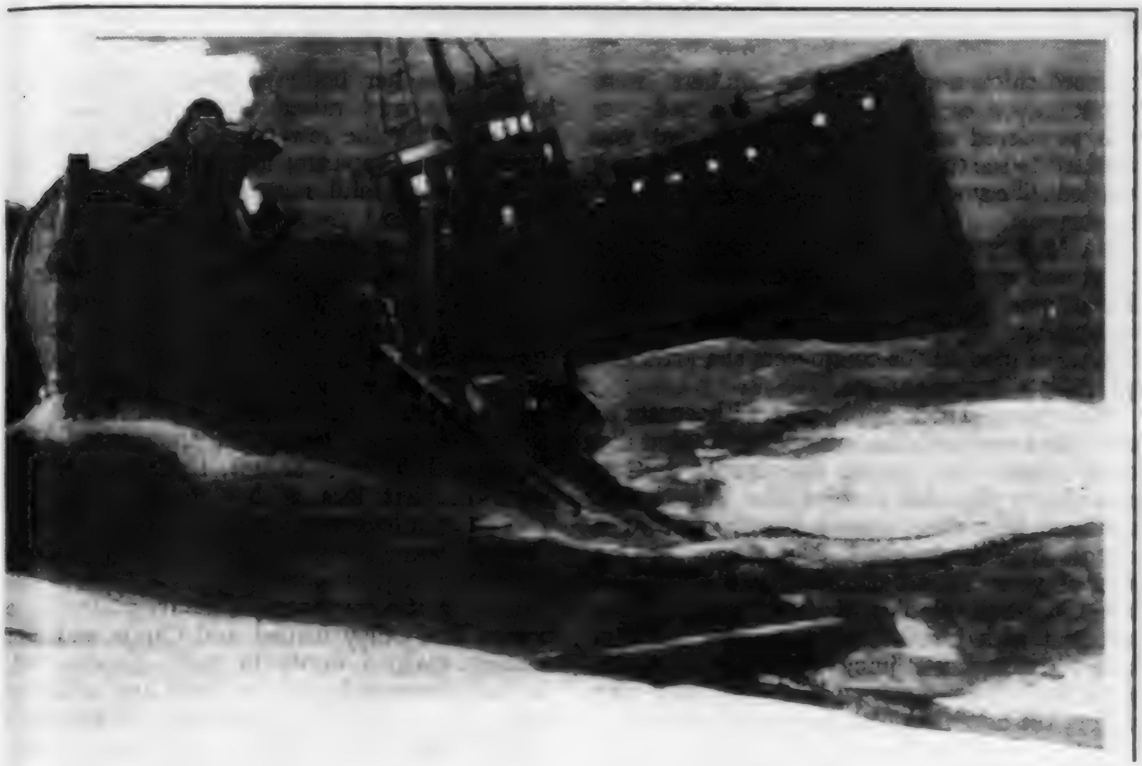
Guided by a faint, angry wailing, Cap'n Molloy swam to the heap of rubbish and shifted the white cocoon to a wide thick plank. His shout, when this was accomplished, was strangled by a mouthful of oil-tainted water.

Illustrated by
C. G. Gaul

ON A nasty night in late November, the *Horatius P. Gilfrey* came snoring down the Straits of Mackinac with a cargo of bran from Duluth to Chicago and butted into a sou'wester in the upper bight of Lake Michigan. As any shellback would have told you, that wind was enough to have cracked the feathers off a duck and the night was nine shades blacker than the inside of a cow.

A less fearless skipper than Aloysius Molloy might have dropped the hook on a lee shore and waited for the gale to blow itself out. But not Cap'n Aloysius Molloy; for he was sure of his ship, a sturdy little iron bulk freighter, built along thoroughly approved lines; he believed the *Horatius P. Gilfrey* could ride out anything this side of a waterspout; he was sure of his hatch covers, sure of his crew, and there was a time forfeit in the charter for that load of bran. In addition to all of which, the famous and inborn contrariness of a mule, when compared to the same characteristic in the *Horatius P. Gilfrey's* master, became a trait of eager and joyous responsiveness. Chicago on time or bust, wind, waves, fogs and ice devils notwithstanding.

Such was the skipper's avowed intention and his engine-room crew loved him and hated him to a man. They called him a double asterisked



Red Hair *and* Blue Water

By George F. Worts

A spunky, red-headed sea urchin makes things lively for his rescuers

son of an asterisk of a steam hog, a term of loving opprobrium perhaps handed along with modern refinements from the days of the fore-and-after when red-haired skippers were generally referred to as sulphurated, phosphorized sail-carrying so-and-so's.

In the *Horatius P. Gilfrey's* stokehole men, stripped to the groins and as red as boiled lobsters in the glare of grates and opened fire doors, fought with ringing shovels the black needle of the steam gauge that seemed to shiver and sink with every revolution of the shaft. Head winds and seas affected the *Horatius P. Gilfrey's* steam pressure to a critical degree. The second assistant stood before the gauge now and ventilated a vocabulary as raw, as rich and as ruddy as a freshly skinned steer.

In the forepeak of the plunging freighter, a lookout strained smarting eyes against the assaults of spray that lacerated his cheeks, fervently vowed he would draw out his savings and buy that chicken farm next spring sure, and anxiously peered at a cluster of lights on the weather side of Point McGuipin, an upbound ship that did not seem to have headway on, even with all that wind and wash abaft of her.

And in the galley Ma Molloy was preparing midnight lunch for the crew and listening for the step of the skipper who always came aft for his snack around five bells, or ten-thirty. This season the captain's lady and her cook-stove had gone to sea together. And this season, from the opening of navigation, not one man in the crew had failed to sign the articles on trip after trip. For Ma Molloy was not only the goddess of the *Gilfrey's* galley and the wife of the *Gilfrey's* master, but she was the best cook on the Great Lakes. However, to say that Ma Molloy was the best cook on fresh water is as feeble as to say that Alexander the Great was the best general of his time. Ma Molloy was one of those cooks that don't happen once in a century. To taste Ma Molloy's corned-beef-and-cabbage was to savor rhapsodies; her Sunday fricaseed-chicken-and-dumpling dinners were sonnet sequences; her doughnuts, silvered over with powdered sugar, were so light that you expected to see them rise slowly from the plate and float like smoke-rings out through the nearest porthole.

Ma Molloy soaked a blanket in water, wrung it out and spread it on the table so that dishes placed upon it would not slide as the freighter pitched and rolled and scended. Plates and platters of food fit for conquerers she arranged upon this adhesive surface.

Such pies! Thick apple pies with crusts as tender as a maiden's lips; pumpkin pies that dissolved upon the tongue like spiced butter; huckleberry pies that drooled blue wine; lemon meringue pies that trembled with fear at a frown! And sandwiches! Not the paper-thin ones of your bi-carbonated city dweller, but inch-and-a-half planks of fresh moist bread putteyed with butter and embracing slabs of flavory roast beef, juicy roast pork, tender boiled ham and red corned-beef—not pink—for stoking the appetites of red-muscled men.

HER preparations complete, Ma Molloy tucked in a stray lock of her raven-black hair, pushed open the door and peered into the boisterous night. Wind howled in the stays and funnel-guys. The whistle moaned softly to itself, as if voicing the sentiments of the entire structure of iron and wood and steel of which it was the only articulate member, but actually because of the wind pressure on the long light cable running fo'ard to the wheelhouse. Spray and rain hissed past Ma Molloy in needle clusters. She peered at the faintly steady lights of the upbound steamer, then up the deck as she heard the rattle of spray on a slicker and the slatting of its tails on rubber boots.

Cap'n Molloy was coming aft for his snack!

A higher color stole into her cheeks, and her black eyes snapped. After twenty-four years, Aloysius Molloy still had the power to make her blush with the expectancy of a young bride. According to her lights, he was the bravest, greatest, finest man on any ocean, fresh or salt.

Here was a love for a lyric poet to reck with. From the moment she had first laid eyes on him, she had adored Aloysius Molloy. Every hour of the months they had spent apart, he upon the lakes on this ship and that, she ashore in the honorable capacity of a mother, she had hotly resented. A daughter of a long line of lakefaring men, she loved shipboard life—the whistle of wind and the slapping of waves, the spooky fogs, the bright days when sunshine fell on gaily dancing blue water, the bitter days when the thermometer went down out of sight and the little ice devils gathered on forepeak and texas with every receding wave until a ship resembled a floating ice palace and sometimes ceased floating entirely.

This was her holiday, nobly earned. She had borne and raised three sons; she was now enjoying the rewards of a life dedicated to service. Preparing mountains of food for voracious, grateful men; steaming from iron port to coal port, from lumber port to salt port, from grain port to manufacturing port—this was to her the frosting of the cake called life.

The rubber boots came clumping down the deck. Now a decklight gleamed on yellow shoulders. Cap'n Molloy entered the galley, stripped off his slicker and slung it over the back of a chair. He wiped his mouth with the back of a brown hand and approached Mrs. Molloy. Believe it or not, there was all the ardor in that kiss of hot young courtship. These twain had weathered the storms, steered clear of the reefs and navigated wisely through the dreary fogs of marriage.

A bully of a wave struck the freighter in the nose. The galley leaped and Cap'n and Ma Molloy, clasped firmly in each other's arms, danced down eight feet of deck and came up with a bang against a bulkhead. They clung as the galley righted itself. And both laughed.

"D'you remember the night I met you?"

"It was a rougher night than this," Ma Molloy recalled. "You were taking the old Stackhouse out of Dollar Bay with a load of concentrates for Buffalo."

"I said to myself," said Cap'n Molloy, "nobody but a fine, upstanding, marrying kind of a girl could make coffee as good as that."

"You came aft for your midnight lunch so nervous you couldn't stand still. And I was worse. I'd heard how scrappy you were, and I wondered how you were going to get along with your new cook."

"I saw you leaning over the stove as I came in the door, and just then the wave struck!"

"It was your first command!"

"And my first love."

"And your last?" said Ma Molloy. She loved to hear him reiterate this fragrant fact, and she loved him for the streak of soft sentimentality in him that let him talk of such things when most men would have blustered or growled.

He nodded, grinning. "If that wave hadn't sent you flying through space into my arms, I might never've had the courage to steal that kiss."

Ma Molloy snorted. "As if you ever lacked the courage to take what you wanted!"

Cap'n Molloy released her and proceeded to the coffee pot, her proud black eyes escorting him. Since that faraway night off Keewenaw, Ma Malloy had never been able to glimpse this remarkable man of hers with clear detachment. Others perhaps saw a funny little man with a comically fierce bush of carrot-colored hair springing like a flame from his forehead and a fierce little tuft of the same color springing from his upper lip. Ma Malloy simply added a cubit or so to his stature and endowed him with the strength of Hercules, the looks of Apollo and the brains of Napoleon.

The skeptical were at first inclined to doubt that the powers of successful command could reside in this nervous, wistful, eager little man with hands so small and slender that they were almost effeminate. Yet his seamanship had never been questioned. He had the courage of a lion, and his men loved him, cursed him and in waterfront saloons boasted of his valor. He had acquired his master's ticket, entitling him to pilot ships of unlimited tonnage on all the lakes and connecting and contributory waterways, at the age of twenty-three. His record as a master was without a blemish and to Ma Molloy he was the most wonderful creature that had ever honored and decorated the bridge of a ship. He would outswear any dock-walloper on the inland seas, and he took backwash from no man.

The object of this handsome, black-eyed woman's devotion tilted a bowl of scalding coffee to his lips and swiftly drained it, indifferent to the sudden heavings and slidings of the galley. He decanted black ambrosia from the huge pot until the bowl was again brimful.

"Going to lie behind the islands, Aloysius?"

"Me?" He shot a reproving glance at her and tilted the bowl.

Ma Molloy, considering the metronomic rise and fall of his Adam's apple, sighed deeply. He was wonderful. Southwest storm warnings had been flying at Detour when they came down the Passage. The gale was freshening by the minute; the wind had gone up an octave since he had entered the galley. He had often declared that the *Horatius P. Gilfrey* was a cast-iron ship with cast-iron entrails. Where other men might have hesitated to fly into the face of this underscored danger, he would shape a course for the lee shore and fight his way gloriously into Chicago.

"This pie's elegant, Ma."

"I didn't think I put in enough cinnamon."

"It's exactly right. Are those ham in that pile?"

"No; those are beef. Those are ham, there."

Cap'n Molloy sampled first one mound, then another, commenting with lavish praise as he masticated. That was why it was such a joy to sail with him, to cook for him, to be his slave. He was not only a hero, he was a gentleman.

He was sluicing down his fifth sandwich with his third bowl of smoking black coffee when the galley door was jerked open and Pete Dibson, the lookout, with streaming brown face and staring, night-accustomed eyes, thrust in his head and breathlessly announced:

"That feller over there's blowin' away t' beat the band, Cap'n!"

"Danger signals?"

"Yessir! I come right aft."

MA MOLLOY, sifting the case to its elements, was already holding her husband's slicker. His eyes were dancing with excitement as he slipped his arms into the sleeves and hunched up the collar. Out on deck he winced as a clump of spray, as hard as a bunch of green grapes, smote him in the face. With body inclined against the blast, he made his way for'ard and, in the shouting darkness, climbed the steel ladder to the wheelhouse.

The panes rattled loudly as he closed the door. The wheelhouse was in darkness save for the hooded light in the binnacle. The faint reflected glow from the compass-card shone on the dark grave profile of the boyish second mate who was staring at Point McGuipin light and the misty lights of the mysterious steamer. The blackness outside was like a liquid that streamed furiously over the earth. Now and then spray fell on the wheelhouse windows in a rippling layer, and through this tremulous transparence the lights of the unknown steamer became dim and wavering and ghostly, until the layer was swabbed off by a thudding impact of wind.

"Take out that window!" the skipper barked. "How do you expect me to hear with this place sealed up like a jar of pickles?"

The second mate hastily unhooked the window and swung it inward and down on hinges.

"I don't hear a peep out of her," the skipper complained. He listened. A faint tooting, so low and hoarse that it resembled a sick man's groaning, came down the wind to them. Cap'n Molloy nervously counted four feeble blasts.

"One—two—three—four. One—two—three—four. Call up that engine-room and ask them if they're hoarding that coal for their old age. We aren't making six knots."

The boyish second mate imparted this inquiry with slight modifications over the engine-room telephone.

"The skipper would like to know if you can't squeeze a few more revolutions out of her," he said sternly and hung up the receiver to stifle the second assistant's shrill and abusive challenge to settle the whole blasphemous matter on the dock when they hit Chicago.

"He'll do what he can, sir," the boyish second reported primly. It was his first ship disaster and he believed that men should approach such occasions with dignity. "What do you make of her, Cap'n?"

The skipper was adjusting the night glasses to his astigmatism.

"Archback!" he muttered, and compressed his opinion of the breed of them into withering phrases.

The wheelsman listened admiringly and contributed: "I put in a season on one o' them sea-goin' dromedaries. They carried a lawn-mower along in her lamproom as part of her reg'l'r spring equipment."

"What for?" the second naively inquired.

"Why, to mow down the grass growin' out of her deck seams from the spilt grain o' the fall before. In any kind of sea at all, her sides used t' heave like a tired drayhorse. In a seaway they used to send us down 'tweendecks to take up on the rollin' rod turnbuckles, to brace her sides so's they couldn't cave in—lacin' her corsets, we called it. Then arches runnin' fore an' aft inside the bulwarks and then rollin' rods runnin' 'thwartships was all 't held her together. Her superstructure'd stand just about as much grief as a lady's hatbox. Well, sir, one night off Thunder Bay—"

"We'll go to loo'ard of her, Jake," the skipper interrupted the raconteur, "and come up under her stern. Give her plenty of room."

"Yes, sir."

"Isn't she down by the stern?" the second bleated.

"She is," said Cap'n Molloy.

WITH appalling suddenness a rainsquall obscured the lights of the archback. Rain drummed on the wheelhouse roof, flattening out the sharp impacts of the gale to a smooth, sullen roar; and when it passed on, the unknown steamer was so near that her softly rounded arches could be faintly seen against the glow of her decklights.

White faces above dark human forms were streaming aft. From the flicker of light along a cantering spar, the faint crackling of timber disintegrating, Cap'n Molloy was enabled to guess that her fragile superstructure had been stove in, that her pumps were unable to cope with the inrush of water, and that she was settling rapidly.

Men's shouts reached them across the closing gap as the *Gilfrey* came staggering up under her stern. And over and through these shouts vibrated the thrilling screams of a woman.

Cap'n Molloy hastened from the wheelhouse to the little platform above the ladder, and he snarled softly and venomously as rain and spray beat into his face.

Then he saw the figure of the woman. She was standing in the fantail of the archback close to the rail, and she was holding out in her arms a long white bundle.

Cap'n Molloy, disdaining the ladder and at great personal risk, leaped from the platform to the deck. He struck it simultaneously with his chest, hands and knees. With the breath mostly knocked out of him, he scrambled up, hurried across the bridge over the deck well and joined the crowd of deckaroos in the bows.

Mr. Johnston, the first mate, was in charge there. An oil slick was spreading out from the oakum-stuffed, oil-soaked burlap bags hanging at the end of lines about the bows. Lanterns and coils of ropes were in readiness. On the texas, a boat was swinging from its davits, the falls paid out to prevent fouling.

The stern of the archback was now no more than a hundred yards away. In another few minutes the attempt at taking off her new crew and passengers could be made.

Cap'n Molloy snatched up a lantern and held it over the side. In the mass of dim, huddled faces on the fantail, one curiously stood out. It was the woman. Her black hair was streaming about her face. Now she was holding the white bundle above her as if she intended to throw it. The distance, of course, was too great.

A gust of rain or a curtain of spray momentarily intervened. And when vision was clear again, the archback was gone. The water where she had been was swirling this way and that, and a long tapering black stripe extended from the oiled bags to the churning spot. It was as if, bound together by what would have passed for her soul, she had remained intact and afloat until the rescuer was all but within reach, as a sick man will live through the night until the first ray of dawn or through a voyage until a landfall is fetched.

Casting the lantern to the deck, Aloysius Molloy stripped off his slicker, yanked off his boots and, climbing to the rail, leaped clear of the starboard anchor. He was chilled to numbness before he arose to the surface and struck out toward where he had seen the white bundle miraculously afloat on a pile of rubbish.

In the wheelhouse Ma Molloy, commenting on this brazen effrontery to the traditions of the sea, remarked in a brave voice:

"That leaves Mr. Johnston in charge."

Guided by a faint, angry wailing, Cap'n Molloy swam to the heap of rubbish and shifted the white coccoon to a wide thick plank. His shout, when this was accomplished, was strangled by a mouthful of oil-tainted water.

The child's wailing had been replaced by a pitiful gasping as if it, too, had been gagged by oiled water.

The hull of the lifeboat suddenly loomed out of darkness that was starred only by the freighter's wheeling lights, and the hoarse voice of the second mate croaked. "There he is!" and added with the dramatizing that his first ship disaster called for, "Thank God!"

"How m-m-many've you p-p-picked up?" the skipper castanetted as they hauled him and his burden aboard.

"You're the only ones, sir."

A deckhand in the bows observed grievously, "'Tain't no use. I seen 'em go. She went stern-first, and they got jammed up under that roof like rats in a trap."

The second mate swore as a wave slopped in over the stern.

"What'll we do, sir?"

The survivor sneezed and howled.

"Row b-b-back to the ship. This k-k-kid is catching c-c-cold."

The *Horatius P. Gilfrey*, with lanterns hanging in grape-like clusters at her bows, steamed up and down through disintegrating flotsam until dawn. By dawn the sou'wester had blown itself out; the name of the archback was still unknown; the sole survivor was sleeping peacefully in a clothes basket full of blankets beside the galley stove, and Cap'n Molloy in his bunk was flirting with pneumonia.

The days following the *Horatius P. Gilfrey's* entrance into the port of Chicago were attended by confusion of the most disorganizing sort. Newspaper reporters, official investigators and relatives of the victims of the disaster swarmed over the ship. And the sole survivor became an object of extreme solicitude and absolute mystery. The archback's owners had no records of the passengers who had sailed on that ill-starred voyage. There was no record of a child or of any women passengers. The *Faraway* had been bound for Marquette, Michigan, with a load of lumber mill machinery and it was assumed that her passengers were lumberjacks and their families. No record was ever kept of such passengers. They came aboard and bought deck passage from the captain; there were no cabin accommodations for them.

NONE of the visitors to the *Horatius P. Gilfrey* knew the child or had known his parents. He was an unfathomable mystery. He remained an unfathomable mystery.

And when the *Gilfrey* cleared for Duluth, the child was still aboard. He was approximately two years old; had pale-red hair, handsome blue eyes, six sharp teeth and a vocabulary of three words. These were "Well! Well! Well!" and he adapted them ingeniously to any emotional crisis that arose. If he fell down and bumped his head, he shrieked "Well! Well! Well!" with a profanity of accent compared to which the impious vocabulary of the red-haired second assistant became a weak and anemic thing. If he was pleased and happy, he cooed "Well! Well! Well!" with a charm that made every beholder want to hug him. Men who hugged him, however, were forthwith sorry. He was, in this respect, a woman's man-child, and to Ma Molloy he poured out his heart in the incoherent jargon of infancy. Ma Molloy, who had an understanding of such matters, was sure that, whenever he heard the wind blowing, he was earnestly describing to her in his own strange tongue that terrifying experience of his.

In Chicago he endeared himself to the crew by falling into an opened hatch when the bran was being unloaded. His howls of "Well! Well! Well!" had brought every man within hearing distance to his assistance. And when he took a violent dislike to the skipper's carrot-colored mustache and valiantly tried to tear it out by the roots, the crew openly and shamelessly took him to their bosom.

It was the second assistant who gave him the name that he was destined to carry through life. This historic christening took place one morning at breakfast. The second assistant was always churlish when he arose for the morning wash. He was sullenly drinking his coffee when the child with a cherubic smile came toddling in from the galley, cooed "Well! Well! Well!" and sank his six sharp little teeth into the second assistant's unoccupied hand which was resting on the chair arm.

"For the love of—of—of—Mackinac!" the engineer roared. The *Gilfrey* was then passing the Island of Mackinac. Its autumnal lawns and gleaming white fort could be seen through the dining-room windows, and its historic name was the first harmless one that entered the second assistant's eagerly groping mind.

"Mackaballablmph!" the child gravely mocked him.

"It's all yours, kid," the second assistant moaned, as he forcibly removed his index finger from those six wolfish teeth.

Henceforward, it was "Let go, Mack," or "Quit that, Mack," or "Git away from that donkey engine, Mack, you little divvil!" And presently he was answering to the name as if it had been his by clergical sanction.

But to return to the skipper's mustache. From the very outset of their acquaintance, Mackinac was suspicious of his rescuer. Whether he doubted all owners of hair the color of his own because he was intuitively wary of their temperaments, or whether he resented the streak of soft sentimentality with which the skipper was blessed—or cursed—it cannot be said. But certain it was that Mack would tolerate no amorous advances from the commander of the *Horatius P. Gilfrey*. Cap'n Molloy fatuously believed that he had a way with children. He had had a way with his own children, and it is possible that he believed that children with their uncanny insight perceived in him a great and noble soul.

It was a painful surprise to Aloysius when the child he had so bravely snatched from the cold black waves greeted his first embrace with a well-aimed and nicely-timed blow to the right eye, wherewith he had grasped the ends of the carrot-colored mustache in his hands and tried his best to wrench it from the captain's lip.

Aloysius, laughing even as his eyes filled with the tears of pain, had an explanation ready with which to brazen it out before he hastily put the child down.

"The poor little cuss! He probably had a red-headed dad who whaled the living daylights out of him."

He dropped his hand to the carroty whorl on the poor little cuss's head with the intention of giving him a fatherly pat, and the child brought those six sharp little teeth into play so promptly that only the rarest presence of mind saved the captain's left little finger from masceration.

"Come here, lamb," said Ma, and Mack came to her, snuggled against her skirts, and glared defiantly at the amazed and indignant skipper.

Ma was, as they say, the only one who could do anything with the child. With her he was docile, obedient and affectionate. In fact, he was almost maudlin in his affection for her. He would sit in her arms, grasp her cheeks in his hands and, staring at her adoringly for seconds at a time, implant hungry, exceedingly wet kisses on her mouth.

Aloysius tried in vain to inspire some similar responsiveness in Mackinac. He took to visiting the child by stealth when Mack was tucked in his crib for the night, happily sucking the marrow from a soup bone. These furtive calls accomplished little for the skipper but to add to his casualties.

Now the master of a ship simply cannot command the respect of his crew indefinitely if his face carries evidence of a nature that permits all beholders to assume that it has been on intimate relations with quarrelsome wildcats. When an impudent second assistant engineer will remark in warm congratulatory tones before a tableful of men: "That's one elegant mouse you're carrying around on your stabbard lamp, Skipper!" the time has come to inaugurate stern measures. And Cap'n Molloy was a strict disciplinarian.

THE men grinned or exchanged owlish looks and there was nothing for the skipper to do but to flush furiously and glare at the upstart of a second assistant, both of which he did. It was true. His right eye was black and blue. Moreover, his nose was inflamed and swollen, his cheeks were criss-crossed with scratches from Mack's efficient finger-nails, and his upper lip was so tender that he could not twirl his mustache without wincing. Every friendly overture he had made to the child had been feloniously repulsed.

When the meal was over, he paid an official visit to the galley, and there was a chip on each shoulder. Ma was at the sink washing dishes and the mutineer was seated in a highchair, battering dents into an old tin cup with a large wooden spoon and accompanying the bedlam with a lusty noise from his interior, some fine, free song of the sea, presumably, such as the second assistant sang to him on his visits to the engineroom. Mack fell silent and inactive the moment the skipper appeared. He put down the cup and firmly grasped the wooden spoon. He was ready for Aloysius and Aloysius's baby-talk.

"Ma," the skipper began, in his most formidable manner, "we've got to decide what we're going to do about this brat. Nobody's going to claim him and we've got to get him off our hands."

It was useless for him to approach Ma Molloy in this bellicose mood. He may have been the captain of the ship and her hero and she merely the cook and his slave, but Ma did not have flashing black eyes without reason.

"He isn's a brat," she snapped. "He's a little lamb."

Mack uttered a menacing sound in his throat and leaned out of his highchair, gripping the spoon, Aloysius was out of reach and the highchair was nailed to the galley floor.

"He's demoralized the ship," the skipper complained. "Only this morning when the mate had him for'ard, he climbed off the wheelhouse sofa and bit the wheelsman on the leg. It took Jake so by surprise that he put the helm hard over—and where would we be now if we'd been in a narrow channel? On the rocks—that's where we'd be! He don't care what he sharpens those teeth of his on."

"Why did Jake call him a wumpsy-umpsy-dumplin'?" Ma demanded. "If you men would treat him like the real boy he is, maybe he'd let you alone. No wonder he bites!"

"I've heard you handing out the baby-talk yourself," retorted her lord.

"What woman wouldn't mother a homeless little orphan?" said Ma, her black eyes snapping.

"If he stays on this ship much longer, I won't have any order left in my crew at all."

"Yes, and if you'd stop pestering the child, you wouldn't be getting black eyes for your crew to laugh at!"

The skipper winced and tried another tack.

"Well, we can thank our lucky stars, Ma, he'll soon be off our hands. I'd forgotten what a nuisance they are, always bumping their heads and getting into mischief and coming down with measles and whooping cough and what not."

"How he brings it all back!" Ma sighed. "He has so many ways that are just like Junior's were."

"Supposin' nobody claims him; want to adopt him, Ma?" Aloysius said craftily.

Ma Molloy wheeled from the sink with blazing eyes. "And me spend another ten years of my life ashore—away from you?"

"Oh, I was just joking, Ma."

"You just catch me ashore any more seasons!"

"Sure, sure, Ma," he placated her. "Can't you take a little joke? If nobody comes along to claim him, we'll just clap him into the orphan asylum."

She turned in bristling silence to her dishes.

"Oh, don't be so uppety about it, Ma. I ain't interested in the evil-tempered little ruffian."

Ma Molloy spun about from the sink with a snort. "He's isn't a ruffian!" she blazed. "He's the sweetest-tempered child I ever knew, when you men aren't pestering the life out of him. He's a little darling. And you can't fool me, Aloysius. You're just doty about that child. You've done everything you can think of to make up to him!"

The skipper's face was inundated by a wave of guilty crimson.

"Why, Ma, how can you say such a thing! Just because I go a little bit out of my way to treat the poor little orphan kind!"

"How about that big boxful of toys you carted down to the ship in Cleveland?"

"But, Ma, the kid's got to have something to play with, don't he?"

"How about that rocking horse you got in Fairport—and held up the ship a whole hour getting aboard? How about that highchair? The most expensive one you could find, when that six-dollar one was plenty good enough!"

"Well, how about yourself?" he blustered. "You can't keep your hands off of him. You're lovin' him and cooin' to him all day long."

Ma Malloy placed her sudsy red hands on her hips. It was a sign that she had been trifled with long enough.

"Aloysius," she said in a tone menacingly even, "are you asking me to be cruel to the child?"

The skipper gave up. "Ma," he said frankly, "I just want to make sure you aren't getting any ideas in your head. We've had enough of children."

THE careers of his three sons had always been as many cankers to the spirit of Cap'n Molloy. He had fondly hoped that his footsteps—or perhaps it would be better to say his wake—would be followed by at least one of the boys; but Junior had become an automobile salesman; Bob had gone into a flour mill in Minneapolis, and Terry had gone into the Mesabe iron mines. It was bitter disappointment to Aloysius that not one of his sons would walk the bridge of a ship.

The *Gilfrey* was awaiting her turn to lock up at the Soo a few days later when the subject of Mackinac's destiny was broached again. Ma Molloy, the skipper and the second assistant were in the wheelhouse and Mack was below asleep in the forty-dollar crib the skipper had purchased for him.

"What have you decided to do with the kid?" the second assistant wanted to know.

"If nobody claims him," Ma answered the question, "we'll put him in the children's home in Duluth."

"It seems sort of a shame," said the red-haired engineer, "to put a kid like him away. He's a real kid, Mack is."

"He's a trial," said Ma. "Always getting into mischief. This morning, while I was hanging out some clothes, he got into the bread dough. He was one solid lump of dough when I found him."

"A real boy is always getting into mischief," the skipper argued.

"That Greek oiler patted him on the head this afternoon," said Ma, "and the little fiend almost took his thumb off."

"I don't blame him," said the second assistant. "That Greek is nothing but a bum, and the kid's like a strange pup you find in the street—all teeth till he gets to know you. Ought to have a chance, Mack had. He's goin' to grow up to be a two-fisted scrapper. Fights right back every time—don't he, Skipper?"

"He's just a nuisance," reiterated Ma. "I haven't served a decent meal since he came aboard."

The two men said "Aw-w-w!" in tones of reproach.

"That apple pie tonight wasn't fit to give to pigs," Ma declared.

The skipper snorted. "Why, Ma, that pie was fit for kings. You're imagining things."

"I suppose I'm imagining the way those potatoes were scorched this noon!"

"You're crazy, Ma. Those potatoes were elegant."

"Never tasted better potatoes in my life," the second assistant upheld him. "No, ma'am, Mack has improved the food, and I'd adopt him before you could say Wilburhinkel Donkerhew McGillicuddy if the wedding bells wasn't going to peal forth for me this winter. You can't wish off a strange orphan on the girl you're going to marry. She might get suspicious."

"Any girl who adopts that little fiend has my sympathy," said Ma.

"Well, he'd be a problem," the red-haired engineer agreed, "but if that spunky streak in him was trained in the right way, he'd sure be one whale of a man when he got his growth. Ought to train him for the lakes, Skipper. Place for red hair is blue water. Keep the pipsqueaks out of the wheelhouse and enginerooms!"

"Our three redheads," Ma bemoaned, "wouldn't go near blue water."

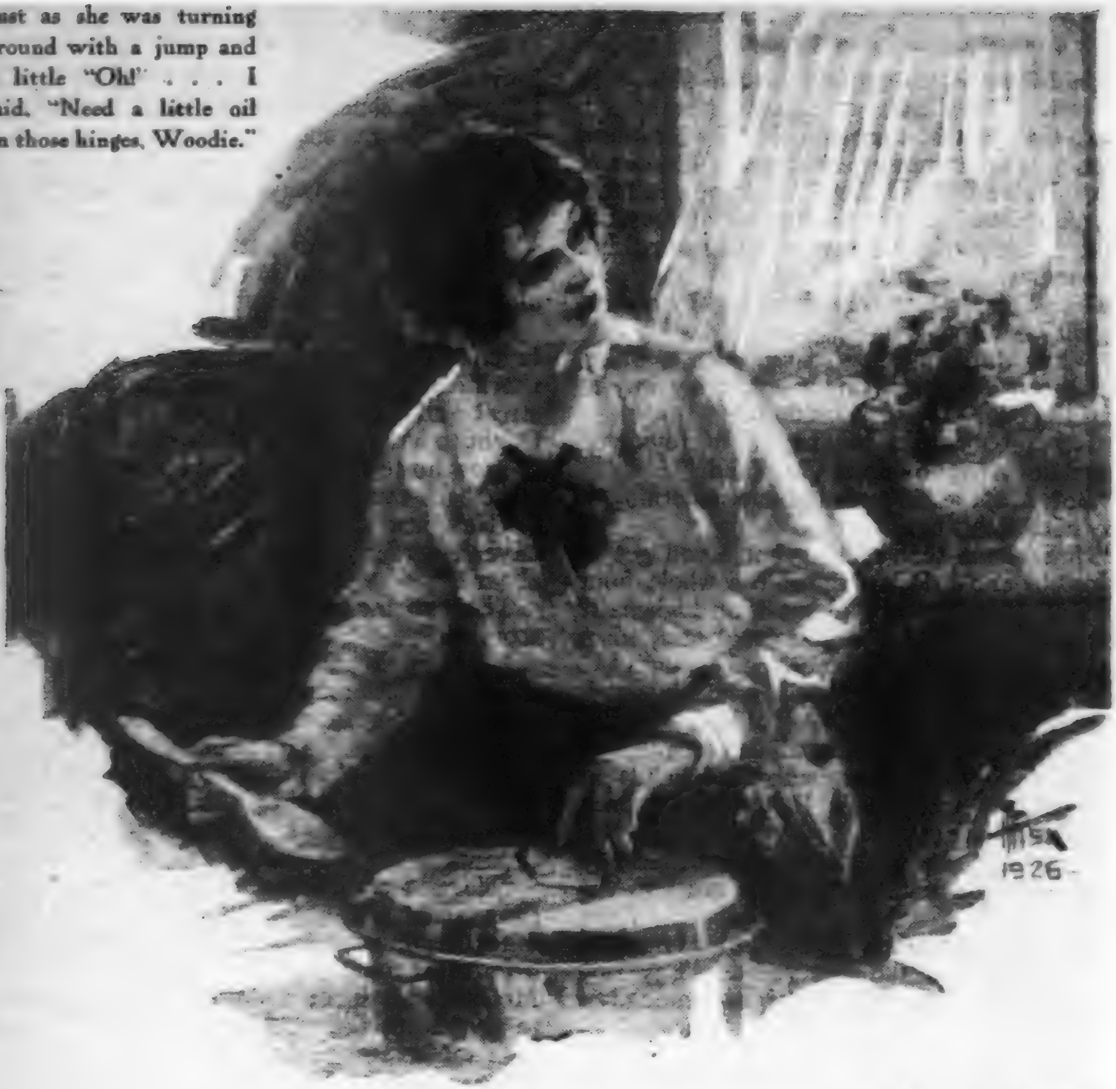
"I'll betcha this one would if you raised him up the right way. Never saw a kid in my life take to shipboard life like he does. He knows the difference between fore an' aft right now. I'll betcha you can learn him to box the compass, Skipper, before he's five! Aw, why don't you give the poor little divvil a chance? Farm him out to an orphan asylum and he'll grow up hatin' everybody."

"Not us," said Ma, firmly. "We were disappointed three times hand running. Besides, he's too scrappy."

"I dunno," mused the red-haired engineer,

[*Continued on page 140*]

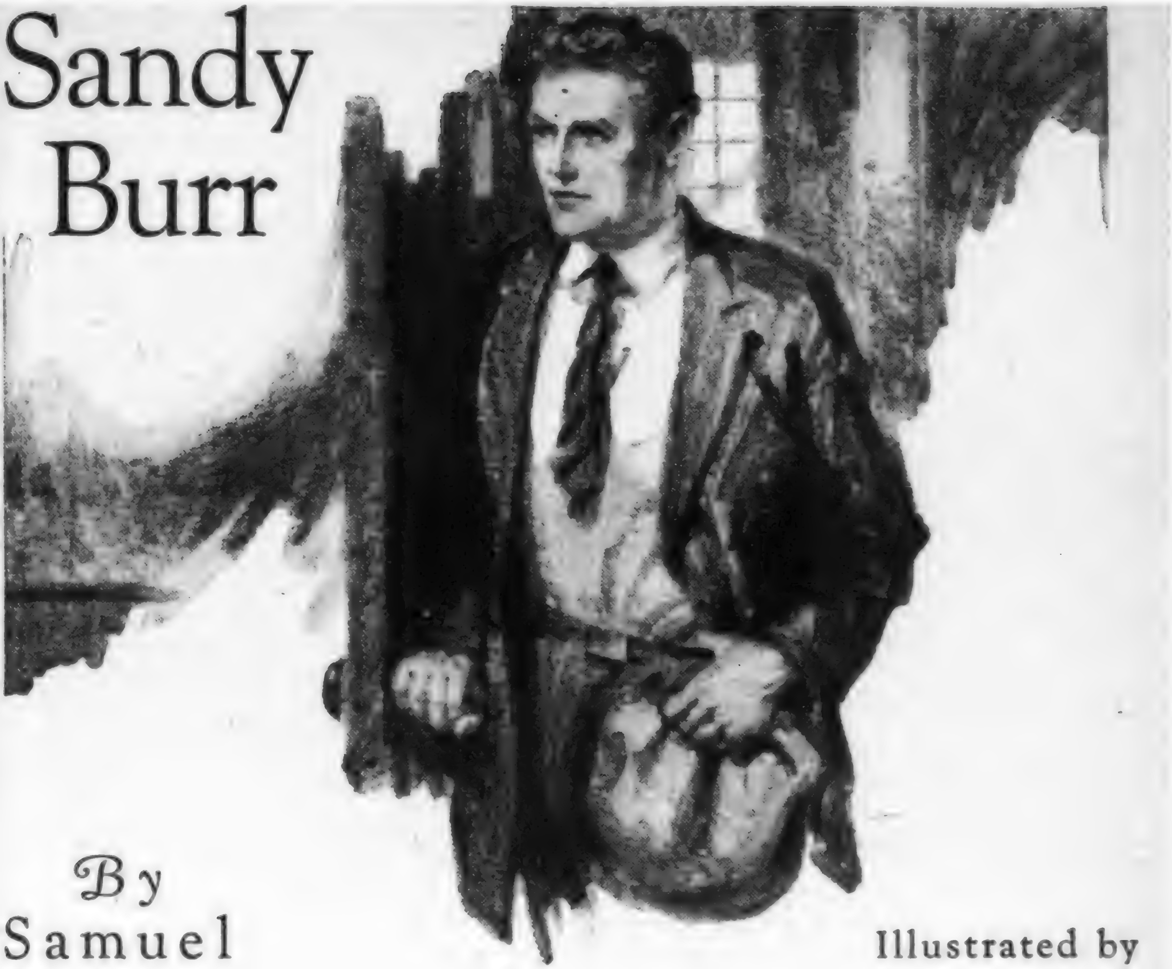
Just as she was turning around with a jump and a little "Oh!" . . . I said, "Need a little oil on those hinges, Woodie."



A story

MY MOTHER ran away with an actor, Douglas Vincent, when I was twelve years old and the shock killed my father. My Uncle Fred, who was president of the baseball team in Carversville, Indiana, gave me a home until I was old enough to play on the team as shortstop. I kept thinking of my mother, though, and vowed that some day I'd find her. When I was twenty-one I broke my leg sliding bases and, seeing that I wouldn't be able to play again for a while, got a job driving for Mr. Bundy of the Beals and Bundy circus. Traveling around the country so much, I thought, would give me a better chance to find my mother. There were two men with the circus who played an important part in my life at this time: Shavings Wilson, a clown, and Ben Green whom I had met at my uncle's house. Green was a thief—you know the kind that travels with circuses—but he and his stepdaughter had seen my mother once in New York. This girl—her name was Jane Wood—was ashamed of her father, I guess, for she had little to do with him and was in partnership with another girl named Watkins, raising ducks out at Little River, Long Island. Shavings, the clown, was in love with a girl out Long Island way, too. One night we found him dead—he had shot himself. And in his hand was a letter from the girl saying that she had married another chap. It was awful. I took his dog, Roddy, and went to Little River, for I had heard that Jane Wood had seen my mother again, two years before. I couldn't rush up to her, though, and ask where my mother was, so I got a job in a garage and became acquainted gradually. There was a young fellow, Harry Archibald, who ran a trucking line to New York. Every one knew that he was rum-running, and using the express stuff as decoy, but most of the influential men in town were behind him. One day Harry was shot by hi-jackers. Woodie had been planning to send an important

Sandy Burr



By Samuel Merwin

Illustrated by Harry Fisk

of present day American youth

shipment of ducks in town, so I went out to get them, not wanting to disappoint her. I was terribly shaken by Archibald's death. In the excitement that followed my telling her about it something happened. I discovered that I loved her! "Woodie," I said, "do you know who I am?" And she answered, looking right into my eyes, "Yes, Sandy!" So she knew all the time about my search for my mother!

Conclusion

I sort of broke away from her then and went over and sat on the sofa. It was queer how weak I still felt. My nerves were jumpy. I was afraid that if we kept on standing there like that with her holding on to me with both hands I'd up and take her right into my arms. She was so little and sweet and real. If there was anything in the world right then I could have held on to and worked for and fought for and . . . yes, died for . . . it was that little girl with the wrinkly nose and the mussed-up hair and the amusing old knickerbockers. She was just a regular little mother, that's what she was! It's when you're upset and jumpy and pretty sick of life that you begin to understand what's worth holding on to and what isn't. I've learned that much. Even then I was thinking. I couldn't let her see how hard I was falling for her. I remembered what she had said about Henderson's marriage, how puzzled she had seemed that anybody could want to marry, any girl. And I was thinking, at the same time, all in a jumble, who was I? What did I think I had to offer to a girl like that? I was just exactly nothing at all. She must have had lots of fellows in love with her, men with education and money and all. And she had chucked the lot.

She watched me a minute, and then came over and sat beside me on her foot and took my hand in her two little hands.

"I knew you," she said, "as soon as you told me your name that first evening. And ever since then I've wondered what on earth you could be doing here in Little River."

I said, "I came here to find you."

She looked straight up at me with wide open eyes and said, "Oh!" Like that. . . . "Oh!" And all the time she held on to my hand. She was just natural about that. I could see that it was only because she was fond of me in a friendly way and couldn't help mothering me because it was her nature to. And besides, I knew that girls and fellows nowadays don't think anything at all of taking hold of each other, petting and all like that. It doesn't mean anything. I'd never gone in much for that sort of thing, but of course I knew it.

But if she had known what I was thinking she'd have let go my hand quick. It was love. It had hit me all at once. I won't say I hadn't seen it coming, but I hadn't dreamed it would hit me like that. All at once. It was like a blow between the eyes. The more I tried to tell myself it was silly and hopeless the worse I felt.

"Sandy," she said, "you're trembling! You can't drive that car to New York."

I said, "Oh, yes I can!" But I was kind of shaking. My mouth felt so dry I had to keep swallowing. And my thoughts were just going crazy. Roddy came over and put his head on her knee and she let go with one hand to stroke his head.

"Tell me, Sandy," she asked, "why did you come to find me?"

"Because you know where my mother was working. I'm looking for her really."

"That was three years ago. It was at Childs'. But how did you know I had seen her?"

"Ben Green told me."

She said, "Oh!" again. But she was looking down at Roddy.

"I don't understand how you knew me," I said.

"Oh, I knew your story. Mr. Green told me the day we met your mother on the street. You see, I remembered her. That beautiful red hair. I noticed it in the restaurant. She was a very pretty woman, Sandy. She stood out from all the other women and girls that were working there. Everybody looked at her. I went in there a number of times, and one day we had quite a talk. I remember I wanted to draw her out. You couldn't help wondering what her story could be. You see, I have never got on very well with Mr. Green. He is my stepfather."

I said, "Yes, I know," and she looked up at me, and then went on talking. "I felt then that I couldn't accept any more help from him, and I couldn't help thinking that I might have to come down to working in a place like that myself . . . . Her story was pretty dramatic, Sandy."

"I don't know much about it," I said. "I know that she ran away."

"Yes, with an actor. It killed your father. And then your uncle took you to Carversville and at that time you were playing ball there. I knew that, you see, Sandy. Mr. Green said you were a great kid."

"I didn't know him then."

"He knew all about you. He had seen you play a good many times. He said you were a great little red-headed kid, Sandy."

"Where was the restaurant, Woodie? I went into several of them when I was in New York this fall but didn't see her. And I didn't quite know how to ask."

"I'll have to think. I could go to it, I think. But Sandy, why didn't you ask me sooner?"

I COULDN'T answer that; just said I didn't quite know. Watkins came in then and twisted a cigaret into her long green holder. Then she came over and stood in front of us. I wondered if Woodie would let go my hand, but she didn't. She seemed not to think about it. I almost wished she had.

"Are you really going to drive that shipment in tonight, Sandy?" Watkins asked.

I said yes, and then Woodie gave my hand a squeeze and said she was going with me. I told her that was foolish, but she just looked up at me, very sober, and said again that she was, and then explained to Watkins that she couldn't get back until late the next day because she was going to help me look for something. I couldn't answer that. I was all choked up. She kept on squeezing my hand.

"It's mighty nice of you, Sandy," Watkins said then. "Look here, you'd better get a little sleep first. You won't need to leave before two or three in the morning. You go to bed, Woodie. Take the alarm clock. We'll put some coffee in the vacuum bottle. Sandy can curl up here on the couch."

We did that. I realized that the thing to do was to be sensible about it. At first I didn't think I could sleep a wink. My mind was full of wild pictures . . . the fight downtown, the way that fellow looked that Harry had shot with his head hanging over the top of the truck, and my mother washing her hair, and Jane Wood's big blue eyes. And all the time I felt trembly that way and crazy about her and swearing to myself I'd never tell her I loved her because it wouldn't be fair. I told myself that falling head over heels like that was just my damn bad luck. We could have been wonderful friends. If there ever could be such a thing as friendship between a man and a girl, which a lot of fellows I'd known would say there couldn't be, it would have to be with a girl like Woodie, a natural honest-to-God girl. But she and I couldn't ever be friends. Not with me feeling like this, remembering the touch of her hands and wondering what she'd have thought or said if I had taken her in my arms when we were standing there with her hanging on to me. I knew that whatever she might have said would have been what she thought. The devil of it was that even if I had done that and if she had let me and liked it, we wouldn't have been a bit better off. Not a bit. It would just have fussed us both up and got us nowhere. It fussed me enough remembering the touch of her hands and realizing that I was sleeping here in her house, with her right up over me in her own bedroom. All the time I wanted it to mean something special to her too. I knew it didn't. She was just sensible about it, thought nothing of it.

But I did sleep. I dreamed that some hijackers flashed a light in my face and then they grabbed me, and I opened my eyes and found that she had turned on the light and had me by the shoulder. I said, "All right, Woodie," and sat up. Then I told her I couldn't let her make the trip . . . I was a little late about that, but it was one of the things I seemed to be thinking of as I woke up. She just said, "Oh, I'm coming, Sandy. You go along up-stairs and make yourself at home. I put clean towels in the bathroom." And she went out to turn on the light in the kitchen and cut some bread and fix the coffee. It was the first time I had seen her in a regular dress, and she looked littler and prettier than ever. I had to turn my eyes away because I knew I was looking at her like a dog, and I was relieved when she went into the kitchen.

I felt funny sleeping right through the alarm like that. And I couldn't help wondering if I was snoring when she came in. The boys on the ball club used to kid me some about that.

Watkins came down looking awfully pretty in a Japanese thing and sat in the kitchen with us. "You two needn't hurry back," she said. "I can manage here all right for the day. But don't stay longer than that. I don't want any more eloping partners." I must have got pretty red at that, because they both laughed at me, and Woodie said she guessed she wouldn't elope this trip, at least not before I showed some willingness, and then I got still redder. I could feel it. We had quite a time getting her into the roadster. I finally fixed the boxes so there was just room for her little feet. We had to leave Roddy. He hated it, and would have run after us if Watkins hadn't held him. And then we drove away, Woodie in a cunning little brown hat that fitted close around her head so that just a wisp of her hair showed under a ring of flowers and a heavy brown coat buttoned up under her chin with a fur thing around her neck. She had to snuggle up close to me on account of the room the boxes took up and I felt crazier than ever about her. We took our time getting off. It was after three when we started.

There couldn't be any doubt that it was all over as far as I was concerned. I was knocked out. I loved her so that if you'd put me in front of a million beautiful women I'd just turn away and feel lost until I found her. I would. There'd never be anybody else for me. It was bound to get worse and worse. I'm that way, when I fall hard. Maybe it's the soft streak in me. I don't know. I'm not soft in other ways. I feel terribly lonely, lonelier with her crowded beside me in the car than as if I'd been by myself thinking about it afterward. She seemed a million miles off, as far as the farthest star. I just ached. But I mustn't tell her. I mustn't tell her. If I could only be reasonable and hang on to what I had, to her friendship at least! It's hard, though, to be reasonable when you're in love. You're too excited. It's everything or nothing. I could actually think it out with part of my brain, decide to be reasonable and all, and yet I knew I was headed straight over the falls. That's how it was.

I DROVE slowly all the way in. I couldn't talk. Woodie saw how down I was and chatted a lot. She told how she had finally made up her mind to let Ben Green stake her a few thousand dollars in this duck farm business. She said she'd stand or fall on that. If they didn't make a go of it, she'd find a job somewhere. She had friends in the decorating business, and other friends that worked in magazine offices and places like that. I could see that she wasn't sure how long Watkins would stick. She said that it seemed to be pretty hard for people who had had a taste of the theater to give it up for good. But she was full of confidence and fight, just the same. Part of the time I found I wasn't hearing all she said. I hadn't got out of that new kind of crazy thinking, wondering what I'd be up against when I got back at night and had to face the state police, and thinking about the fellow I'd shot and how he looked when he fell, and then going completely wild and wondering what Woodie would do if I should pull out of the road in one of the quiet dark places we passed and grab her in my arms. The thought took my breath away. All the time I had to fight it. We saw the sun come up over Jamaica, and the red towers of Forest Hills stood out a few minutes later against a red and yellow sky.

We delivered the ducks all right, and put up the car in a garage above Times Square and walked over to that Childs place for breakfast. She found it all right. I almost lost my head when she slipped her arm through mine, just walking along. And knowing how she meant it I felt just about half sick. Nobody had ever told me that being in love can be the loneliest experience there is. When we went into the place she led me to a table half-way down the big white room and said, "Here's where she used to work. I talked with her right here, Sandy." But the woman that waited on us had wispy blond hair and a flat chest. When we'd eaten, Woodie told me to wait a minute and went over to the desk by the door. She came back in a minute and said that the cashier remembered a Mrs. Burr, a pretty woman with red hair, but it was more than two years since she'd worked there and they didn't know what had become of her.

Well, that was that. There was nothing to do but get the car out again and drive back to Little River. I was beginning to feel sort of anxious to get that police business over with. And I was so afraid I'd break out to Woodie about my feelings that I was actually in a hurry to get her home and leave her. Funny, isn't it? Being so in love with a girl that you can't bear being with her. I would never have supposed it could be like that. But it was. I felt it so strongly that I drove as fast as I dared. I couldn't talk at all, and I didn't hear much that she said.

Finally . . . we had nearly got to Little River . . . I just cracked. Ran the car off the road under some trees, and looked right at her, and said, "Woodie, I can't stand it."

"I'm awfully disappointed. I was so hoping we'd find out something about her at least. But people get swallowed up in New York."

"I don't mean that, Woodie. Not now."

"What do you mean, Sandy?"

"I'm so crazy about you I just can't stand it."

She said, "Oh, Sandy!" And then, "I'm awfully fond of you, but I hadn't . . ."

"It's so bad that I can't bear being away from you and can't bear being with you."

She thought this over, and then kind of nodded.

"I'd made up my mind not to tell you, Woodie. But I've lost my hold. I know what love is now. It's tearing me all to pieces. I don't think I like it very well. I'm sort of old-fashioned. I want to chuck everything and marry you. I know perfectly well I'm a damn fool. I know you don't want to marry."

"No . . . I don't, Sandy. Honestly, settling down with a man and having babies doesn't appeal to me at all."

It was funny, as I look back on it. I wasn't talking like a lover. I couldn't be gentle and say pretty things and try to win her that way. I felt savage. Probably I talked that way too. And she got a little excited and kind of sputtered out how she felt about it. I couldn't so much as touch her. Just stiffened up and argued, as if she'd been a man and we couldn't agree on a business deal.

"You see, Sandy," she said, "I'm committed to the farm. I've got to make a success of it. I won't go to Mr. Green again. Not for one cent. It's sink or swim for me now."

"I'm up against it, too, Woodie. I've got to keep on trying to find my mother. I've got to. I know she needs me. And while I know I can always pick up a living, I haven't any money back of me. The little I've saved might not be enough for us when I do find her. Matter of fact, now that this lead hasn't got me anywhere, I ought to start out again. Just keep hunting."

"Leave Little River, you mean, Sandy?"

I nodded. I was gulping. I felt terrible. Sort of as if I was on the loose and didn't care what happened. I could feel her eyes studying me with trouble in them. I had unsettled her, made her unhappy. And so I just grew madder.

"It's all nonsense, of course," I said. "I'm just a chauffeur. I'm not good enough for you."

SHE put her hand on my arm then, and said, "Sandy, I won't have you talking like that. I can't bear to think of your leaving Little River. I'm fonder of you than anybody else that comes. Wattie and I wouldn't know what to do without you dropping in to visit with us."

I said, "Don't drag Wattie into this!"

"All right, I won't. I wouldn't know what to do. You're like a part of my life now. It's true that I don't want to marry. And I can't afford to let myself get stirred up. I must keep my head clear and work hard. But I don't see why you should feel that you must go away."

"If I stay I won't give you any peace. I'll make love to you. I never felt like this. It's driving me crazy."

"Wait a minute, Sandy. Let's try to think sensibly. You don't know where your mother is. What good will it do to go running wildly around?"

"She's probably in New York."

"She may be in Texas. Suppose, though, that she is in New York. You don't know where. And you have nobody to go to about it. You might just as well stay here and put an advertisement in the New York papers."

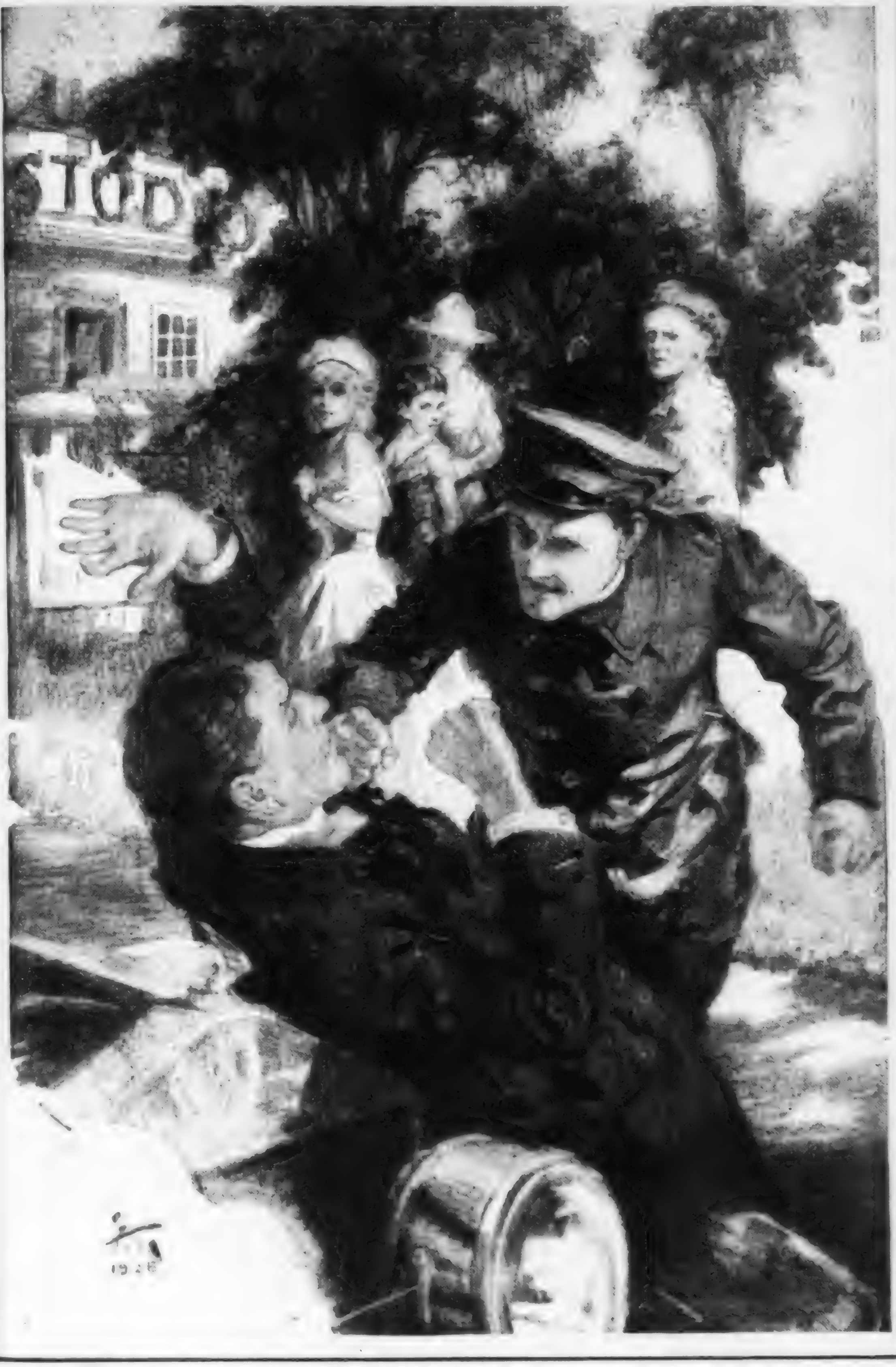
"Of course I could advertise. Hadn't thought of that. But I can't stay here. This thing has hit me too hard. I feel like the devil. I've got to go somewhere else and fight it out. I know I will never in the world be able to let you alone."

"That makes it pretty hard," said she. "I don't want to lose your friendship, Sandy."

She was crying. I started up the car and drove along.

"I know I'm acting like the devil," I finally heard myself saying, "but I can't help it. It's terrible."

For a long time we didn't say anything. We were turning into the side road that led to the farm when she asked, "Sandy, how old are you?" I told her I was twenty-one, and then she said, "So am I." I dropped her at the farm without another word . . . . She just got out



I remember hearing him say "Be a good fellow." Anyhow, it was about that time that I lit into him. I think all those thoughts I'd had about killing him sort of gathered up together into one big wonderful blazing idea. I hit him in the stomach and I hit him in the face.

and hesitated a minute, looking at me as if she didn't know whether to cry again or smile . . . and then I backed right out and drove down to the garage.

This was about two o'clock in the afternoon. I saw a police motor-cycle standing out front. The cop was in the office with Jim. He was a sergeant. He started right in asking me questions and I gave him my story of the fight exactly as I remembered it. I had put the automatic back in the drawer of the desk before I left. He had it now, and counted the cartridges that were left in the clip. I could see that they didn't have any particular idea of going after me, but there was no escaping a few days of fussing over the thing. I didn't tell them that I knew Harry had been rum-running. What was the good? I took the position that I saw a bunch of thieves after Harry's truck and helped fight them off. Jim explained that he had followed me with the shotgun but that the row was over before he had a chance to get into it. Some funny stories were going around town while the police were investigating. One was that Mr. Burlinghame saw Harry killed from the front window of the bank, then sneaked out the back door, ran across lots to his house, and locked himself in his bedroom. I've often wondered how he and Mr. Wilder kept out of the trouble, but their names never appeared. Probably they put up some money. Mr. Burlinghame had all kinds of influence, of course. It's that way in lots of places, I suppose. That is, everybody knows of prosperous men here and there who have a finger in this bootlegging business and never get caught along with the little fellows. The police must have a good deal of information that they never use. Certainly it didn't make any difference with the booze supply in Wishart's. That old devil was selling it right along, even while the police were in town.

I didn't see the girls or hear from them for three days. They hadn't known Harry except in a business way and weren't at the funeral. But on the fourth afternoon, just before closing time, Watkins drove up to the garage in the station wagon and said she wanted to talk with me. We rode a little way out of the village and then she stopped the car and asked, "Sandy, what is it between you and Woodie?"

Well, I began by saying that I didn't believe I could talk about it, and then I must have spilled more words than she had ever heard in an hour's time. At least, I think it was about an hour later that I seemed to run out of talk and she sat sidewise there in the front seat of the car, smoking and looking at me, very cool, and said, "This comes to me as a good deal of a shock, Sandy. I never dreamed that so intensely romantic a person could live behind those steady eyes of yours."

I didn't know quite what she meant, so I just muttered, "You can't tell altogether what's behind anybody's eyes."

"That's true, of course," said she. "You can't. I'm a realist myself. I almost wish you had fallen for me instead of Woodie. I think I could have handled you. It's pretty difficult to set me ablaze. But as it stands, I don't mind saying that you've got me worried, Sandy."

"It's got me worried, too," I said.

"Woodie, you see, is a perfect darling. Now wait, she isn't at all the girl you think she is. In your present romantic state you couldn't recognize a fact if it walked straight up to you and hit you on the nose. You don't really know Woodie very well. And the synthetic angel you've put together in your own mind and called by her name isn't Woodie at all. It isn't anybody. Not any real girl. Woodie has a romantic streak in her, too. But she has some character and sense. Really a lot of both. She's a perfect peach. And she thinks a lot straighter than most girls. She's perfectly honest. But she takes things hard, too hard . . . Now here's what I'm getting at, Sandy. If you can't get hold of yourself, if you're going to hammer and hammer at her every minute, it's quite possible that you may appeal to her romantic side. You might even drag her into something of a love affair. You're red-headed, and a fighter, Sandy. But she won't marry. Woodie's more independent than you know, yet. That romantic streak has scared her before this. She thought she was terribly in love with a fellow two years ago in New York . . ."

I flared up and said, "Oh, she did!"

"NOW wait, Sandy! For God's sake try to collect the sense and intelligence I know you've got. Fortunately she got over that little flare-up. You know we've got a hard job on our hands there at the farm. We've both put money in. Don't be angry if I say that a romantic boy working on Woodie's nerves is going to make it pretty hard for her."

"I've said that already, myself."

"I know. She told me. She was so upset the other day that it had to come out. You see, you took her honestly by surprise, Sandy. Woodie isn't given to thinking about herself. She's a pretty objective little person. She's impulsive, and she's friendly and kind. There's a lot of the friendly pup about Woodie. Now listen, it was your seeing, for yourself, that you were making it difficult for her that touched her most deeply. You did see it, and you spoke out about it."

I said, "I'm just a plain damn fool."

She reached right out and took my hand. And then she slid her other arm around my shoulders. It was funny, but she seemed just then two thousand years older than me. They were a new kind to me, all right, those two little things. "Here's the situation, Sandy. You're not a damn fool. You're just a lovable, generous, romantic boy. Your whole life is a romance. Woodie has told me how you're searching for your mother. It's the most touching thing I ever heard of. Damn it, I'll have myself crying in a minute, and I don't go in much for that sort of thing. But I hunted you up tonight to see if I can't appeal to your sensible side. We're both of us fonder of you than of anybody else. We love to have you running out to the farm. You're a help. Now listen, can't you make yourself act in accordance with the facts? You aren't in a position to marry."

I muttered that I knew it.

"There's the blunt truth, Sandy. And if Woodie should fall in love with you . . . she might, in time, or she might think she had . . . she takes these things so hard it would certainly cripple her usefulness. Woodie could never in the world carry on a business and a love affair at the same time. Never in the world. Now why can't you come out with me now, and have dinner with us, and be sensible. Just take hold of this emotional business and put it in its place."

I shook my head. "Tell you something I thought yesterday, Wattie, while I was waiting outside the hotel. You ought to have a name for your ducks." She drew off and stared at me, but I plugged along at it. "Like they do for different kinds of oysters. You know. I was thinking, then, that you could call them Little River Ducks. It's a good name, I think. Have the hotels put it that way on the bill of fare."

I suppose, as I look back at it, that it was a pretty crazy sort of stab at trying to show her that I hadn't altogether lost my balance. She looked as if she thought I had gone out of my mind. I felt that in her eyes. I couldn't keep it up. I was gulping again. I simply couldn't get away with it, but broke down and just leaned forward and covered my face with my hands. I think she was patting my shoulder. We must have sat that way for quite a while. Finally she said, "Well, I'm pretty sorry about it. I wonder what we'd better do, Sandy." And then when I didn't answer, she went on, "I've got to get back. Woodie'll have dinner ready."

I told her that I had thought it all out and that I was going. Clear out of town. Try to get hold of myself somewhere else. I couldn't say much. I was thinking how I had got kind of soured on life as I'd seen folks living it, and Woodie was the only real thing I'd found to hang on to and now I had up and spoiled that chance myself. Just spoiled it. I was thinking of Jack Wilson, too, and how he had felt about things. And about George Nelson. There just wasn't anything left in the world. It was awful.

"Perhaps, Sandy," Wattie said, kind of sadly, "you're right. Perhaps you'd better go."

I said, "Oh I'm going!"

"Do you think you'd better see Woodie, dear? If only to say goodbye?"

I said no. I can at least say for myself that I took that stand. Even then I knew it wouldn't help. Not the way I felt. And she nodded. Then she drove back through the village and left me there. All she said then was, "Surely you'll write to us, Sandy. Let us know where you are and what you're doing. We're going to miss you, you know. If it should be too hard to write Woodie, just drop me a card now and then."

I said I would let them know, and she drove away with a sad little smile.

The only thing then was to clear out as quick as I could. Begin again somewhere else, and nearer New York. I went right around to Jim's house. I couldn't eat. He was sorry but was mighty decent about it. There was a chap over at Riverhead that wanted to come in with him. He said he'd manage all right. And the next day, when I told him I wanted to be nearer New York, he gave me a letter to a fellow he had worked for who had a big garage over in Stamford. I figured I might about as well go there as anywhere around the city. Another thing happened that next day. Mr. Burlinghame stopped me on the street at noon, and said he was sorry to hear that I was leaving the village. He was dignified enough, but I couldn't help wondering how much he thought I knew. Then he suggested giving me a letter, and I went into the bank with him and waited while he dictated it. I was getting quite a collection of letters by this time. And the day after that Roddy and I took the morning train to New York, and went directly up to Stamford. And after four or five days of hanging around the garage there I got a job driving for a New York cotton broker who lived there with his family. The pay was good, forty dollars.

I WORKED there until the latter part of February. There was a comfortable room and bath in the second story of the garage, out behind the house. I had two cars to take care of, a limousine and a sedan. Before I went to Little River and had that sentimental feeling about it I suppose I'd have thought that here was the real homey America I had sort of dreamed about . . . you know, decent family life and all that . . . but I was on my guard now. There's no use in going into it in detail. They had a big expensive house. Their name was Burkett. He was a quiet good-looking man of about forty-five, a golfer and all that, but I soon learned that he was a good deal more of a sport in town than his neighbors supposed. Mrs. Burkett was a handsome woman, rather stout, dressed very well, and crazy about clubs and bridge and all like that. There were two daughters, Betty and Louise. They were as pretty a pair as I ever saw, and perfect little hellions, always trying to sneak the sedan to ride with boys, hiding their gin and Scotch around the garage, and all like that. Louise was blond and smiling and gentle and sly. Betty was dark, with bobbed hair, full of pep and pert as they make 'em. They had a lot of secrets from each other, at least Louise had secrets from Betty. One thing I will say for Betty, she came right out with everything. I was always afraid when I came into the garage at night that I'd find Louise staging a little petting party in the limousine with some cake-eating friend. I did catch her there once. Both of them took it for granted I wouldn't give them away, though I don't know that their mother would have thanked me if I had butted in. And their cuttings-up were public enough at that. They went with a gang of ten or a dozen of the prettiest and wildest girls I'd seen up to that time. Whenever their father or mother said they could have the sedan they'd stay out until three or four in the morning. I always heard them come in, and went down after them to make sure the doors were locked. The Lord only knows where they went and what they were up to. But I knew that the mud I had to clean off the fenders came from country roads way out of town, and I used to find everything in the car from twigs and snow to empty bottles and cigaret stubs.

Both of them went crazy over Roddy from the first. I had to watch close to keep them from wrecking his digestion with candy. They always wanted him in the car when I drove them. Along in the winter Betty began to shine up to me. I don't know just why. She was the kind that wants to be liked by everybody. I could see that she wanted me to ask where she'd been and what she was doing. It looked as if she wanted me to be jealous of her young men. She wasn't the kind to make excuses, and so when she decided she'd like to see more of me she just naturally took to coming right out to the garage and visiting with me. She didn't care who saw her. She would sit in the front seat of one of the cars while I washed it, and chatter. It bothered her that I didn't show the least interest, and she kept at me harder than ever. She was a perfect little fool. And I'll say the situation wasn't easy to handle. She might have felt able to afford a little scandal, but I didn't. Snubbing her didn't help a bit, made her worse if anything. I don't know what parents are thinking of these days the way they let their daughters run wild. Though just how you're going to control them, short of locking them up, I'll confess I don't know. These kids have all read a lot of wild stuff that's going around. They're out to try everything. Maybe it's true that the world is all going to hell because of the war and these things are incidental. I don't know.

I couldn't tell Betty that I was in love with a girl only a year older than herself who was worth a hundred of her. How could I? Sometimes when she hung around and tried to pester me into making up to her I actually had to watch my temper. With just a little urging I'd have turned on her, some days, and given her a worse dressing down than any she'd ever had from her parents. But I didn't. What was the good? Lots of evenings, sitting alone in my room, I used to wish I'd never left Carversville. I missed Old George, and the steady discipline of the ball club.

Woodie sent her picture in December. No letter, just her picture. I had written a little card to Watkins telling where I was. I never was much on writing letters, though I kept a diary all through this Stamford job just to occupy myself. Christmas I sent Watkins a book, and a dozen American Beauty roses to Woodie, by express. I had a sort of hold of myself by this time, but I knew well enough it wouldn't have taken much to upset it. I had to bluff myself into it. Sometimes that excited feeling about Woodie attacked me like a fever. At those times I'd stand in front of the glass in my room . . . oh, when I was shaving or something . . . and talk to myself out loud. It scared me. And I couldn't drive Mr. or Mrs. Burkett through Times Square without seeing every place along the sidewalk where Woodie and I had gone with her arm in mine and that excited hurt would rush back over me and mix me up so it was all I could do to keep my head clear enough to drive the car. And sometimes, in New York, I'd see a small girl walking ahead of me that was dressed like Woodie or moved like her, and I'd have the fever all over again.

I advertised over and over for my mother, in all the different papers, without a single reply. That fever was on me harder than ever, too. It was the one thing I could turn to when I knew I was thinking more about dear little Woodie than was good for me. I can see now that I found a kind of balance in it. I was swung like a pendulum from one passion to the other. That's how I've come to see it since. I couldn't live quietly with my thoughts. Not that winter. Maybe you know how it is sometimes with a young fellow that hasn't a home back of him and is unlucky in love, he just works and somehow lives along with a queer feeling that everything is slipping under his feet, nothing solid there, just time running away from him and nothing going anywhere. Those are the times to watch your step. I didn't have enough to do there at Stamford. And I simply couldn't read.

To make it worse, when that fool Betty started after me, it got so I couldn't even stay in my room on the quiet evenings, that is, when I didn't have to drive. If she wasn't out with a party and there wasn't any young fellow calling, she'd steal out to the garage and call up the stairs. I always hurried down then. If I hadn't, she wouldn't have had any more sense than to come right on up. And I'd have looked pretty being caught with her in my room! She liked to take crazy chances, that kid. And I knew she enjoyed seeing me fussed. So I'd rush down and make work around the cars. I dreaded those visits so that I finally took to going out to the motion pictures or wandering down town. Just anything to get away. And it was while I was running away like that, one evening about the middle of February, that I saw a poster in front of a picture house advertising a film with "Douglas Vincent."

SOMETHING like "Giant Heart, with Douglas Vincent."

I just stood and stared at it. For quite a while I didn't feel sure I'd have the nerve to go in. But it was certain that I couldn't stay out. It was about half-past seven, just time for the first evening show to begin. People were jostling by me. A good many were buying tickets at the front office there on the sidewalk. I was standing right in front of it. After a couple of minutes of trying to think . . . though I couldn't think, really; I just up and did it . . . I bought a ticket and went on in with the crowd.

Well, I sat through the news reel. I can see now the two thousand Los Angeles school children forming the letters A. L. on Lincoln's Birthday. And I sat through the comedy. I couldn't laugh. And then the big picture began, with all the fool announcements of camera men and technical men and authors and assistant directors and all that stuff, and then a scene on a lovely mountain top . . . the picture was a western . . . with a tall man stumbling along dragging a bear or a mountain sheep or something, and then he turned toward the camera and they faded into a close-up of a frowning face that was meant to look rugged and strong only the mouth was flabby . . . I knew how the really strong men looked, I'd played ball with them . . . and then the title came on, "Giant Heart, the trapper of the Sierras, Douglas Vincent." And there was a little spattering of applause from the audience.

And now here's the funny thing for me, as I think it over. There was the man, of course, that knew or had known about my mother. The man who broke up the only home I had known and mighty pretty nearly be said to have killed my father. I did feel gulpy then. Probably that was natural. But my head cleared. It did. All those crazy months of being upset about my feelings for Woodie had confused me. I hadn't been myself. I know that well enough, knew it at the time. But naturally I'm a pretty definite sort of person. It's when I get mixed up and don't know what I'm up to or where I'm going that I kind of lose control. And then of course I'd been up against a new kind of experience. And it had been too much for me. And now seeing that man did clear my head. I sat quiet and watched all his hero stuff without batting an eye. I didn't feel particularly bitter. Not then. Of course I knew he was a fake. He never did the hard riding and all the dangerous stuff that was in the picture. Not that man, with the face I saw in the close-up. He must have had a double. But there he was. It wouldn't be hard to find him, East or West. He was my man. I knew I was going to find him, and before I got through with him he'd have to do a little talking, explain a few things. Yes, I had my direction back. I knew again where I was going. And I knew I was through with Stamford. I had put away close to five hundred dollars during my four months there. I didn't have to pay for my meals, you see. That made more than twenty-three hundred, with the sixteen hundred I had in Carversville drawing interest and the more than two hundred I had saved in Little River. I stopped at the manager's office, on my way out, and asked where the Giant Heart picture was made. They told me the place, over in New Jersey. Well, that would be my next stop.

But I spent a few days thinking it over before giving my notice to Mr. Burkett. I wrote to Douglas Vincent in care of the New Jersey studios telling him I was a good chauffeur and wanted to drive him. Then it occurred to me that I couldn't very well sign my name. He'd most certainly know it. That stopped me for a day. At first I couldn't bring myself to sign a name that wasn't my own. But there didn't seem anything else I could do. There wasn't anybody to care one way or the other. Nobody need know where I was except Wood and Watkins, and I could use the post-office general delivery for an address if I had to, or the place I might be living. Even at that I felt kind of sneaky about it. But it was my big hunt and it pulled me on. Besides the chance of getting really on the track nothing that I might do seemed to matter much. And . . . well, I signed that letter "S. G. Brown," and gave Stamford General Delivery as my address. He didn't answer it. I might have known he wouldn't. I asked every day at the post-office. But about a week later a big flat package came. It had his address up in the corner, somewhere on Riverside Drive, New York. His picture was in it, a solemn sort of face that was meant to be sort of stern and strong like William S. Hart's and just wasn't, and it was autographed in what looked to me like a woman's hand, "With every good wish! Douglas Vincent." You see they had just mixed my note up with the fan letters. I tore off the corner of the envelope with the address on it, and as soon as I was back in my room burned the picture in the wash basin. And when my two weeks' notice was up Roddy and I moved into a room I found in Harlem. It was hard on the pup . . . no car to swell around in and no place to run . . . but I had to go through with it this time.

I went to that address the first afternoon. A Japanese servant said that Mr. Vincent was over at the studios and wouldn't be back until after six. I went around again after six, Roddy with me on a leash all the time. The place was a tremendous apartment building, with a concrete driveway that curved in under the second story. There were big doors of glass and wrought iron and stone floors and plants in the biggest vases I had ever seen and uniformed men. But I had got pretty used to expensive hotels while I was driving for Mr. Bundy, and it didn't scare me. As a matter of fact, the way I felt at that time, nothing could have stopped me. I was my old self, cool and steady and determined, with an extra drive in me that I didn't even try to understand. I was taking everything on high. And I knew well enough that the fellow that won't be stopped can't be stopped. Not very well. It seems kind of queer now, me charging on him that way, but it was what I did. I had nothing at all back of me. Of course I couldn't use my letters. But on the other hand I didn't have anything much to lose. It was a big relief to feel that I was up against a man after all that woman business. Oh, I was full of fight, and quiet about it, too.

That Japanese fellow came to the door. He didn't seem to think Mr. Vincent would see me. And he acted a little afraid of Roddy. But I told him I must see Mr. Vincent and I'd just have to keep on coming around until they let me in. I kind of grinned at him, too, so he wouldn't think I was a bill collector or a process server. And I patted Roddy's head because he was stiffening out and rumbling a little. Roddy didn't like foreigners and working people. He was a little bit of a snob, he was. The Jap went back in, first hesitating and then shutting the door right in our faces. I knelt down by Roddy and put my arm around him and whispered in his ear, "Now old kid, I'm going to put you on your best behavior. Maybe he likes dogs. If he does, shine up to him. We've got to pull together now, boy." And he licked my face.

The door opened before I could get up and there stood the man himself. He looked some older without the paint on his face, might have been any age up to forty-five. He was tall, standing a good four inches over me when I got to my feet, and had kept his figure wonderfully well. I'll say that for him. He looked like something of a drinking man. He had taken off his coat, vest and necktie and opened his soft collar so his neck showed. The way the hero does in the big scene in so many pictures. And he wore a thin robe of green and purple silk that wasn't fastened in front. He stood up so straight that he seemed to be leaning a little backward and dropped his eyelids as if he was really above the world and looked down at me kind of over his chin.

"Well," he asked, in a voice that was as weary as his eyes, "who are you and what do you want?"

HE SAID it so quickly that I couldn't help wondering who he expected. Almost as if he were a little afraid of something. And still you could see that he was trying to look languid and indifferent. He did that pretty well, except that I knew he was posing. And he talked with an English accent that didn't sound quite real. Actor talk. Just looking at him, I felt that I was too strong for him. I knew it. I felt like kneeling down again and saying, "We've got him, old kid! We've got this bird." You felt that a determined man or woman could twist him around a finger. For a minute or so we just stood there. Then he asked again, in a sharper voice that somehow just didn't go with the bored look on his face.

"What is your name?"

I grinned and said, "Sandy Brown." And patted Roddy some more. I wasn't going to leave the pup out of it. Not for a minute. The more I've thought it over since the stranger it seems that I could look straight up into his eyes and grin like that. But I never felt particularly disturbed when I was near the man. Queer, but I didn't. There were times when I was almost sorry for him. You know, I felt pity. He was such a fake. And then there was a queer sort of excitement about talking with him. Standing on my two feet in front of him and just daring him to recognize some look like my mother in me. I don't understand yet why he didn't. If he had ever thought about anything but himself he must have. But he was an awful dumbbell. No, the times I hated him and wanted to kill him came when I wasn't with him, particularly at night when I was trying to get to sleep. It was funny, too, that when it came to the showdown, here, I didn't mind a bit giving him that false name. You see, I knew then that he was going to have it all straight when I was good and ready. All in my own time. First I had to know the man. If I sprung it on him too soon, he'd probably lie to me. It wouldn't get me anywhere.

"Well, Mr. Brown, what is it? What can I do for you?"

I said I wanted to talk with him and he sighed. He did. Almost like a woman. And said, "I really must ask you to excuse me. I've had a very hard day at the studio." But I saw his eyes wander down toward Roddy, and he added, "That is quite a dog you have there."

"Yes, Mr. Vincent. He is of the old Masterpiece strain."

"Indeed."

"He was left to me by a friend. A friend that died."

"Indeed!"

"Perhaps you knew of him, Mr. Vincent. Shavings, the clown."

I couldn't say that his eyes lighted up. They wouldn't have. But for a minute he did look almost interested. Or as if he might get interested if he allowed himself to. Almost. Roddy looked up and rubbed his head against my knee. You see he knew the name of Shavings. I'd said it to him thousands of times, when we were together in the room at Little River. It had seemed to be one little thing I could do for Jack's memory.

"Indeed?" he said once more, and narrowed his eyes and made a solemn kind of face as if he was doing a close-up. "Yes, I knew Shavings. An artist, he was."

I said, "Poor old Jack!" But it occurred to me that I'd better not let him follow that lead too far.

"Very interesting," said he, "very interesting indeed. But just what was it you wished of me, Mr. Brown?"

I said, "If you would give me just a few minutes to explain, Mr. Vincent."

"Well," said he, frowning as if thinking very hard, and then speaking with tremendous dignity and a ring in his voice. "Well, a very few minutes. I've had a hard day at the studio. It taxes me mentally."

He stepped aside for Roddy and me to come in, and then showed us into his living-room. It seemed to me to be all big chairs and sofas with tremendously deep upholstery on them, and for the rest of it pictures of beautiful actresses. These were all over the walls, framed, with autographs and inscriptions. I only saw one or two faces that looked familiar. All of them were young, just girl faces. But it was when I saw the center table that I jumped. For under the plate glass that covered it was the biggest photograph of a girl's face I had ever seen—it covered the whole top of the table, just the face and hair and neck—very beautiful, and with soft outlines, it must have been an enlargement—and the four words written in big slanting letters across the chin, "With my love, Silivia." There was nothing on the table. Not a lamp or book or anything!

There we were, Roddy and I, right in the den of this old wolf, face to face with him, and all that he stood for. I sat respectfully on the edge of one of those immense chairs with Roddy's head on my knee. And he was no wolf at all, but just a stupid vain man who was getting on in years and who couldn't carry his own bluff half a block without cracking under the strain. I had his number. Already I was playing with him. I simply couldn't have believed it would be so easy. I could almost have laughed out loud.

He stretched out his long frame on a sofa and kind of draped his arm and hand along the back and threw back his head.

"It's this, Mr. Vincent," said I. I made myself grin again. "I've made up my mind to work for you."

He gave a funny little start, all out of the pose, and then settled back and said, in that English way, "Indeed!"

THEN I went right after him. "I expected you'd be surprised, Mr. Vincent. I wrote you two weeks ago telling you something about this."

He waved that slim hand. "I receive hundreds of letters. Really, I can't be bothered with such matters. They are answered for me at the office of the company."

"This one was, I'm sure, Mr. Vincent, for it wasn't answered at all, really. It got mixed up with the fan letters and they sent your picture. So, you see, there wasn't anything for me to do but come and find you."

"Well, really."

"I *am* going to work for you, Mr. Vincent. Sooner or later, if I have to follow you clear across the country. And that being the case, I couldn't see any good in putting it off."

"In what capacity, may I ask, Mr.—er—Brown?"

I was watching him like a cat. It was a weak hand that he had stretched out on the back of the sofa. Now he was stroking the plush with it. He wasn't angry, or even impatient. He was surely the sort that would be run by his servants. I believed then—I was sure later—that I had touched his vanity. So I kept on that track.

"I saw 'Giant Heart' two weeks ago. I decided then to give up my job and work for you."

"So you gave up your job?"

"Yes, Mr. Vincent. I gave it up, and came down and took a room in Harlem to be near and hunt for you."

"What are you, may I ask—a gentleman's man?"

That staggered me. But in a minute I knew he meant a valet. I said no, I had never done that sort of work before, but believed I could learn most anything. Then I told him that I was a chauffeur and a pretty experienced mechanic, that I wasn't afraid of anything and would work my head off.

"It is all rather absurd," said he, looking at me under those drooping eyelids. "I drive my own car as a rule. And I should have to know something about you. I really don't know why I should give you so much of my time. You have caught me at the end of the day, when I am mentally exhausted."

I didn't speak just then. I was watching him. He couldn't get away from me. No chance. For I knew what I was after. I meant business. And he didn't mean anything.

Then, in that pause he did a funny thing. You could see it was the sort of mind that never faces any situation. He just avoided this one by reaching out and suddenly snapping his fingers and chirping at Roddy. The pup looked up at me, and when I gave him a little shove he went over. The man patted him, and combed out the silky creamy brown hair that hung in a tangle over his eyes.

"A beautiful dog," he said, and then gave me a kind of sad smile. One of his close-up smiles. "Poor old Jack Wilson. Took his own life. How sad it was."

I said, "Yes, sir," and just sat there waiting.

"How did you know Jack?"

I EXPLAINED that I drove for a circus man for a while.

"Indeed!" said he. "Indeed! And Jack was your friend. What a beautiful thing friendship is! And how rare. You are younger than I, Mr. Brown. But some day you will learn through experience, as I have learned, that friendship alone endures. Love? No. Women divert us. They bring charm into our lives. They are like the flowers that we set on a table in a window to catch the morning sunlight. Nothing more. One tires of women. But one never tires of a true friend." He sighed again. "However, I'm afraid I shall have to ask you to excuse me now. My work is very arduous, very taxing." He reached for a cigaret and lit it. "The public little realizes how desperately hard we work in order that they may be amused. We give of our best. We give our emotional strength." He got up then and stared down at me with an intense look in his eyes. I couldn't imagine what he was up to. For a minute I wondered if he was going crazy.

All at once he walked off down the room, taking very long steps. He stopped short and pressed one hand to his forehead, then whirled round and roared at me in a deep rich voice, throwing out both hands. "I am one day a primitive frontiersman, vigorous, fighting through a desperate forest fire to save the woman I love. Outwardly I am a rough fighting man. I shoot at the drop of a hat. I ride bucking bronchos. No man can for an instant face my anger. But within"—he hammered his chest—"within this breast beats a tender heart. To the women I am a child. The love of a good mother has planted this in this breast"—he touched it with his fingers this time—"the gentle spirit of reverence toward all womankind."

He drew himself up and that frown came over his face. It was a funny frown, but I didn't think of laughing. Not then. He came charging down the room at me, so quick and hard that I drew back into the chair, and stood over me, very straight and stern. He folded his arms.

"They can never say of Douglas Vincent that he appeared in a single unclean picture. I demand of my producers that neither in picture or title shall there be anything that could bring one blush to a maiden cheek. To my public I stand for honor, for strength, for fair play between man and man and to all women gentle courtesy." He pressed his hand to his forehead again, and seemed to catch himself. At least he dropped back on the big sofa and sighed. "I must really ask you to excuse me, my good fellow. I have given my uttermost today. It is my custom to rest at this hour. I must not be disturbed."

I got up and asked, "What time shall I come in the morning, Mr. Vincent?"

"In the morning? Oh, really, you are pressing me. I will not be pressed! Cannot a man be safe against intrusion even in his own home? Must his public follow him even there? Is there no privacy in the world?"

"I want to drive you to the studio. I can help save your energy."

"That I must give. My strength, my heart, belong to my great public."

"I am coming in the morning, anyway, Mr. Vincent. If you'll just tell me when you leave, I'll be waiting downstairs."

"Really, I haven't engaged you, you know."

"Couldn't I get your car out and bring it around?"

"My dear fellow, I mustn't be disturbed now. Chauffeurs are reckless. They connive with the garage men to rob their owners. They overcharge. My friends at Hollywood are paying fifty dollars a week for the privilege of being robbed. It is all too silly. I cannot be bothered with such things."

"I have worked in garages, Mr. Vincent. I don't believe your car is being properly greased and cared for. I can do all that. I will wash it, time the motor, clean out the carbon, grind the valves. As long as I am responsible for it no one else will touch it. I promise you that. And I'd rather not talk about wages. Not now. I want to drive you first. I'm sure I can make your life easier."

"Oh, really," he made a little groaning sound. He had covered his eyes with his hand.

"If you will just give me your card and write a word on it, I'll have the car around for you."

"But I haven't engaged you."

"I don't want you to, Mr Vincent. I'd rather ive you a while first. Then you can decide hat I'm worth."

"But there must be no misunderstanding. I ve not employed you."

"I understand perfectly."

E DROPPED his hand and chirped to Roddy and stroked his ears. After a min- e he got up and went wearily over to a desk d scribbled something on a card, which he ssed on the table beside me. Then he took t his key-ring and twisted one off.

"Now go, please," he said. "I must not be sturbed now."

The telephone rang. He started and hurried er to it.

"What time in the morning?" I asked.

"Oh—a quarter after eight." He picked up e telephone and as I was passing out to the ll I heard him say, "Oh, yes, dear! Certainly! l be ready in half an hour."

When we were out on the street, Roddy and I looked at the card. The address of the ga- ge wasn't given, only the name, but I knew could find it in the telephone book. I found a tle one-arm lunch room over on Broadway here they didn't object to the pup, and I ate me supper and fed Roddy. Then we walked er to Central Park and I sat on a bench and pped the leash and let him run. It was fairly ld, but I didn't mind that. There wasn't any- ing the matter with my circulation. I was yed up pretty high. After a time, when oddy had played around enough to hold him r a while, he came over and sat with me on e bench and I talked to him. I had to talk to mebody.

"It's funny business, Roddy. And we're sure for it. That old nut doesn't dream what's ing to happen to him. We'll never let go of m, old kid. Not until we find out a lot of ings. A whole lot of 'em. Maybe then we'll ve to punch his face. Yes, I reckon we'll ve to do that. He's got it coming to him. ut first we'll find out all about it. Then we'll ll him who we are and see how he acts. We n't care how big he is. If it comes to a show- wn we won't stop to weigh him. We'll jump ick. That's what we'll do, jump quick. ut right now we're going back to that little om in Harlem and get a good night's sleep. bout six we'll get up and have breakfast. I ant to get to that garage by seven and go over e car. He won't know whether they're tak- g any care of it or not. Not that bird. And u're going to drive right along with me. ou'll like that, you snob. You can stick your nny old head out over the door and lord it er the dogs on the street. He won't know or re. Not him. He'll be thinking about him- lf."

I hardly knew Douglas Vincent when he came out of the apartment house in the morning. He wore a long ulster that was almost a creamy yellow, and rough yellow gloves and woolen muffler that was creamy white with purple stripes and a soft yellowish felt hat pulled down kind of rakish on one side. He was smoking a cigaret, and walked with long steps in a kind of lazy dignity. You could see that he figured on being looked at everywhere and maybe recognized. Sometimes it seemed as if he was peeking around that magnificent indifference to see if people weren't looking. The car was a roadster with wire wheels, cream-colored, no top, most awfully sporty. I will say it was a good machine, built for speed. I found it full of squeaks when I got to it that morning, and had gone over the grease cups. The foot brake was so loose I was almost afraid to drive the thing. One of my first jobs would be to tighten and adjust it. One thing was certain, the whole outfit, lumping the car and the man together, looked like nothing in the world but the pictures. It was an effect he'd figured out. And now with me to drive him he could lean back and droop his eyelids and pretend to be above the foolish world and yet all the while just loved being stared at. Oh, you got all that in a minute. One good stroke was my uniform, the one I'd bought for Mr. Bundy. I saw his eyes rest on it a minute when he came out and knew that he liked it. He took it as adding just a little to his importance. I had opened the rumble seat behind for Roddy and he stood up with his front feet on the back of our seat and held his shaggy old head high as if he thought he was in the picture himself. Mr. Vincent didn't object, but just gave Roddy a languid pat, as if it was his dog now. I could see that in his wandering stately way he kind of liked having him there.

The studio was a big barn of a place on the edge of a little Jersey suburb. It didn't take but a few days for me to make myself at home around the place. They let me go in and out like the actors. And sometimes when I was on an errand for Mr. Vincent I'd have to hunt him up on the set and hang around while they were shooting scenes. A lot of work was done there, four or five big pictures at once, the different companies working on the glassed-in stages or out on location. Several famous girl stars were there. You got used to seeing them coming from the dressing rooms in their make-up and costumes. Some made up yellow and looked like the jaundice. There was a flock of Chinese children playing around, all bright paint and gay satin clothes. There were cowboys and Mexicans and Indians that used to pitch dollars and shoot craps during the long waits while sets and lights were being fixed. You saw directors in Western hats and rolled-back shirts and leather puttees. There was a bulldog in a shining leather harness that trotted around with a trained squirrel sitting up on his back. Roddy went after both of them one afternoon by the entrance to the lot, and after that I had to keep him tied in the car. There were pretty horses sometimes and once a half-dozen trained seals and oh, heaven knows what else! But it wasn't a very exciting place, once you got used to it. Everything moved slowly. Most of the work seemed to be done by the electricians and property men and carpenters. Directors quarreled all over the place with continuity experts. The beautiful girl stars looked like bored dolls more than anything else. One day I saw a Russian man dancer, dressed in a leopard skin and not much more, crying like a little girl, sobbing out loud, really, while one of the directors patted his shoulder and said what sounded like, "There, there." A queer place.

After those first few days I began wondering how I was going to stand with Mr. Vincent. He just didn't say anything at all. Took me for sort of granted. I did make life easier for him, and in a day or so, it seemed to me that he had settled back on that new comfort as a matter of course.

He worked until the first part of April on that picture. Then they were sending him to Hollywood to do a big Western in the California mountains. He got the idea of having me drive him across the country in the roadster, and called in one of the publicity men of the company and a photographer to make a big thing of it for the papers and the news reels. So we were photographed making our start two weeks before we actually left. And all this time... it came to about five weeks... I didn't seem to be getting any nearer an answer to my questions than as if I'd never seen the man. It worried me. I talked it over with Roddy every night. I couldn't help thinking back over the year...it was only a little short of a year... that I'd been on this hunt, how blindly I had gone into it and then just blundered along in that timid uncertain way. You see in all matters that couldn't mean so much to me I was a pretty definite, even snappy person. But this queer hunger that kept urging me on kind of unbalanced me. I know perfectly well that I wasn't normal that year. Not really. There wasn't a week during the time I was with Vincent that I didn't drift into a feeling of discouragement over my own stupidity. I just wasn't getting anything nor anywhere. The one fact I'd pretty well cleared up was that she had gone clean out of his life. Among all the girls and women he knew and played with there wasn't a sign that she had ever lived. And when that desperate feeling came I always swung back to Woodie and held on to her in my thoughts. It was that same experience of swinging from one fever to the other. Balancing along. I kept the poultry books by my bed, in the rooming house and studied all there was in them about ducks. There were evenings when I was so full of ducks, their habits and feeding and diseases, that you'd have thought me nutty. And that was only because they played such a big part in Woodie's life.

Toward the end of March a letter came from her. One funny thing, I used my own name from the beginning, up there in Harlem. The only precaution I took about that was in not giving Vincent my address. It was easy. He wouldn't have known whether he had it or not. I always turned up on time at his place, and that was all he needed to know. I don't think I cared, really. Sometimes I couldn't help thinking the sooner he learned who I was the better. Then he'd have to tell me something or I'd know the reason why. . . . That letter of Woodie's upset me terribly at first. It was Woodie all through and impulsive and honest. She told me how bad she had felt to lose touch with me. She missed me. Said she had cried more than once over the way my falling in love had spoiled our friendship. Then, it was like her... she tried to explain her fight to make her headway in her own life and how much her independence meant to her. She felt sure that she would never marry, but she hoped a lot that we could be thrown together again before long. She wanted me to write and tell about myself and whether I'd been able to make any headway in my search. There were other things she said, kind of cheerful and chatty, about the farm and things they were doing. They had taken up my suggestion about using the name, "Little River Ducks" and that one hotel they were selling to had agreed to put it on their bill of fare.

WELL, it sounded like the crack of doom to me. She just couldn't hold out any hope at all. You see, my hope of winning her kept flaring up at the most unexpected times. Little things would start it up, and I couldn't down it. Often I got bitter about it. I couldn't answer the letter at first. Finally, of course, I did. It wouldn't have been decent not to. I did it early in the morning of the day before Vincent and I were to set out for the coast. I was up and at it before five. It was one of those feverish times. But the only way I could write at all was to sit desperately on the lid, just friendly stuff, nothing at all personal, and not a word about love or about what she had said in her letter. I told her what I was up to, about my fake name and Vincent and the trip to the coast.

One funny thing, I got up that morning without feeling at all sure that Vincent mightn't yet find himself taking that trip alone. If there was a chance that my mother was still in New York I wouldn't leave. Never in the world. I didn't know but what I'd spring it on him out of a clear sky. Get him some place where he couldn't run off and make him talk. I wasn't clear how I'd do it, but the idea was getting hold of me strong. I had a hunch that it was going to be a good deal of a day, one way or another. But naturally I hadn't an idea how much of a day. Though I might have known. Woodie's letter with that flat statement that she wouldn't marry anybody ought to have warned me that other big events were on the way. I've spoken of that. It never misses with me. Give me any sort of a shock or jolt and a lot of other jolts come fast.

The second jolt came while I was drinking my coffee at the one-arm lunch, with Roddy sitting at my knee waiting for the biscuits he knew I had in my pocket and the morning paper across my knee. You know how a name or a word will all of a sudden gulp out of a lot of print and hit you in the eyes. Well, the name of Burkett jumped out at me like that. It wasn't a big heading. Just a little item in the lower half of the front page. Mrs. Burkett was suing for a divorce. I can't say I was altogether surprised.... I'd seen little things during the winter, but still the actual news, there in print, shocked me. Lord knows we ought all of us to be used to divorces by this time. There's enough of 'em. It did depress me some more though. I couldn't help wondering what it would mean to the girls. They were on the loose enough as it was. And this would take right out from under their feet what little ground they'd had there.

It was on the walk over to the garage that I finally made the decision to have it out with Vincent, and picked on the end of the afternoon as the best time. In the morning or at noon he could have made an excuse of his work to get away from me. And he wasn't going to get away. Not after I once began the thing. Not very soon.

I parked in front of the studio at three sharp, about a hundred feet from the entrance and walked up there to wait. Two or three of the chauffeurs were hanging around there, fellows that drove for the girl stars. We talked a little. Then Vincent came out, and Mr. Gentile, the studio manager, with him. I heard Mr. Gentile say, "But you haven't told us what you'll need, Douglas." Vincent turned to me then, with all his lazy magnificence of manner, drew me aside and asked with a sudden worried look, "How much shall I want, Sandy?" I said he ought to have at least six or seven hundred dollars with him.

He turned back and said, "Seven hundred and fifty will be enough, I think. If you'll call up the office in town and tell them to have it ready, I'll send my man for it before five o'clock."

"But it will have to be in cash, you know," said Mr. Gentile looking pretty hard at me. He didn't know me, except as one of the chauffeurs that hung around the door, and I could see that he was doubtful.

"That's all right, Rube," said Vincent. "Sandy will call for it."

"Well, I hope you have a fine trip," said Mr. Gentile, and they shook hands. Then he turned to me and asked my name.

I looked right at him without a thought and said "It's Burr. S. G. Burr."

There was a moment's silence while he wrote out an order on a little pad he had in his hand. It came over me all at once what I'd done. I didn't care. Far from it. But I knew that the situation had got out of my hands. And then I felt my color rising. I could not help looking at Vincent. He was staring at me, at my face, and hair, particularly at my hair. His jaw dropped down so that his mouth opened. And he was white. It hit him like that. As I think of it now, he must have sensed something familiar about me when he first let me in with him, though of course his muddy head didn't figure out what it could be. I must have seemed like some kind of old friend to him from the beginning. It seemed a long time before he moved. Mr. Gentile finished writing the order and handed it to me.

Then Vincent spoke, in a hollow weak voice. He said, "Never mind, about that order, Rube. I'll call for the money myself." And he walked off toward the car, rather quickly, but trying to hang on to his dignity. I put the order in my pocket and turned after him. He looked back, and then broke into a run toward the car. I jumped after him. My leg was all right by this time, and he didn't have a chance in the world to get away. He was reaching for the door of the car when I caught up. I think he was talking over his shoulder, ordering me to clear out or something like that. I'm not sure about it. Things were happening pretty fast. I've thought since he must have had an awful lot on his conscience to break and run like that. I don't doubt that he'd just been waiting for years for some relatives of my mother's to find him and beat him to death.

That whole incident is a rather mixed-up memory now. I know I went clean off my head for a few minutes. You know how you can train a dog to live peacefully for years in the same house with cats, and the cat will boss him around and bat him in the nose with her paw and sleep on top of him, and the dog will act kind of helpless and cowed. And then some day he'll catch her outdoors and she'll lose her nerve for a minute and start for a tree and he'll rise to it and chase her as wild as a wolf.

WELL, that was me. When he ran like that I couldn't think of anything for a second but what a poor guilty fool he was, and then that blind hunger that had driven me so long just came up and took possession. I don't think he really hit me. I remember grabbing his arm to pull him back from the car. He was talking in a mumbly voice, calling me a contemptible scoundrel or something like that. And he must have at least tried to push me away. I know we kind of scuffled around there for a minute on the curb. He seemed to have a crazy idea of getting into the car and driving off, leaving me flat there in a Jersey suburb. And he said something about sending me money. I do remember hearing him say "Be a good fellow." Or something like that. And then something more about giving me plenty of money.

Anyhow, it was about that time that I lit into him. I think all those thoughts I'd had about killing him sort of gathered up together into one big wonderful blazing idea. I hit him in the stomach and I hit him in the face. I had to jump up to do that. I remember I didn't care whether he hit me or not. All I wanted was to get home to him. But I don't remember that he landed any blows. Certainly I didn't have any marks on me afterwards. He swung a few times but after that he was just covering up and backing against the hood of the car. It seems to me he was talking all the time, too, begging me to wait and talk things over. Something about explaining everything. I don't think I talked at all. Not just then. I was too busy. By that time some of the chauffeurs had me by the arms and there were other people around and some women screamed from the windows of the office that overlooked the street. And I could hear Mr. Gentile's voice from some safe place behind the chauffeurs yelling for the police. All I could think of then was that I wanted to polish the old fool off before the police came, and so I broke away and hit him five or six times quick in the face and jaw and he went down on the curb, catching at the front mudguard as he fell and then grabbing me around the ankles as if he thought that would help him somehow.

Then they pulled me away again. And for the first time I thought of Roddy and knew I'd heard him growling and snarling, full of fight, and then didn't hear him. I looked and saw him hanging by the neck beside the back mudguard. The pup had forgotten his leash and jumped to help me.

Well, I broke away again and jumped to help him. One of the chauffeurs helped me do that. At first I thought his neck was broken, but it wasn't. I took him up in my arms and lifted him back into the car and patted him and talked to him. When I looked around again Vincent was on his feet holding a hand over one side of his face. He was bleeding some. You could see that his eyes were swelling and turning black. I heard Mr. Gentile tell them to hold me until the police came. He was damning the whole police department for never being around when they were needed.

But Vincent spoke up then. "Never mind the police," he said. I still had an arm around poor old Roddy. I saw Mr. Gentile stare at him. I didn't wonder. He hadn't an idea what it was all about. He doesn't know yet. One of the chauffeurs winked at me and turned away with a grin. There was a real crowd by now. Somebody gave Vincent his hat and he went around and climbed into the car. Roddy, weak as he was, managed to growl, but I quieted him. Vincent was covering his face all he could. I heard him say, "Hurry up. Get me away from here." He looked as if he was going to be sick to his stomach. All his magnificence was gone. So I tucked my necktie back in and picked up my cap and brushed off my clothes where they had rubbed against the mudguard and got in and drove away. And that was all there was to it. We just drove away. Do you wonder that all those people stared? Do you wonder that they couldn't make head or tail of it?

WHEN the car stopped he lifted his head a little and kind of half looked at me and then asked, "Aren't you going on? We've got to hurry."

I said, "I'm not in a hurry," and swung around in the seat. But he didn't try to face me.

"But with all that's got to be done before tomorrow," he began.

I cut him off pretty short. "Tomorrow isn't worrying me a bit. I may make that trip and I may not."

"But good God, you wouldn't walk out on me like . . ."

"Listen! Where is my mother?"

"How should I know? I don't know." Then he groaned. "Sandy, you shouldn't have struck me. It wasn't fair. You've hurt me terribly."

"I want an answer."

"I tell you I don't know! I haven't seen her for seven years. And I haven't had word from her in five years. Oh, Sandy, my face is swollen. It wasn't fair to injure me for my work. How can I . . ."

I said, pretty impatiently, "Your face will be all right by the time you reach Hollywood. No need to worry about that."

"But I can't talk with you now. I feel ill. As if my work weren't taxing enough without this brutal beating to upset me nervously and mentally."

"But you're going to talk now. You can't dodge this. I don't care a damn if you never get to Hollywood. We're staying right here until you tell me where she is. I haven't spent all this time hunting you down to be put off with a lie."

"I'm not lying." He groaned again. I couldn't help wishing he'd take his hand away so I could see that eye.

"I'll tell you everything I know, Sandy. I will."

I said, "I know you will."

"She was in New York here for a while."

I told him I knew that.

"I used to hear indirectly about her. Then . . . it must have been a couple of years ago or more, she got a chance to do a bit in a picture. I saw that. And the last I heard she had gone out there. . . . I want to tell you this, Sandy. You're young, and you're hotheaded. You're not a man of the world." There was something of a whine in his voice now. "Life isn't so simple as you think. It is really very complicated. I won't say I haven't done things I've felt sorry about. I have. And I've suffered for them. But my friends will tell you that I have good traits. I'm not an ungenerous man."

All this didn't interest me. "What do you mean she went out there?" I asked, "do you mean Hollywood?"

He nodded. And then groaned. And then said, yes, he meant that.

"Is she there, now?"

"I don't know. I suppose so. I know that she has had small parts in a number of pictures."

"If she is on the Coast I'm going with you tomorrow. But if you're just saying this to get me to make the trip, I'll give you a beating that will make you think we didn't more than shake hands today. And you'd better know this, too. If she is in trouble, if she needs money you're going to find that generosity of yours put to something of a test."

"Nobody will ever be able to say that I was unwilling to do the right thing, Sandy. All I ask is fair and understanding treatment. I have a right to explain that it was she who left me. She did. Seven years ago, she left me and I've never seen her since. For years I was afraid I would meet her. I suffered, Sandy."

I broke on him. "Wouldn't your casting director know where she is?"

"He might." He thought this over, and added, kind of eagerly, "I'll call him up."

Well, we went through with that program. He called up the office and explained that I'd call for the money, after all. When I reached the apartment with that big roll in my pocket, he opened the door himself and said right off: "She was in Hollywood a few months ago. They think she is still there."

I did a lot of thinking on that ride across the country, and was so excited by the time we reached Hollywood that I hardly slept at all the first night.

I seemed to have had a good deal of a vague kind of patience up to this time in my long search, but it was gone now. Those first few days in Hollywood were like months to me. I had to go to the studio, which was a collection of low buildings shaded by pepper trees, with several big open-air stages behind them, and back of those a jumble of little streets with houses and stores and churches in front and scaffoldings behind. I drove up and down the long avenue, and waited outside Frank's restaurant. I saw any number of the famous stars coming around there for lunch in their make-up and costumes, but I was used to that sort of sight. Only one thing was in my mind. All the time, by day and night, I saw those old pictures of my mother and dreamed the old unhappy dream. I had to wait on Vincent. He promised to hunt up her address. You see, a chauffeur can't go around into offices insisting on private addresses. Finally he got it for me, and I went there. It was a bungalow court on a side street. But she wasn't there. The woman in charge said that Alice Burr had left two or three months back without leaving an address. That seemed queer. I did ask at the postoffice but they said that they didn't give out addresses, and if I wanted to reach anybody through them I'd better send a letter to general delivery. Well, I didn't want to write. I couldn't. It wasn't my way of going at it. And then I had a puzzled sort of feeling that she might not answer it. I don't know why I had that. But all these years she hadn't tried to reach me. Surely she could have found me if she had tried, her own boy. I just couldn't understand. But I'd never before felt that side of it so strongly as now that I was surely near her. Then a couple of days later after I'd called at the bungalow Vincent said . . . it was the end of the afternoon, and I had just driven him to the hotel and he got out of the car and turned, kind of far-away and embarrassed . . . he said, "She's in Ramona. I found out from the Steller Art lot. She is registered there. That's all I can tell you."

AND he turned and walked very fast up the steps and into the building.

I drove straight down the avenue to the office of the Automobile Association and looked up the village of Ramona on the big map there. It was about where I thought in the mountains up back of San Diego. In the morning, the first thing I left the key to the roadster in Vincent's box at the hotel and went into Los Angeles and caught the train south. I took Roddy along, in the baggage car. I couldn't very well leave him in the room and I am not sure I didn't want my mother to see him. Anyhow, he kind of helped.

I had heard the chauffeurs say you could rent cars pretty cheap in San Diego. I asked about it at the station, and was sent to a place on a side street not far from the big hotel that stands out over the city. I picked up a rattly old four-cylinder runabout there, at so many

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A Master of Missouri Mules

Colonel Bill Rinehart breeds the aristocratic blue ribbon winners of the mule world. He has many a good word to say for the much-maligned four-footed friend that helped make Missouri famous

by Earl Chapin May

GEORGE WASHINGTON, father of his country, had a hand in starting the mule business in America. Some fine specimens that the King of Spain sent him in care of Lafayette in 1785 started the social register of the American mule. The modest animal that some cynic has accused of having "neither pride of ancestry nor hope of posterity" is far more valuable than the horse for some purposes. His admirers credit him with a sense of humor, a likable personality, and a disposition to work willingly for those who understand and respect his peculiarities.

TWENTY pairs of long-eared mules calmly faced a keen-eyed connoisseur under the Kansas City Colosseum's vaulted roof. The connoisseur was from Kentucky, home of mules of high degree. His job was to pick the champion pair of mules at the twenty-seventh annual American Royal, the country's classy livestock show. The Kentuckian scrutinized the well-poised, long-eared mules. With simple but authoritative signals he dismissed thirteen competing pairs.

Without raising a hoof in protest the twenty-six unlucky mules trotted disdainfully from the ring. Not one cuss word came from an annoyed groom. The Kentucky judge, examining the seven remaining pairs as nonchalantly as though they were turtle doves, pinned the grand champions' purple ribbon and rosette on "Palmyra" and "Marion," owned by Colonel Bill Rinehart of Palmyra, Marion County, Missouri.

"But one of them's a bay—the other's a gray!" exclaimed the wiseacres thronging the tiers of seats above the arena. "A champion pair ought to be matched in color as well as size and points!"

"Palmyra" flecked the long muscles under her glossy bay coat. "Marion" raised high her prize-winning gray head. Two pairs of satiny ears were stretched thirty inches from tip to tip. The winning mare mules looked their parts. "They won firsts for me at the Missouri, Iowa and Illinois State Fairs," Colonel Bill Rinehart said with his blandest smile, "and I knew they'd clean up for me here."

But as the winners of the highest honors in the world of mules filed docilely out of the judging arena, my neighbor to the left voiced my own chagrin.

"Some one's always taking the joy out of life," he grumbled fretfully. "Even the Missouri mule has lost its kick."

Colonel Bill, overhearing this complaint, reproved this criticism of his mules. "The kick has been greatly over-rated," the master of the mules declared. "It's soundness and points that count these days. We leave the kicks to the funny columns." And then he dilated on a mule's fine points. The pair from Colonel Rinehart's Palmyra, Missouri, farm walked away with their fourth championship in two years because, in addition to matching up in size, they had deep bodies, broad chests, full flanks, short backs, well-sprung ribs, broad loins, long hips, thick thighs, well set hind legs, sound feet, clean-cut hocks, dense bones, clean tendons, silky hair—and long, thin ears measuring thirty inches from point to point when spread out. Incidentally and most importantly they stood sixteen hands high in their unstockinged feet and weighed, all told, 3,400 pounds. Rinehart had solved the mystery of the Missouri mule.

But take it from Colonel Bill, there's nothing mysterious about the Missouri mule. Just study this offspring of the jackass and the mare for twenty years or so, match your intelligence with its canny knowledge of mankind, employ supreme patience and constant alertness of mind and body, keep an understanding heart and a healthy sense of humor and you and the mule will dwell in peace and harmony. Colonel Bill ought to know. He's won more prizes during the past three years than any other exhibitor of mules.

Of the 8,000,000 mules working for the human race, Missouri mules are most esteemed for

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COLONEL BILL RINEHART of Palmyra, Marion County, Missouri, raises mules on his five-thousand-acre farm of reclaimed bottomland on the western shore of the Mississippi. Aside from the skill and enterprise of breeders in that section, much of the superior quality of the Missouri mule is due to the bluegrass that thrives in the limestone subsoil of the state. The words "Missouri" and "mule" became almost inseparable in the public mind after the St. Louis World's Fair of 1904, when Missouri breeders carried off most of the honors for prize stock in all classes. The World War gave a more recent impetus to their universal fame.

IT WAS in the course of filming "The Alaskan," in which she starred with Thomas Meighan, that Estelle Taylor had a terrifying location experience unforeseen by the director. The picture was made in Banff, which frequently masquerades as Alaska for the silver sheet. Tropic locations like the two here from "Aloma of the South Seas" have been particularly fruitful of dramatic incidents never contemplated by the most imaginative scenario writer or photographed for the benefit of the motion picture audience.

Adventures on Strange Locations

The biggest thrills in the lives of stars and directors are not always recorded on the screen. Floods, wild animals, shipwrecks and savages are only a few of the unexpected dangers that have interrupted the making of many a film

by Alice L. Tildesley

"EVIL SPIRITS," said the Indian supers in explanation of a succession of misfortunes that befell the actors in one motion-picture production. There was less mystery and more action in the school of sharks that made Richard Arlen swim for his life. Estelle Taylor was once nearly engulfed in quicksands. A company headed by Henry McRea in the Philippines was threatened by a tribe of kriss-armed Moros, and the terrors of a jungle expedition conducted by Edward Laemmle frightened the white men into making their own coffins.

"TO DARE and do and die" should make a good motto for the movies. No actor knows what he will be called upon to attempt when he puts his signature to a contract, and no director can tell into what strange ways his work will lead him before the last crank of the camera has been ground. They may read the script of the story about to be transferred to the films and it may sound as void of danger and excitement as an afternoon spent in a cemetery.

But— All the thrills that go into the making of pictures are not recorded on the silver sheet. Scout around Hollywood. Listen to the tales of those who have come in from strange locations. Start a roomful of picture people "reminiscing" and pick out those that begin something like this: "The most ghastly thing that ever happened to me—" (Or it may be "the most exciting," "the most inexplicable," "weird," or "impressive" or "terrifying.") Behind the screen, then—!

The Navajos and the Hopis muttered together around hasty camp fires, their eyes on preparations for departure being made by the "Vanishing American" company.

"What do they say?" asked Lucian Hubbard, supervisor of Zane Grey pictures, at whose direction tents were being struck and trucks loaded.

The interpreter translated: "The feet of white men shall not travel in the place where you would go. Evil spirits will molest you. Ill luck will attend you. Turn back."

But the feet of Lucian Hubbard had traveled in many places not used to the tread of white men. The company headed for Monument Valley, lying in infinite peace between its lofty guardian peaks. Over the desert road, sometimes deep in sand, sometimes humped with gleaming lava rock that caused the cars to lurch from side to side like vessels in a storm at sea, they made their way.

One truck was loaded with Indians. It labored over the slanting, rugged, sometimes precipitous road. There had been recent rains, and little gulleys had been washed in the indistinct trail. Into one of these the Indians' truck went full tilt, and overturned.

"Evil spirits!" murmured the Navajos, as they nursed their injuries.

"Evil spirits!" came the guttural voices of the Hopis, as they regarded their bruises.

But the company went on. They shot scenes all day and that night camped near Bullsnake Springs, below a dam holding water for sheep,—a "water hole" not six feet deep. While the company made camp, little Nasja, the small Navajo who played in the desert epic, decided to go swimming. He dived into the pool and did not come up.

"It's not deep. He's kidding!" said the camera men who were preparing to refresh themselves likewise after their dusty journey. But Nasja's long silence frightened them and they jumped in to find him caught in the débris of the dam.

While they worked over the half-drowned child, the mutterings of the redskins could be heard rising—rising. The struggle in the pool had weakened the dam and during the night it gave way. John Wetherill, the guide, who had risen while it was yet dark, was preparing breakfast when the unmistakable roar of the breaking dam reached him.

Even as he ran for the siren to rouse the camp, the flood came; as the company scrambled from their cots a torrent rushed upon them. Waist deep in water, they made the "shore", but properties (personal and otherwise) were carried off on the raging stream.

"Evil spirits!" grunted the Indians, mutiny in their beady eyes.

A few miles below the camp, the one-time flood lost itself in dry sands, leaving a deposit of costumes, etc., in its bed, more or less the worse for their river ride.

After that there was no quieting the Navajos. The last scenes had to be made on the run and then the feet of the white men left Monument Valley precipitately.

Maybe the evil spirits rejoiced thereat. Certainly the white men did when they found that the "big rains" began not twenty-four hours after their arrival in Flagstaff!

An audience, sitting in comfortable chairs before the cinema screen, does not realize the risks that have been run to give them their evening's entertainment.

Richard Arlen, popular young leading man, went to Hawaii for the making of an underseas picture, one of the big moments of which was to be a rescue from sharks, the rescued being a native boy, the rescuer, Richard.

In that land of waving palms, shark fishing is, to Richard's way of thinking, a cruel and barbarous affair. Worn-out horses are purchased, tied to the stern of the boat and made to swim out to sea; when the right location is reached, the horses are shot, the warm blood attracting the sharks.

The company proceeded after this fashion, thinking to photograph the sharks that morning and return another day for the rescue scenes. The horses were duly slain, but so far as could be seen the sharks failed to take their cue.

Sharks Enliven Sea Picture

"GOSH, we've slipped up somewhere!" grumbled the director. "We'll have to do this horse-shooting stunt again. Wouldn't that get your goat? . . . But we can do your scenes, Dick. Ready?"

The native boy dived overboard, Richard following, as directed by the script. The rescuer reached the rescued, began to struggle with him, in approved fashion, and then script directions were disregarded and both made a mad dash for the boat.

The sharks had been arriving in submarine style and the whole sea was full of them, opening their iron jaws, waving their shining fins, answering their cue in the wrong act of the drama. In spite of them, the movies are still blessed with this leading man.

"Terrifying" is the word Estelle Taylor uses when she recounts her worst location experience, and few there are who would take issue with her when they hear her story. Banff frequently masquerades as Alaska for the silver sheet. It did so during the filming of "The Alaskan," in which Estelle played. In one of her scenes the dark-eyed leading lady was required to ride in an Eskimo canoe on a lake of matchless beauty—a lake so still that it was like a mirror.

An Eskimo canoe is made of skin with an opening fitting closely about the body of the occupant. Estelle was installed, a French-Canadian paddling, and various "shots" were made.

The camera ceased to grind, the paddler stepped out on a rock and stopped to lift Estelle from the canoe. But the rock was slippery, Estelle was entangled in the skin of the boat, and presently both the young actress and the guide were struggling in the water with the overturned canoe.

The lake that had seemed so calm, was treacherous. Quicksands sucked at them, greedily, swallowing the paddler to his hips, gulping one arm and leg of Estelle. They found out later that cattle, walking into the lake for a drink, almost instantly disappeared. A human chain, working from the bank, successfully extricated Estelle and her guide, but whenever the leading lady of "The Alaskan" has a bad dream, it is certain to be punctuated by the screaming French of the terrified companion of that plunge, together with the awful sucking sound of the quicksand as they were pulled loose!

Romances glorifying American ingenuity often appear upon the screen, but Henry MacRea, now General Manager for Universal, who made serials abroad for that company not so many years ago, might write a book about that Yankee virtue and how it helped him once upon a time, if he were so minded. . . .

The Governor General of the Philippines invited the film company to a ball, a very elaborate function to which all celebrities on the island had been bidden. Mr. MacRea, for no particular reason, brought with him a number of radium flares such as are used in making night shots. The Governor General's electric lights obligingly gave out, Mr. MacRea brought forth the flares with a flourish and the day—or the night—was saved.

"And what can I do for you, sir?" inquired the grateful governor when Mr. MacRea came to make his adieu.

Even a grateful governor may be pardoned for gasping.

"I want to go to Sebu," explained Mr. MacRea, reasonably, "and I need a yacht to get there."

"I see," blinked the governor, and although the private yacht was not forthcoming, a coast guard boat with fourteen staterooms was, and in this the company voyaged to the far-famed little country.

A Lon-Chaney-looking Moro attracted the director's attention as soon as they landed, and

A Hawaiian volcano provided the setting for the biggest thrill in Noah Beery's experience. As a native priest in "Hidden Pearls" he had to save the life of a girl who was about to throw herself into the crater. The girl, who was a young unknown with a terrific ambition to play leads, rushed across a ledge of lava that hung insecurely over the smoldering crater, and Beery, not to be outdone, followed through. Fortunately the cracked ledge supported the weight of both.

with the aid of an interpreter the man was immediately put to work in the current picture. Action called for a man with a bare torso, so the Moro's shirt was removed. Immediately a crowd gathered, calling unintelligible things. Fifteen or twenty young students formed a committe and protested, but Mr. MacRea, seeing no reason for the objection, paid no attention until the governor of the island sent an envoy with the request that the shirt be replaced at once.

"The outside world looks on the Moro as uncivilized," explained the messenger, "the sight of this unclothed man will appear to prove their case. Cover him, therefore!"

The scenes in which the man was to be used having all been shot, anyway, the director hastened to comply with the request.

As the company made their way farther inland, the opinion of the outside world seemed more than justified, for the natives were savage-looking creatures with long thin knives (krisses) stuck in their belts.

"Do not go inland," came the governor's warning. "There I can give you no protection."

But the Americans did not heed his warning. They plodded on, their interested eyes observing that the krisses were used for everything from picking teeth to cutting off the tops of cocoanuts, although originally designed for removing enemies from this vale of tears.

The savages were fascinated by the cameras and kept pressing nearer. Out of the corner of his eye the director noted the front rows of them, fully armed, but he fixed his mind on the picture. The next time—half an hour later—that he looked at them, the rows of savages were minus krisses.

"What have they done with their knives?" he asked the interpreter.

The interpreter bowed and smiled.

"Your people have graciously bought them!" he replied.

Although kriss-carrying natives were not among the hazards in Japan, the company found that the interest the cameras excited in the streets of Tokio made the making of pictures a practical impossibility.

"We wanted to work in the street known as the busiest street in the world," says Mr. MacRea, "but the mob that gathered around us was so thick that the camera man couldn't breathe, much less do any shooting.

"I sent two cameras, several actors not being used in the scenes I wanted, and my assistant director over into another street. The cameras had no film in them, but the assistant director megaphoned lustily, the actors shouted and fought and made love and carried off the screaming lady,—and our crowds melted away to see what was going on over there.

"We got our stuff!"

The vicarious thrills that race up and down the spines of a motion-picture audience when the hero faces danger and death are mere ghosts of those experienced by Edward Laemmle, now director for Universal, in the interests of science.

Mr. Laemmle was decorated in China by General Mah Chai, Commander-in-Chief of the rebels in the revolution, for photographing the army maneuvers, but never during the risks and perils of those war-time days did he have the sense of utter hopelessness than was his when he was lost in a jungle in Siam.

For two days he wandered in a maze of bamboo, all idea of direction gone. He was out hunting, not far from the camp of his partner and himself, when the jungle closed in around him. He fought his way through the thick bamboo, wasting his strength, since he had no way of knowing east from west. The thought of the deadly vipers that climb trees and drop on their desired prey brought him to the verge of a panic.

"Then I realized that that was silly. I stood still and got hold of myself. I had my gun and plenty of provisions. I had matches for a fire. I could gain nothing by losing my head.

"My partner had a search party out, of course, but it was the next night before I was found. All the time I had been wandering about half a mile from our camp!"

Getting Measured for Coffins

AN EVER-PRESENT accompaniment of their trip was a roll of wire netting and a barrel of cement. What for?

"In case one of us died," explained Mr. Laemmle, "we had sworn not to leave the body to be devoured by wild beasts or what have you. We had promised each other to make a coffin of the cement and netting, roll the dead inside and bring him back to America."

The unique coffin was never used.

When the sub-title "Death Valley" is flashed on the screen, the audience mentally fans itself and longs for a drink of water, for every one believes the place the hottest and driest on earth. Not so.

Noah Beery, champion screen villain, tells of the time he was on location there in a winter so cold that he slept under eight blankets on the sand near Furnace Creek.

"Every morning I would wake up stiff with cold, roll over and wash my face and hands in the boiling water of the creek. My make-up was frozen and I used to build a fire to melt it before I could put it on."

Unsolved mystery may intrigue a picture house, but the cast that finds itself set down in the midst of one is not so enamoured of the element. Tom O'Brien of "The Sage Brusher" company has had his fill of "golden silence" from now on. Give him a location on Forty-second and Broadway, at the Chicago Loop, in a boiler factory or a busy freight yard.

Tom went up to Mystery Mountain, on the Klammath Indian reservation, on location for the above-mentioned picture. Mystery Mountain is covered with Indian graves. Just at sundown a deadly silence would settle over the reservation and from everywhere and nowhere buzzards would begin to circle monotonously over the graves.

After the second day it seemed as though the buzzards were circling over the company and a third night of deep silence sent the women members of the company into hysterics. . . . Which ended that location for "The Sage Brusher" and all other companies to date!

Another location since barred is a spot several miles east of La Jolla, California,—desert land abounding in cactus, granite rocks and sagebrush. H. B. Warner, celebrated actor of stage and screen, was there making "The Vagabond Prince." The camera man had set up his camera and Mr. Warner was about to "emote" before it when the grim warning of a rattler sounded. The snake was just four feet away.

They moved fifty yards distant, set up the cameras—and heard another rattle!

Upon examination, it was discovered that the entire area was infested with the deadly reptiles, and warnings to all picture companies were set up before "The Vagabond Prince" evacuated the location.

On the silver sheet the hero is depicted as brave and beloved. Behind it this may or may not be true. But wherever movie folks meet the name of that dead hero, Wallace Reid, is mentioned with affection and sorrow.

Noah Beery, who cherishes the canvas chair-back marked with the legend: "This is Wally's chair. His friends are welcome to use it," recalls their shared adventures, tenderly.

"We made 'The Valley of the Giants' in the railroad country at Yreka among the high mountains. Going down into the valley—we were piled into the caboose at the end of a logging train—nineteen women and children gathered around Wally, who was singing to the music of his guitar. That boy was always making music! Everybody loved him so! I was in the tower at the top of the caboose. The

The desert has played a silent and sinister part in the filming of many pictures. Ill-luck persistently followed the making of "The Vanishing American" in Monument Valley. Deadly reptiles invaded the location chosen for desert scenes in "The Vagabond Prince." Pictures taken in the hot sun and dry dust of Death Valley were made by actors who slept under a pile of eight blankets at night and who had to wash off their frozen make-up in hot water from boiling springs.

wrecking equipment, crowbars, wrenches, jacks, etc., was thrown in loose in our car.

"We turned a corner sharply, the caboose broke away from the train, toppled down an embankment and landed on its head, after turning over several times, at the edge of a raging river.

"After the first shock I braced myself in my tower. When we stopped turning somersaults, I was so tense with the effort of holding myself in one position that it was a minute or two before I could move. Then I discovered that most of my clothes were missing, having been torn off as we went, and that the places where they were not were covered with blood.

"But the poor souls in the car were in much worse case. The wrecking equipment had rattled about as we fell, injuring the passengers, as iron bars might be expected to do. All I could hear were the moans of women and the screaming of children. It was very dark and I could not tell how many bodies I stumbled among as I felt my way to the door.

"Jack Hoxie, who had seen us leave the track, and had come hurrying down to us, hailed me, and between us we carried the women and children out. I can't forget one woman, standing bolt upright against the side of the car, her teeth smashed into her face, mumbling: 'My baby—my baby!' The lantern Jack had carried flashed at her.

"'Your baby is safe!' I told her, as we took her out, and she was so happy! I didn't know whether the baby was safe or not, but it turned out to be true, for which I have never ceased to be thankful.

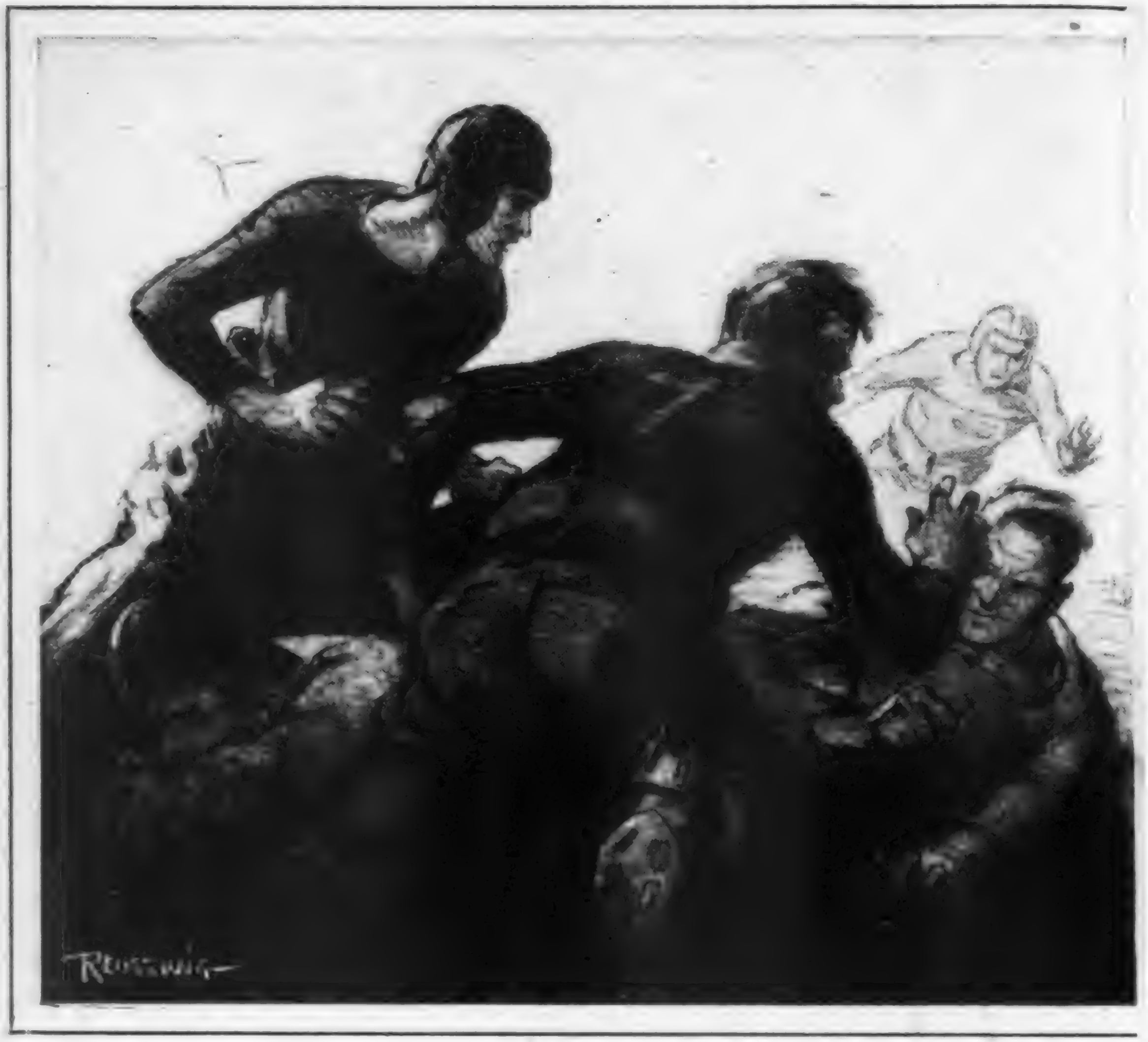
"At last we found Wally, lying unconscious in the bottom of the car, a gash in the back of his head. He had to have six stitches taken in the wound, but he was back at work next day.

"He was a man—was Wally!"

Noah Beery has been in buffalo stampedes, in runaways and in many fights where men have been killed or injured, but never has he felt the sensation of danger that was his during the filming of "Hidden Pearls" in Hawaii.

He played the rôle of a native priest who

[*Continued on page 158*]



Bill Briggs, streaking by, snaps it from the outstretched arm.

Illustrated by
William Reusswig

Henry Briggs

An over-cautious business man takes

“BUT, Honey, I—I told Blake not to bring that car around for a demonstration,” Henry Briggs said, not without some difficulty. It hurt him to have to add:

“I’ve been looking things over, and I’m afraid we’ll have to make the old one do another year.”

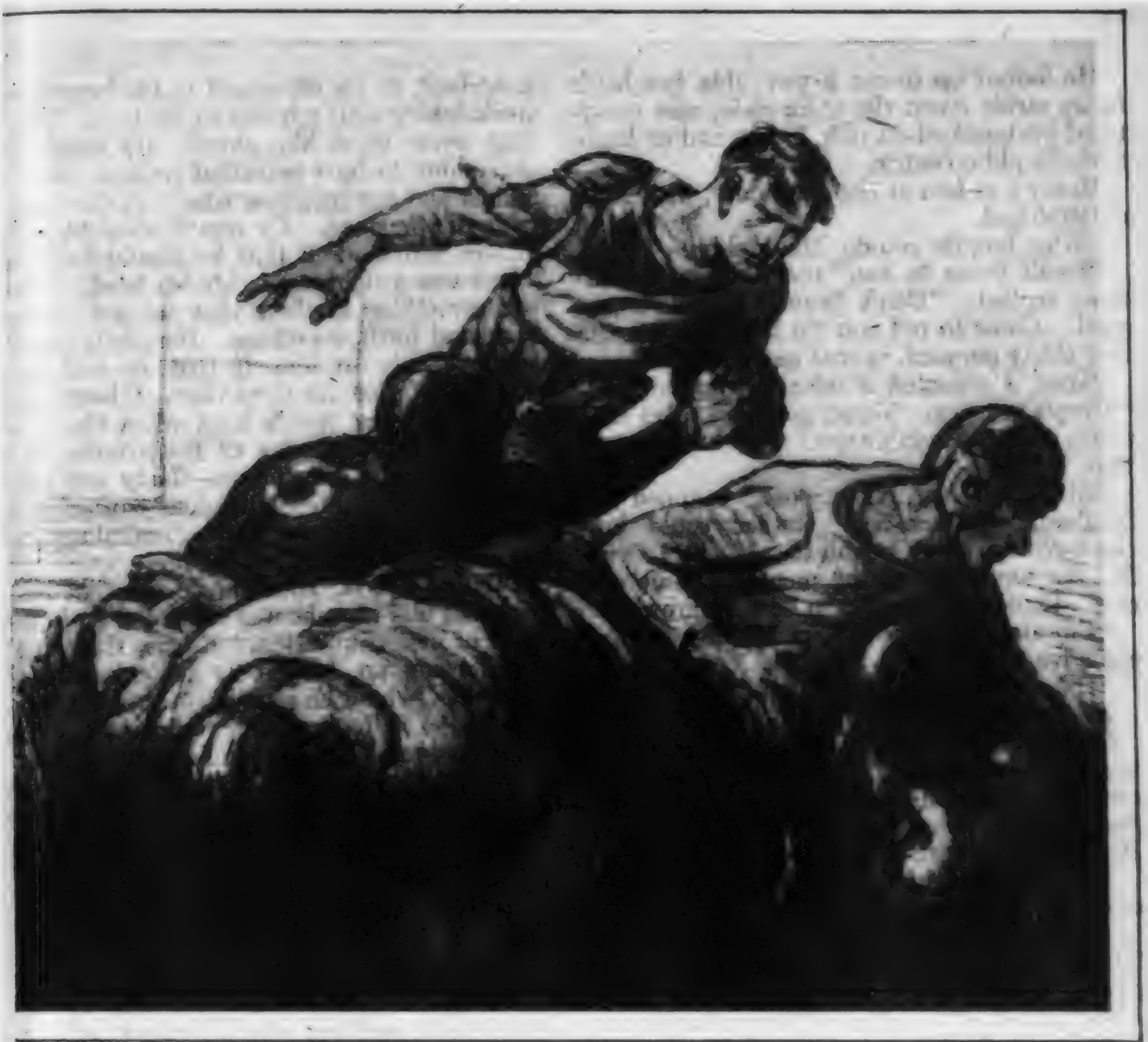
Another year would be the fourth.

“Oh—all right. Whatever you say, dear.”

But Mary was disappointed, he knew. She patted his tie into place, as much as to say there was no disloyalty in the disappointment which she knew he had recognized.

When she had gone, he sat staring out through the little glassed-in office and on through the windows which bore the sign, “Henry Briggs, Hardware.” How lovely she was! And that loveliness was not solely in the eye of the beholder; for Mary Briggs at forty was beautiful, with a trim and active figure; as vitally alive, it seemed, as when she had thrown over “better catches” to take, for better or for worse, Henry, then a carpenter.

It had been for better. Four children had



and is off like lightning, as if for a run around left end.

Sees the Game

By Earl Reeves

a tip from a brilliant gridiron play

come. They had difficulty at times in realizing that their eldest, Will, was the Bill Briggs of football fame. It seemed but yesterday that he was toddling about the house. In their lives there had been periods of anxiety; one of the four they could not keep; the struggle upward from the wager-earner ranks had not been easy; but on the whole life had been very good to them. Like other middle-west towns, Rockville had grown, and Henry's business with it.

If Mary wondered a little about him lately, she said nothing. He seemed to have no definite worries, and yet—but she would not meddle until she knew what she was doing, and then it would not be meddling.

Henry brought his eyes and his memory back from the distance to the sheet of paper he had picked up from his desk. There was no visible tragedy written on it. On the contrary, it was a balance-sheet showing substantial profits. He owned his home and he owned his business, and there was no real financial worry in his life. Except that his profits were not right! His business was slowing up in a growing town—or was he slowing up? He had been painstakingly careful.

He looked up to see a venerable but brisk figure stride down the store aisle; and recognized his landlord—a rich, brusk, and at heart a kindly old eccentric.

Henry met him at the office door, with hand outstretched.

"Why, how do you do, Mr. Melton—"

"Don't beam on me," the white-haired ancient replied. "Don't beam. Mean you no good. Come to tell you I'll have to raise the rent thirty per cent. in that new lease."

"Well, I expected a raise," Briggs replied. "Town's growing. Values going up. But that seems steep. Hadn't expected such a boost as that."

"Making it high on purpose," snapped the landlord. "Rather sell. Rather you'd buy the building. You ought to. Ought to own it. No use being at the mercy of some one else. Couldn't lose. Town keep on growing."

"I'm afraid I can't buy it: I'll have to meet the advance."

"Damned fool. Make the price right."

And he named a fair one.

"Getting old," Melton said, as he moved toward the door after Briggs had again declined the offer. "Getting old. Don't want so much property any more. Rather have the money. Have more fun with the money."

Melton was right, Henry thought after the old man had left. He would have fun with the money. Whether he used it to put up another business building, to buy unerringly the right piece of unimproved property, or for a winter in Florida, Melton would have the knack of seeming to get grim fun out of it. Briggs himself had lost that zest in some intangible fashion. What was it? He waited on customers a while, puzzling.

The phone rang. It was the Singer people, developers of Rockville's newest addition. He had to refuse to bid on hardware for a group of houses. They wanted low prices and such long credit; they were trying to swing a mighty big thing and if they failed he would be caught. A nice profit if they won—but the risk!

It rankled in his mind that he had had to refuse; yet he told himself doggedly that he had been right.

Bert Hancock dropped in. Smiling, round-faced, optimistic Bert; scarcely changed at all since their school days together.

"Listen, Hank," he said, rushing along, "you've just got to think this thing over again. It gets better and better. But I need you. I need a little more capital, and you've got ample credit; and then you understand building and supplies and you have a good business head. I need you—"

And he was off to a sprinting start on his latest project for making money by helping develop growing Rockville.

When Hancock had been disposed of, Henry went back to his office and to his interrupted stock-taking with a frown on his face. Would they never leave him alone? He hated like everything to be a perpetual refuser. But he had to find out somehow what was the matter with this business. Or was it something the matter with himself that he should look for? There was a tightness inside his head. There was something in there that seemed to pace back and forth, searching. He might as well admit openly to himself that he had been puzzled, worried, for some time. There comes a time in some men's lives when the great danger is not hardening of the arteries, or a solidification of gray matter—body and mind function beautifully—but some hardening of the will seems to occur, some chemical aging of the very motivating power of life.

"Henry Briggs, Hardware," the sign read. And that was what he was and stood for in this town of his. But "Henry Briggs, Hardware" was slowing up, braked by some impalpable obstacle. Would he soon begin slipping backward? As if he were old? He was not old. He was young. He was but forty-two.

But a much younger man broke in on his musings. One of the young whipper-snappers that were riding to success on this new thing called radio. A kid, this Morgan, barely older than Bill; but a crack salesman for the biggest radio company, and offering him the best agency of all.

"No, I will not put in your line," Briggs was saying later. "I know I have room, and I could sell many sets. But I would have to install them, and live with them afterward—servicing them. I cannot do it."

HE WAS having to refuse again. It seemed he got nothing else done. But, Great Scott! Briggs reached frantically for his watch, got rid of Morgan as quickly as possible, grabbed his hat and hurried down the block. This was Bill's big day—the day of *the* game. Henry Briggs would have given a great deal to have been able to have chucked everything and travel East with his boy; though he would have felt a bit of an alien, since there had been no college in his life. However, it had been one of the things Henry could not do. Hang it! Of course he could have gone.

Bill would be in the dressing-room now, thought Henry Briggs, and as his imagination carried him along he seemed actually to see Bill trotting out into the center of the great Yale Bowl, captain and quarterback of the Indiana team which is challenging the famous Eastern football machine for the first time.

Then the football station came on, through the big horn at the door of the bookstore; and the first thing the group on the Rockville sidewalk got was the tail end of an Indiana cheer. Drowned almost instantly—an ominous note—

in a roar from tens of thousands of Yale throats.

"Indiana is about to kick off," came the clear voice of the announcer.

Henry Briggs stood as if carved of granite, arms folded, hypnotized. He knew his football. He had played no games in his youth, but he had learned football as a father; he even understood some of the most intricate plays, including one which Bill himself had invented and his coach had approved.

Step by step the voice from the horn told of the march of the Yale machine down the field. No sound, no play was lost. A dozen broadcasting stations were linked by land wires and sending simultaneously the description of this inter-sectional game. The Yale gains became shorter and shorter. Henry Briggs' knuckles whitened. Some listener in the back of the sidewalk crowd, who literally "saw" the huge Bowl and the white lines and the struggling pigmy figures, let out a screech.

"Hold 'em! H—o—l—d 'em!" he pleaded.

And his frantic prayer was answered; for the voice then pictured a punt and the nailing of a Blue warrior in his tracks by an Indiana end.

When the quarter ended there was a stirring and a buzz of talk on the Rockville sidewalk; while high on top of the great Yale Bowl expert sport writers for press associations and for big city papers were using the interlude to dictate onto clattering telegraph wires the fact that a new football power had come out of the West, soundly coached and ably captained. But Henry Briggs stood as tensely silent as ever.

The grinding battle was renewed. The offensive rested almost continuously with the East; the West fought doggedly. Across a thousand miles a voice proclaimed again and again the fact that Bill Briggs had been forced to signal for a punt and yield up the ball to the enemy. And then, in a final burst of strength, the Blue line surged forward and over the goal line. The half ended with Yale leading, 7 to 0.

Briggs knew what would be happening in New Haven between halves. The coach was telling them—a dozen things—about football. And then Bill, spluttering in his dynamic earnestness, would be telling them that they were not beaten; that they had got through the "buck fever" stage of their eastern invasion, and that now they ought to win.

Sport writers rubbed their eyes and the crowd on the Rockville sidewalk began shifting in its nervous intensity soon after the second half began. Indiana opened up, played a wide and bold game; gained again and again.

THE little Hoosier rooting section became a bedlam. Some of this noisy excitement filtered into the glass-enclosed box from which the voice was painting the picture of an epic struggle, that half the United States might "see."

But the Blue tightened its defenses before the goal posts. And this time it was the Blue who punted defensively. Again the Western Crimson darted its way forward. This was no steam-roller attack, but one of imagination and rare daring.

And then a moment of breathless suspense.

A fumble.

"Briggs has the ball," said the voice from the horn. Henry Briggs started at the sound of his own name.

"He is away. He has dodged two Blue men.

"He is on the forty-yard line.

"He swings outward. A Yale player gains. Briggs changes direction suddenly. Yale man sprawls.

"Twenty-five yards—twenty—fifteen—

"Yale fullback gaining—Briggs is down—

"Five yards from the goal posts."

But that is not defeat! He is up, with his team close about him. A team which snaps to position aquiver with certainty of power. Two hammer blows, and this time the Yale line does not hold. The huge western fullback goes over. The goal is kicked! A tie!

But the Hoosier rooting section has forgotten the fullback. A chant—

"Bill Briggs, Bill Briggs, Bill Briggs, Bill Briggs—"

Two tears roll down Henry Briggs' cheeks, unnoticed. This is *his* boy's name those thousands are chanting across thousands of miles. Briggs. A while ago he hated the name, there on the plate glass of the hardware store. It was drab, like its owner was becoming. But this—

"Bill Briggs, Bill Briggs, Bill Briggs—"

This was a relentless, marching go-getter—the inevitable itself.

Henry did not remember the rest of the quarter: it did not matter. What fun his boy must have had! Out-thinking, out-generaling, outmaneuvering the old heads of Yale. A little fellow for the football field. One fifty-five. All tempered steel.

But the voice breaks in as the cheering dies. The final quarter is on, the grimmest battle of all. A lithe, rapier-like figure, directing the unknowns from the Corn Belt against the long established defenders of a citadel of the East.

The Blue superior in line play. Even in coaching and football intelligence; despite the fact that experts atop the battlements are beginning to crown the western quarter with fame for brilliant generalship. The West superior in open play. But this they use at their peril against such an enemy. Henry Briggs, almost alone of those on the Rockville sidewalk, saw and understood.

Minute after minute creeps by. Eli spurred on by a glorious past and determined that this invader shall not return westward with the

[*Continued on page 139*]

If You Don't Believe in Spooks

Blood-curdling ghosts who rattle chains and roam churchyards are being run down by scientists who account for thought transference, second sight and prophetic dreams by new theories. Thus fear of the Unknown is giving way to common sense

by Hereward Carrington, Ph.D.

IF YOU were locked up in a haunted house at dead of night, you might be just as scared as anybody else, even though you are brave enough in broad daylight and assert that all this talk of ghosts "and sich" is pure nonsense. It was Madame de Stael, I believe, who first remarked that she did not believe in ghosts, but that she was afraid of them! That is the attitude of many persons toward spooks today.

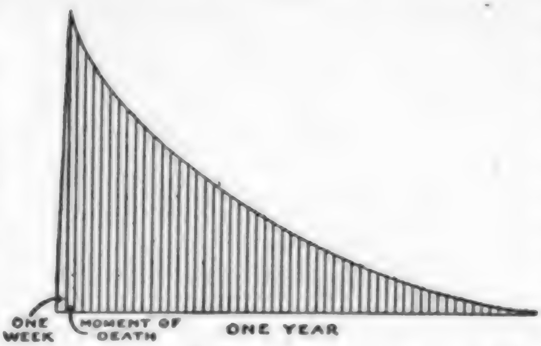
THERE is no longer any doubt that some people possess in a marked degree mysterious powers and faculties. Oftentimes these powers can be cultivated and developed by others. When ten percent. of the population report some sort of experience with psychic phenomena, there is evidence aplenty that cannot easily be explained away by the unbeliever or the skeptic.

This merely shows us, of course, that the fear of the Unknown—as well as the belief in it—is a very fundamental and innate thing in human nature, but it *proves* nothing one way or the other. It is a curious paradox, however, that the only people who are *not* afraid of ghosts are those who believe in them—psychical researchers! Whereas the average individual will run away from a "haunted house," the psychic investigator will run *to* it. He is a regular spook hunter. Many a night have we spent in such houses investigating these phenomena. And many such vigils have been rewarded, as the literature of the subject amply proves. Yes, in my estimation, there are undoubtedly such things as "ghosts" and "haunted houses," but my definitions may differ greatly from yours.

If you mean by a "haunted house" one in which sheeted figures, semi-material in nature, walk about clanking chains, appearing on anniversaries, and throttling any one daring enough to live therein—then I say that I do not believe in *such* things, either. But if you mean a house in which there are certain, subtle influences at work, affecting the minds and sensibilities of those living within it—a house in which are sometimes seen and heard inexplicable phenomena—then I say that I *do* believe in such manifestations, and that there is a great deal of respectable evidence in their favor. It is therefore very evident that we must be able to define our terms, and know just exactly what we are talking about before we can try intelligently to discuss this subject at all.

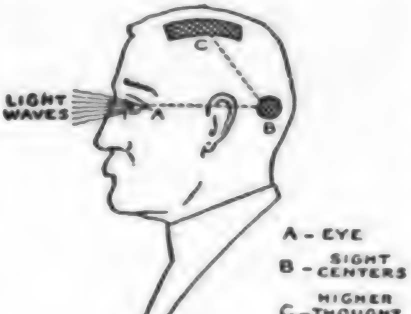
Ever since the days of ancient Egypt (and before) men have been vitally interested in this greatest of all questions—the Riddle of the Sphinx. But it is only within our own times that the first *scientific* attempt was made to investigate these mysteries. The Society for Psychical Research was founded in 1882, in London, and the present American Society in 1907. It soon began to be realized on all sides that an extraordinary number of manifestations were constantly being witnessed, or spontaneously experienced, by otherwise sane and sensible people. The early experimental work of the Society was devoted very largely to the study of thought-transference, or "telepathy," as it was subsequently called, and also to hypnotism and exploration of the powers of the subconscious mind. In collecting "cases," or material submitted for investigation, it was soon discovered that a very large number of these experiences were of the same general type, viz., apparitions or voices or other phenomena coinciding with death.

Thus, A. looks up and sees his cousin entering the door. He gets up to greet him, and the form vanishes! He looks at the clock; it is three minutes past four. The next day he receives a telegram, stating that his cousin was killed at three minutes past four the day before. Coincidence, you say? Yes, if only two or three cases of the kind were known; but when instances of this character began to pour in by the hundred, it became obvious that some other explanation was necessary, and that there was some casual connection between the apparition of the dying person and the death itself. What is the nature of this connection? And could enough cases of the kind be accumulated to prove that the "long arm of coincidence" might not, after all, account for such strange facts?



The curved line of this chart indicates the gradual decrease in recorded apparitions that have appeared to the living. The horizontal line represents one year divided into fifty-two weeks by vertical lines. Apparitions are reported most frequently at the moment of death and with decreasing frequency for a year or more afterward.

After four years' work, Gurney, Myers and Podmore published their monumental book in two volumes, "Phantasms of the Living." Over 700 cases of the kind, carefully selected from a much larger number, were presented, and it was mathematically proved that these coincidental cases were far too detailed and too numerous to be explained away by chance. However, investigations along this line continued. The Society began what is now known as "The Census of Hallucinations"; and some years later issued its famous "report" based upon some 30,000 cases of the kind, which had been obtained as the result of its inquiry. The concluding words of this report are: "Between deaths and apparitions of the dying person a connection exists which is not due to chance alone. This we hold as a proved fact."



How ghosts are "seen" is graphically explained by the diagram. Normally, the light waves entering the eye at A travel to the sight centers at the rear of the brain (B), whereupon we have the sensation of "seeing." But, when we think *about* the object seen, the thinking occurs in the higher physical centers, at C. When we are experiencing an hallucination, B is stimulated by some internal mechanism instead of exterior light rays. It is believed that a telepathic impulse may so stimulate the centers.

Here, then, we have a definite, forward step in psychic science. Genuine experiences of the sort exist, and are not due to chance. Thousands of individuals have had experiences of this character, or know of them as occurring to members of their own families. They are relatively common. An inquiry conducted some years ago, in England, revealed the fact that approximately ten per cent. of the population, taken at random (9.9%, to be exact), had experienced some such phenomenon at one time or another in their lives. And these individuals were perfectly healthy and normal at the time. Such an experience may come at the most unexpected moment—when the recipient is thinking of something else entirely—and not at all expecting any visitation of the kind. I doubt not that many readers of this article have had some such experience of their own—or know of one in their immediate circle of friends or acquaintances.

Now the question is this: What is the nature of the figure seen on such occasions? How are we to account for such an experience? Is it the "spirit" of the dying person who manifests, at such times, or may there not be some other explanation? This problem occupied the attention of psychical students for some time, and the upshot of their deliberations may, perhaps, be stated in a few words as follows:

We know that thought-transference, or telepathy, exists. Experiments have already demonstrated that. We know also that hallucinations exist—patients in delirium or fever often have them. Such hallucinations doubtless originate in the subconscious mind—as do dreams. Telepathy also seems to be a subconscious process, the actual transference seeming to take place between one subconscious mind and another, rather than between two conscious minds. All this being so, may we not assume that, on such occasions, the figure seen is a *telepathically induced hallucination*—a hallucination, that is to say, which is nevertheless induced by an external mind? Such a view need not compel us to suppose that the phantom form is a real, objective thing—in the sense that a table or a chair is objective. It is purely a mental image or illusion.

On the other hand, it is not *merely* this. It is initiated by some outside mind, at the moment of some great emotional crisis. The general "message" or "impact" is transmitted but it is "visualized" or projected by the receiving mind itself. And there are many analogies which tend to show us that such an explanation is in fact the true one, and quite in keeping with the general facts of science.

Take, for example, our dream-life. We are asleep. A door slams. Our ears report the noise to the brain. The dream-mind picks up this stimulus, and dramatizes and elaborates it, and weaves it into a dream romance, in which the noise is (perhaps) made to typify the report of a pistol in some wild-western drama. Here, the stimulus is certainly external, but it is nevertheless woven into the dream story, and becomes part of it.

Investigators of psychic phenomena are baffled by this curious streak of light photographed at a seance. On the right is a devise for measuring the force of the human will. The mental effort the silent subject exerts is transmitted through his fingers and registered on the scale.

Take again, a typical case of experimental thought transference, an example chosen from thousands of others of a similar nature. A pack of cards is shuffled. The Jack of Spades is chosen. An effort is made to transfer this to the mind of the recipient. Suddenly, he "sees" the Jack of Spades before him, in space—as a mental picture, or hallucination. This image has, then, been transferred from one mind to another, by some mysterious process, independent of the recognized channels of sense.

Now, the point is this: If the mental image or picture of a Jack of Spades can be transferred in this manner, why not the mental picture of *oneself?* We all have a more or less accurate knowledge of what we look like—much more accurate subconsciously, doubtless. We carry this impression about with us, so to say, within the depths of our own mind. What more natural, therefore, than that this picture should be spontaneously and quite unconsciously projected, telepathically, at some moment of stress or crisis, when the thoughts might be expected to turn to one near and dear to us? This therefore is the modern theory held by psychical students, that these so-called "apparitions of the dying" are telepathic hallucinations, generated in the mind of the recipient by the mind of the dying person.

Other analogous experiences occurring at the same time may be accounted for in much the same manner. If a voice is heard, or a touch is felt, or some emotional impulse suddenly seizes the subject of the experience, we may readily assume, in such cases, that the telepathic message has been transmitted in the same way, but that the method of expression or "externalization" has been different at the receiver's end of the line. The subconscious mind has received the message as before, but, instead of transmitting it to the conscious mind in visual form (as an apparition), it has taken an *auditory* form (a voice)—or a *tactile* form (a touch) or a mere vague *emotional* experience. One sense rather than another has been appealed to, but the origin of the message has been substantially the same in all such cases. It is merely the method of its delivery which has differed—just as an external stimulus of any kind will be dramatized differently on different occasions by the dream-mind.

So far we have spoken only of those psychic experiences which coincide with death—"apparitions of the dying." But there are also "apparitions of the living" and "apparitions of the dead." The former, as their name implies, represent people still living, but who were (possibly) in trance, asleep, fainting or under an anesthetic at the time. The latter represent people who have been dead for some time—a week, a month, a year, or still longer period. In such cases, we might assume "telepathy from the dead"—*i. e.* from some operator "out of the body." For, if minds continue to exist, they are doubtless still able to exercise such telepathic power, occasionally. These more nearly typify the traditional "ghosts," and are usually attached (seemingly) to some house or locality, rather than to some person—like cats! Here we encounter the difficult problem of "haunted houses."

When called upon to investigate a haunted house, the psychic student is careful first of all, to eliminate all possibly natural explanations. Rats, bats, wind, flapping blinds, old water-pipes, etc., must be disposed of first. "Sounds" of any kind are always dubious evidence. But if phantom forms are seen walking about the premises, that is another matter! Evidence is then collected as to the number of people who have seen such forms and to what extent their descriptions agree. Attempts have been made to photograph such forms, as well as to record footsteps, rappings and other sounds on a phonograph. Seances have been held in such houses. Animals have been taken there, to note their reactions, if any. Experiments of all kinds have been made. For example, in one famous house, investigated in England, black threads were tied to the bannister railings—the other ends being fastened to the wall, by means of wax. Although the phantom forms walked up and down stairs, being seen to do so by several independent witnesses, the threads were nevertheless undisturbed.

What Are Ghosts?

EVEN in *such* cases, however, we need not necessarily assume that any independent "spirit" is involved in the production of these phenomena. Various theories have been advanced by psychic students to explain so-called "haunted houses," of which the following are the most important.

1. *Telepathy from living minds.* Some one living in a house may experience a hallucination which impresses him. He moves away. New occupants take possession. Yet his thoughts may at times wander back to that house, perhaps unconsciously, and telepathically influence those now living within it. They would then see the "ghost" in turn.

2. *Telepathy from the dead.* If minds continue to function after the death of the body, these minds might still influence living minds telepathically, as before explained.

3. Some *subtle physical atmosphere* may be present in the house, affecting the minds of those dwelling within it. We all experience this to some extent whenever we enter a room—we "like its atmosphere," or we don't.

4. *Thought forms* may exist—*i.e.*, images projected by living minds, and partially objectified for the time being. Such forms are objective, yet not substantial, just as the actors on the screen, in a "movie" are objective, in one sense, and not in another.

5. Actual, *objective beings* may exist—traditional "ghosts."

But it would take us too far afield to enter in detail into all these theories which have been advanced, and the evidence which has been adduced in favor of each of them. Suffice it to say that no *one* theory of haunted houses adequately explains all the facts, and that there is good evidence to believe that, in some cases, at least, these forms are actually in some sense objective or substantial—as in one famous case, in which the phantom form was seen to extinguish a lighted candle, and the candle was *really* extinguished. A hallucination can not do that!

Many such experiences (of seeing "ghosts" in "haunted houses") have been reported, in which the subject was fully awake and alert. In many others, the recipient was in a "borderland" condition, between sleeping and waking. Naturally, such experiences merge into *dreams.*

Here another whole world of fascinating research is opened before us. Dreams we all have; they are universal, yet they are always personal to the dreamer. Many such dreams are frequent; we all have them. Such are the dreams of flying, dreams of falling, dreams of inadequate clothing, dreams of being pursued by some wild beast, etc. Such dreams are now pretty thoroughly understood, and explanations of them have been advanced. Much work has been done, of late years, upon dream-psychology, and we now know a good deal concerning them. Ordinary dreams may well be left to the psychologist and the psycho-analyst. But psychical researchers contend that in addition to ordinary dreams, there are also *supernormal* dreams—dreams, that is, in which telepathic, clairvoyant and prophetic powers are occasionally manifest.

If such powers really exist, and are operative at times during normal, waking life, why it has been contended may they not also be operative during sleep? There is much evidence that they *are.* Years ago, Professor Ermacora, of Padua, Italy, conducted a number of experiments in which he succeeded in *inducing* dreams in a distant person by "willing" that she should dream them—*i.e.*, telepathically. Spontaneous cases of the kind have frequently been reported. And the same may be said of clairvoyant and prophetic dreams, in which events actually happening at the moment have been "seen" by the dreamer, or in which future happenings have been accurately portrayed. Such dreams can not be accounted for by ordinary psychological methods, but form a distinct class by themselves with all the earmarks of something distinctly supernormal in character.

Telepathy and clairvoyance differ from one another, I may mention, in this respect. The former deals with the content of another mind while the latter does not. A clairvoyant image or picture is of a distant event—a wreck, an accident or other happening. No living person may be present at the time. Telepathy therefore, sees (so to say) another *mind*, while the clairvoyant sees only *matter*. I will give one case of apparent clairvoyance by way of illustration. It was reported to the society some years ago by Professor William James, who investigated it thoroughly at the time.

Genuine manifestations of thought-transference, telepathy, clairvoyance, etc., are so extremely rare that scientific investigators take elaborate precautions against fraud. Some of the delicate apparatus for detecting and recording every movement of the medium is in operation in this demonstration by "Margery," a famous American medium.

A young boy disappeared. It was suspected that he had drowned in a certain small river in which he was wont to swim. Searching parties were formed; the river was carefully "dragged," but no trace of the boy was found. Soon after this an old lady, living several miles distant, stated that she had had a clairvoyant vision in which she had seen the body pinned under the trunk of a tree, at the bottom of the river—indicating the spot. A diver was sent down, and the body found precisely as indicated. Here, then, we seem to have a well-authenticated case of spontaneous clairvoyance.

There is a great difference between such "spontaneous" cases and "experimental" results. The former may happen to anybody, the latter are only obtained in the presence of mediums or psychics, who sit purposely with the avowed object of securing such phenomena. These are the manifestations witnessed at so-called seances. They are of two types: the Physical and the Mental phenomena. The former affect the material world in which we live. Raps, lights, movements of objects without contact, table levitations, materializations and "ectoplasm" all belong to this category. On the other hand, trance-communications and "messages," telepathy, clairvoyance, etc., are purely mental or psychic in character.

Skeptics and magicians who have attacked this subject have usually selected the physical manifestations as the target for their abuse. But every experienced psychic student knows as well as they do that there is, unfortunately, much fraud in this field and that genuine manifestations are extremely rare. Nevertheless, they exist!

Because ingenious imitations can be devised, it does not by any means follow that genuine phenomena may not at times be produced by honest and sincere individuals. An imitation implies that there must also exist something genuine to imitate. Because an "old master" can be imitated so skilfully that no one but an expert can detect the fraud, does not by any means prove that *no* old masters are genuine. On the contrary, it proves—if it proves anything—that some old masters are real. It is the same in the case of mediums.

Mediums for the production of genuine physical phenomena are extremely rare—rarer, probably, than great musicians or great poets, or great geniuses in any other line. A genuine medium is a *psychic genius*. There are but two or three in each generation. I know of but one in America today, though there are, I believe, several in Europe. But the continued study of such phenomena, and the ingenious laboratory tests which have been devised of late years conclusively prove, it seems to me, that such manifestations are genuine. I believe that any impartial critic, who really takes the trouble to study the evidence which has been accumulated, will arrive at this conclusion.

But the crux of psychical research does not lie here! Even assuming, for the sake of argument, that all so-called "physical phenomena" are fraudulent (which I do not) the real, central problems would yet remain. Do we or do we not possess powers and faculties which modern science does not as yet recognize? If so, how may these powers be cultivated? And may we not hope, by such means, to establish communication with those who have "gone before," and thus prove scientifically the fact of human survival?

These are momentous questions, which only impartial and prolonged investigation may hope to solve. Yet even now we are, I think, entitled to assert that positive evidence of the existence of such powers has been produced and that these powers may indeed be cultivated and developed by suitable means. More and more are we coming to recognize the hidden and unsuspected powers of man. A woman of my acquaintance once told me that she took a drug for a minor operation and that she read through three books, while still partially under the influence of the drug, and remembered them almost *verbatim*. On another occasion, she again took some, for the same reason, and this time experienced extraordinary delight and happiness.

Now, the point I make is this: That power of memory, that happiness and spiritual joy, did not exist *in the drug*. They existed *in her* all the time, the drug merely served to evoke them or call them forth. They were "potentially" there. But it is not necessary to employ drugs in order to obtain these results. Adequate methods of psychic and spiritual development will also serve to evoke them. And the day is not perhaps far-distant when these powers will be cultivated, as a matter of course, when psychic phenomena will be a matter of common occurrence, and when the spiritual evolution of humanity will increase by leaps and bounds, as our physical and mechanical evolution has increased within the memory of those still living.

Do the Dead Speak?

And so we come to that greatest of all questions—the Riddle of the Sphinx: If a man die, shall he live again? Religion, of course, answers Yes: Modern materialistic Science would say, No! We have today a "psychology without a soul," in which our mental life is but part-and-parcel of the living organism. What *proof* have we that mind can exist apart from such an organism? If we wish to meet the scientist upon his own ground, we must admit that we have *no* evidence whatever—except that offered us by these spiritualistic and psychical phenomena! These alone seem to offer us such proof. We know that living minds exist. We know that they cease their manifest activities at death. If we wish to prove their continued existence and activity, we must in some way get into touch with those minds, and obtain proof of their personal identity. We must prove survival, in other words, by the very fact of communication.

But how can such communication be established, and what sort of evidence can we obtain? It is at once evident that no ethical teachings, no philosophical revelation can do this. All such messages might well emanate from the subconscious—or even from the conscious—mind of the medium. What we desire to obtain is a series of concrete, definite, personal statements of fact, which could only be known to the individual with whom we are then (supposedly) communicating. If we obtain enough facts of this kind, and good enough facts, we should be likely to say to ourselves: "Sure enough, that's so-and-so speaking to me! Only *he* would know those particular things!" *Proof of personal identity*, therefore, is the very essence of our problems.

But, of course, difficulties and complications arise in the securing of such evidence. In the first place, we must be certain that the medium could not have found out such facts by any possible normal method of inquiry. After we have satisfied ourselves upon that point, the possibility of shrewd guesswork and inference comes up, aided perhaps by remarks let fall by the sitter. Assuming all such explanations totally insufficient, we are immediately faced with another possible explanation, viz., telepathy. How can we assure ourselves that the medium did not, in some mysterious manner, fish these facts out of our minds, elaborating and dramatizing them as we do in our dreams,

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Clothes Make the Woman

Thirty-three years ago Mrs. Hosac was left a widow with no business training and with a young child to support. Fifteen years later she was employing one hundred and sixty-five girls in her fashionable dressmaking establishment

by Beatrice Barmby

ON THE seventh floor of a Chicago office building there is a room which is tranquil enough to be the setting for a rest cure! Green is the carpet and soft the crystal clusters of lights which, reflected again in a thousand beams from the mirrors on white paneled walls, catch the edges of little French gilt tables and chairs. Outside I had left a hurricane of March wind. Inside was this peace, only just ruffled by a low droning hum, not at all unpleasant but continuous. In a splurge of curiosity, which overcame good manners and sent me in search of the source, I opened a door.

"I SIMPLY asked for it," was Mrs. Hosac's reply to the question: "How did you set about getting your first order?" As soon as she decided upon dressmaking as a means of livelihood she went to the best dressed woman in her neighborhood and asked for a trial order. That was the first stepping stone in the career of a small town dressmaker who soon outgrew her local possibilities. One of her most distinguished patrons was Bernhardt, who taught her to make the once-famous high collars favored by the Divine Sarah on and off the stage.

The change was startling. Never was so much sound, material, movement! The hum was immediately tracked down to three large electric sewing machines, fussily suggesting speed and importance. Innumerable labeled boxes lined the walls, dummies stood about the floor, pieces of silk and wool, ornaments, canvas, and spools of thread, lay on several long tables. Sewing girls moved with the precision of automatons—some bent over intricate embroidery, others put flying needles into the hems of sheer crêpes and gleaming satins, others made beautiful hand-drawn lingerie—all registered a purposeful concentration. Here, evidently, was the birthplace of the pink taffetas and tailored models which had been the only suggestions of business in the studio!

Flung over a dressmaker's dummy was a bolt of silk—one of those gorgeous brocades which might have been woven by enchanted hands—shot with gold, with blue and purple, with a faint pale green—shimmering, exquisite, Eastern.

In front of it stood a woman with gray hair and blue eyes, with a quiet thoughtful face and a short erect figure in a tailored dress. Zip—tsst—went a flying pair of shears right into the lovely shimmering mass of silk! There was no sign of any pattern, of any design!

"How do you dare?" I gasped, weighing my own painful and amateur efforts with pattern, pins and measurements against this magnificent carelessness.

"Dare?" The query was returned absently as deft fingers began draping and pinning.

"Yes—dare! How much does that silk cost?"

"Forty dollars a yard retail."

"And you slash like that! Are you not afraid of making a mistake?"

"Oh no! I've been doing this 'slashing,' as you call it, for thirty-three years, but even at first I remember that I never was afraid of cutting into material."

And that indeed might be the motto for Madame M. J. Hosac's story—"I was never afraid!"

Thirty-three years ago she was a young widow with a small son, with very little money and without any training. In fifteen years she had become one of Chicago's leading dressmakers, employing a large number of hands, catering to an exclusive clientele composed of society leaders and professional women of note, and earning an income which is representative of woman's willingness to pay any price so long as the clothes are right.

Courage allied to a natural ability and foresight have been the keynotes of her success, and as I watched her going quietly among her girls—giving one a hint about her embroidery, teaching another how to drape and helping with a pin which gave just the right effect of distinctiveness—I knew that it was these very

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WHEN Mrs. M. J. Hosac took up dressmaking as a means of livelihood she knew little about sewing and scarcely dreamed of the kind of establishment that now houses her Chicago business. Courage, allied to natural ability and foresight, has been the keynote to her success in a field that she believes still offers opportunities to the beginner who is capable and industrious. The years have witnessed numerous changes in fashion since Mrs. Hosac made her modest beginning, but she believes that never in history have women been more comfortable or charming than in modern clothes. She finds that where they suffer in comparison with women of another generation is in addiction to fads and lack of originality — a condition only partly due to the current neglect of home training in the needle arts.

*V*ISITORS from all over the world come to the New York Aquarium to see Dr. Charles Haskins Townsend's collection of fishes in Battery Park. Others consult him by mail about everything from the care of goldfish to questions about rare acquatic specimens. *The Seahorse* (below) is the Aquarium's supply ship.

A Barnum of the Sea

Dr. Charles Haskins Townsend, director of the New York Aquarium, shows off his three thousand fishes to over five thousand visitors every day. Collectors gather specimens for him from all over the world

by Harriet Works Corley

THE pitiable plight of baby alligators brought North by thoughtless tourists is responsible for a succession of minor tragedies at the Aquarium every winter. After the pets have been displayed and tormented for a time, alternately chilled in tubs of cold water and partially roasted on radiators, the owners rush them to the Aquarium to be saved. During blizzard weather last winter several of these baby 'gators from the tropics were brought in to Dr. Townsend with no protection from the weather except a cardboard box.

TWO-THIRDS of a century ago there was born, in a little inland town of Pennsylvania, a minister's son destined to follow throughout his entire lifetime a single Biblical offering—the miracle of the fishes—and by extensive study and exploration to gain an all round knowledge of phenomena of sea and stream unequaled probably by any other living man today.

I refer to Dr. Charles Haskins Townsend, eminent naturalist, that Barnum of the fish world, who for the last twenty-four years has been director of that establishment often called the greatest fish show on earth, the New York Aquarium.

Keen-eyed, shrewd, unapproachable, overwhelmingly absorbed in his subject, forever delving—when one might think he had exhausted its possibilities—into fresh and ever increasing mysteries of his lore, Dr. Townsend is, admittedly, less interested by far in the human race, himself among them, than in his 3,000 piscatory wards.

I found Dr. Townsend one sunny morning in his large, airy office in the recently added third story of the century old building on Battery Park where his unique collection, one of the finest of its kind, is housed.

It is a proper retreat for a naturalist sojourning within city confines: At two sides its windows give onto the open sea; at a third, onto the park, where a brave urban attempt at spring flings a soft green veil over the barren trees.

"I am not a personality," he insisted, when urged to give an account of his life and work. "When you write about us stick to the fishes. My name isn't even important. Just call me New York Aquarium."

Never, since his school days, have his activities taken him far from his beloved fishes, I found. And I say fishes advisedly—fish, it appears, used as plural, is unkind, even insolent; smacking of the frying pan as destination.

Fishes, on the other hand, endows the gracefully perfect bits of piscatory life with just that necessary amount of individual consideration they and any other equally fascinating living creatures deserve.

The flair for natural history began to show itself in early youth when, as a boy, he would haunt the swimmin' hole—not as performer but as audience—at hours when the madding crowd had left it far behind. At human approach the legitimate occupants had learned to take to their fins, but not at this boy's approach. Gliding as if from nowhere they would fill the peaceful waters once more, as unmindful of his presence as though he were one of their own kind.

To the great exasperation of mule team drivers of that period he would lie for hours, flat on sun-blistered bridges, watching the silver flashings in the amber depths below. A sixth sense, it seemed, gave him a key to their language, an uncanny understanding of the wherefore and why. A sixth sense told him, too, that his own attitude was contrary to popular rule, that the boy who declined to limit his investigations to the bending and baiting of a pin on a string was so odd as to be isolated.

Then, school days over, the business of life at hand, he found he need not desert his old friends. The miracle of the fishes, in life, as in the Bible, was entwined with the miracle of the loaves of daily bread.

His first job made him Assistant Fishing Commissioner of California, where he studied ways and means of salmon propagation, restocking the depleted sources of supply. At twenty-six,

A crowd of admiring visitors will always be found in front of the tank that shelters the brilliantly colored angel fish. Much rarer but less showy fishes, brought from the ends of the earth and maintained in captivity with the greatest difficulty, are passed by unobserved by the general public. This most beautiful specimen of food fish comes from Bermuda waters.

he joined the staff of the U. S. S. *Corwin*, accompanying the ship upon an Arctic expedition, from which he returned to become resident naturalist on the U. S. S. *Albatross*. Here he carried forward for ten years the deep sea investigation in Atlantic and Pacific waters for the government. In 1902 he was sent to The Hague as Fisheries expert during the Russo Arbitration. That year too he was appointed director of the New York Aquarium, a project in the making, which under his careful guidance has become the greatest of its kind in America today.

"Our collection of fishes," Dr. Townsend told me, "is roughly divided into three groups: tropical marine, northern marine, and those from fresh water lakes and streams.

"Of all the wide and varied number offered us by nature we have selected the showier types of tropical fishes and the food and game species, known in name if not in appearance to nearly every one.

"People are apt to be more interested in something of which they know a little than in something more unusual perhaps of which they know nothing at all, unless it is so bizarre in form and color as to inspire amazement.

"For example, a cod or trout or a mackerel—any fish known to them—will attract more attention than a specimen of equal beauty and zoological interest but an unfamiliar name. When they have strangers brought to their notice, they like showy or large fishes. For this reason we are obliged to dispense with many smaller though valuable specimens.

"Our collection varies with the seasons just as a hotel varies in its clientele, and for much the same reason. Many of our specimens are drawn seasonally from the migratory bodies who visit our northern seas, and will not live throughout the year in captivity even though every effort is made to simulate the change of climate to which they would naturally turn.

"We have ninety-four wall tanks and seven floor pools in which we exhibit, as you see, on floor and galleries, and which in all have offered to the public 358 kinds of fishes, 129 from tropical marine sources, 111 from northern marine, and 118 from fresh water. At this moment our entire family numbers 3,000; frequently it reaches 5,000 and occasionally runs as high as 7,000 in all, exclusive, of course, of the small fry in the hatchery.

"Our own visitors number on an average 5,000 daily, or fifty-six million in the entire time of our existence. Nor is the number particularly swelled by large groups of children. Men and women, rich and poor, famous or

Whitefish, like cod and trout and mackerel, attract the visitor's attention because of the familiar name. This school of whitefish is perfectly at home in a tank painstakingly prepared to resemble their natural surroundings. Aquarium fishes live for years in captivity. They have an ample food supply, and are protected from the natural enemies that prey on fishes in their wild state.

humble, scholar or casually interested, take pleasure in walking about our galleries and floor pools. Many people visit us regularly, and keep up with us so well that they know at once when we have made any small change. They miss an old friend and ask for him, or take delight in a new one. Men will stand before a single tank longer perhaps than women, watching with more concentrated interest the activities within, but this may be due less to a love of zoology than to angling!

"Despite the undeniable popularity of aquariums, you will be surprised to hear that, all told, and exclusive of those attached to biological laboratories, less than thirty such exhibitions exist in the whole world!

"There are ten aquariums in the United States, fourteen in Europe, two in South America and one in Egypt, one in Tunis. Twenty-eight in all.

"Our collection is made by the Zoological Society, which assumes the expense and responsibility of bringing the specimens from their various and often far distant sources. Finding a certain specimen may be easy enough; bringing him safely back alive is another matter. Only experts can handle it, which accounts probably for no one going into the business of providing from a stock always on reserve.

"The expense of maintaining the Aquarium is met by the City of New York at a cost of $45,000 a year. We have a staff of twenty-five workers, the director and his assistant naturalists; an expert engineer, attendants and collectors. Each week, in summer, our aquarium boat, *The Seahorse*—spelt as one word to distinguish it from the fishes of that name—goes about in search of specimens for the collection and the live food necessary for the maintenance of the huge family at home.

"*The Seahorse* finds nearly all the northern marine specimens, but the tropical marine and foreign and fresh water fishes must be traveled for, and brought back under great disadvantage in public carriers. For example, rate of overland travel is controlled by weight of the tank of water, not by number of specimens. This is right of course from their point of view, but not from ours, as water is as heavy as it is essential! Then, too, a tank in a baggage car takes up far more room than the prescribed number of square feet of floor place it occupies. No piece of baggage may be set on top of it, or in such a manner as to make it inaccessible. Every tank you see must be personally conducted, and every hour or so the conveyor must come back from the coach to the baggage car and aerate the water of the tank by dipper; that is, provide the air by which fishes, as humans, actually live.

"Bringing specimens overseas, however, is comparatively easy and the rates comparatively cheap. A huge table-like tank can find space on deck, and its waters may be pumped in at no extra expense by means of pump and hose laid across the deck rail. With care about too drastic a change in temperature, of water, there is little risk in losing specimens. It is easier and cheaper and involves less risk to bring five hundred specimens from Bermuda than half that number half that distance by land."

"Do you have many gifts for your collection?"

With the faintest look of exasperation in the world, Dr. Townsend shook his head.

"So few as to be negligible, indeed the few we have are less an asset than a liability, brought to us only as a last resort. We have at this moment in the house thirty-four baby alligators. These were brought from Florida by tourists, who can secure one at about $1.50 as a souvenir.

"With no regard whatever for the fact that the climate changes are considerable, these little creatures are brought north, displayed and tormented for a while as chic and entertaining pets, then, innocently enough perhaps, grossly mistreated. They are by turns chilled in tubs of cold water and roasted on radiators. Half-smothered with overhandling, they are fed by hand, the usual procedure being to force food down their throats by means of a screw-driver or any other handy pointed implement.

"Their health reflects, of course, this maltreatment. Frightened, the owners rush them to us to be saved. During blizzard weather last winter several of these inhabitants of the tropics were brought to us in nothing more suggestive of their native warmth than a pasteboard box. We do what we can to restore them to normal life but the time might be better spent and the little creatures left at home in the first place."

The system of providing water for the tanks in the aquarium is little short of an engineering triumph. On one side of the house the salt water species are shown, on the other those from fresh water. Each side therefore is flooded independently of the other side with its proper fluid. Constantly in motion, pumped much as the heart pumps the blood through the arteries, the water flows into each tank's individual inlet and outlet, at each tank's own speed, regulated by its individual valve.

"Some fishes live in gently flowing water, some in rapidly flowing," Dr. Townsend explained. "Naturally we must imitate the natural surroundings in this way as in every other.

"In summer the fresh water is cooled by a refrigerating-plant, in winter both salt and fresh water are warmed when necessary. An air compressor attends to constant aeration. After each complete journey through the tanks the salt water is filtered as the lungs filter the blood before returning it to be repumped through the body.

"In spite of the fact that we sit literally on the edge of the sea, our salt water is not pumped, as one might think, directly from the harbor. Instead we are using the water which we stored some eighteen years ago in a huge reservoir sunk beneath Battery Park. Here we have 100,000 gallons, taken from the open sea near Sandy Hook. It is by far better suited to our uses than water which we might pump in daily. For one thing, it is free from harbor impurities; it is uniform from day to day, since it is not affected by changes of weather, and its salinity, save for slight increases due to evaporation, remains unchanged. We have about four times the capacity of our tanks, in constant motion and filtered after every use. The tank is kept in darkness to discourage the growth of algæ, and the water is rigidly pure.

"Our fresh water, on the other hand, is taken from city pipes at an average of about 150,000 gallons a day. This too is in constant motion, is heated or cooled to meet requirements, and is constantly aerated as is the salt water, though it does not require filtration. We keep it scrupulously clean by carefully siphoning any uneaten food from the tank every day.

"Feeding our large family presents a problem all its own and a market bill into the bargain. $150 monthly is expended for market clams, shrimps, herring, cod, liver, frozen beef heart and other foods available from city sources. In addition to these, live food is brought in during the summer by *The Seahorse* in the form of marine worms, minnows, mussels, shrimps, even beach fleas." The food room, as scrupulously kept as a kitchen, is fitted with tables, choppers, slicers, grinders and other implements for cutting food to meet the requirements of the many sized mouths.

"Save for a few, such as the sea-lions and sea-birds, who are fed daily, the fishes are given food only every other day.

"In their natural state," Dr. Townsend pointed out, "they hustle for their food and are always in more or less danger of becoming food for some other hungry creature. House them, surround them with ease and overfeed them and you have a condition as detrimental to their kind as to our own."

"Is the diet of each fish more or less catered to and regulated?"

"Decidedly not. We settle through our experience on what is best of a certain kind and class of fish. Then if he cannot or will not conform to a specified diet he goes without. Like boys in boarding school, they soon conform. We have one fish though whom we pamper, the

Nearly all the northern marine specimens in the Aquarium are collected by *The Seahorse*, which also provides live food for the exhibits in the form of marine worms, minnows, mussels and even beach fleas. The catch that Dr. Townsend is handling consists of two fine specimens of horseshoe crab, destined to be shipped to European aquariums, where our giant shellfish are a novelty.

delicate and elfin wisp of fish life, the sea-horse. His food, tiny living crustaceans, we bring in at great trouble from the sea especially for him. He will cheerfully starve before eating anything else."

The age which a fish can attain will possibly surprise you. The fish which is served on your table—since that is unfortunately the point of contact most of us have—may be as old as your dog or horse, or if you haven't a horse, certainly older than your car!

"There is a saying that a fish will live until it is eaten by one of its many natural enemies.

"As if to prove this, they do live a long time in captivity, where they are safe from being preyed upon. In the collection at present is a gar, aged twenty years, and a bowfin, another fresh water fish, aged twenty-two!

"We have a sunfish," Dr. Townsend said, "and a Nassau grouper, aged, respectively, twelve and seven. Buster, our favorite sea-lion, is about twenty-two. We bought him eighteen years ago of a Steeplechase man in Coney Island who said that he was at that time about four.

"And the sea-turtles, they seem never to die! When cruising about the South Seas we found them buried in the sand where they had been for years, old as Methusalah and as full of wisdom.

"Some fishes of course we know would live longer in free state than with us, yet they are necessary to round out our collection. The sea-horse is one, fragile, often only six inches high, and so tame that it will swim into one's hand if immersed in the water. It is one of the few fishes with a grasping tail and one of the few small fishes to attract maximum attention. Yet in spite of all we can do, it lives scarcely a year and then is mounted and sold to children visitors."

"What exhibits attract the most attention aside from the sea-horse?" I asked him.

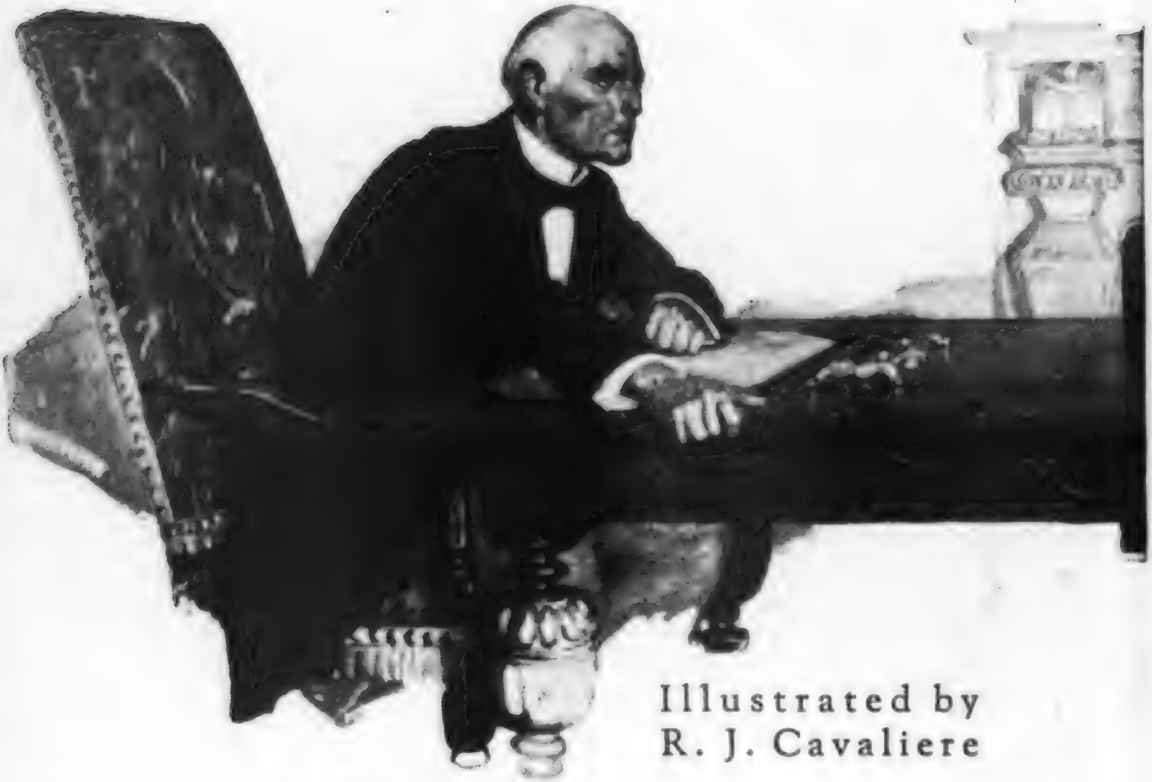
He received this question with a wry smile.

"Not the one which may have cost us the most difficulty obtaining and raising, nor to our mind, the most worthy always, but the showiest ones. Given a tank with a number of brilliantly colored fishes swimming about and it will draw crowds, while a less conspicuous exhibit, unusual from point of view of rarity, will

[*Continued on page 152*]

Harvey Garrard's Crime

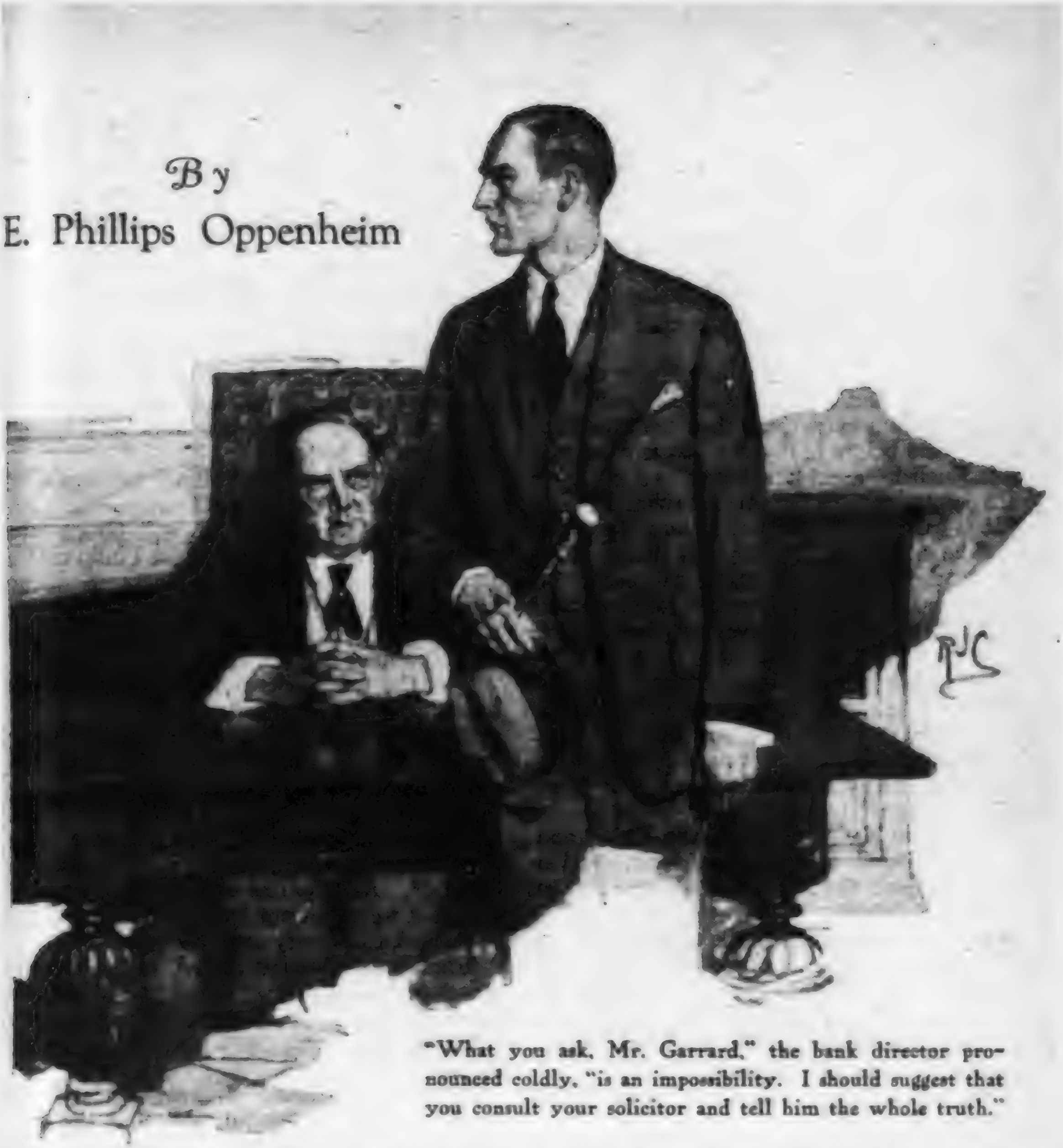
A romance of the Riviera and London's smart set in which a young sportsman gambles his all for love and recognition



Illustrated by
R. J. Cavaliere

HARVEY GARRARD is summoned to London, following the death of Mr. Armitage, senior partner in the firm of Garrard & Garrard, leather manufacturers, to find that unless obligations amounting to one hundred thousand pounds are met within forty-eight hours the firm faces bankruptcy. He appeals to his wife, Mildred, a beautiful selfish woman, for aid, but she refused to put up either the house or her jewels. That night in the warehouse, facing bankruptcy, Harvey comes upon the body of Ebenezer B. Swayle, a wealthy American dealer in hides. In searching his brief-case he further discovered United States securities amounting to one million dollars. These he desposits in his private safe. Realizing that the securities would tide him over his financial crisis, he determines to appropriate them, vowing to restore them to the rightful heirs later on. Almost immediately, following the firm's financial readjustment, a wave of prosperity sweeps over the organization and Harvey begins to create a stir in the business world. In the meantime, Mildred has been accepting the attentions of Herbert Fardale, a wealthy, unscrupulous banker whom Harvey has already ordered from his house. Garrard's problems are further augmented by the appearance of Grace Swayle, the dead man's granddaughter, who has come to join him in London. She is amazed to discover that he died apparently penniless, and Harvey, feeling his guilt, offers her a position as private secretary until the missing property is found. Shortly afterward a business deal takes him to the United States, and Mildred, misinterpreting his trip for abscondence, sells the house in his absence and goes to Monte Caro, accompanied by the ubiquitous Fardale. Harvey returns, tortured by the realization that Grace Swayle has

By
E. Phillips Oppenheim



"What you ask, Mr. Garrard," the bank director pronounced coldly, "is an impossibility. I should suggest that you consult your solicitor and tell him the whole truth."

intruded herself in his affections, to find that his wife has deserted him. He is tormented also by the fact that his deception concerning the missing bonds amounts to a penal crime. On the verge of confessing everything to Grace, who is eager to put the matter in the hands of Scotland Yard, he asks her to refrain for a week, at which time he hopes to restore the securities. Then, feeling the need of a holiday, he takes her with him to Ranelagh for a quiet afternoon under the trees.

(This month's instalment.)

THEY found Ranelagh *en fête* and their program of solitude, fresh air and cool drinks difficult of accomplishment. Harvey had been seen in public so seldom since his reappearance that he was continually accosted by friends and acquaintances, most of whom, if they lingered for a moment—and if they were men, they generally did—he introduced to Grace. To him she seemed, during that afternoon, to display qualities for which he certainly had not given her credit. She was never at a loss for conversation, her manners were easy, sometimes gay, she was a success with every one. When at last, after having had tea and ices with some young people, among whom were Philip Bartlett, Pattie Mallinson, his wife's cousin, and several of his polo acquaintances, he was able to detach himself, he drew a little sigh of relief. Other encounters, however, were threatening.

"A boat seems to be our only refuge," he declared, as he led the way to the lake.

She accepted the idea with enthusiasm.

"It has been very amusing, though, meeting all these nice people," she observed.

He was suddenly thoughtful.

"I suppose I have been rather selfish about you," he reflected. "I ought to have introduced you to some young people before."

"Why on earth should you?" she demanded. "I have not that sort of claim upon you at all. I am just your secretary and you are more than good to me as it is. And as for young people—well, one amuses oneself for a minute or two, but after all it is nothing."

They paddled around the little lake, rested for a while on the island and turned at last reluctantly toward the shore when they realized from the streams of disappearing people that the polo and sports were over.

"It has been quite heavenly," she sighed. "I feel miles and miles and miles away from every one, from everything that has ever happened to me before in my life. It is what you call in English—a red-letter day."

He pointed toward the curving river.

"It is hard to believe that a few miles along that," he said, "Mr. Greatorex is sitting in his office tearing his hair because I will not go on buying, and a couple of hundred salesmen and porters are making themselves very hot coining money for us."

"You must be more mercenary," she enjoined. "You should be very glad that people are working in order that you may be rich. When you have landed me I must find the telephone, and you must be near in case they want to speak to you."

They made their way into the house and Harvey gathered after a brief conversation with Greatorex that nothing abnormal had happened.

"We really needn't go back to the office at all," he told Grace, as he turned away from the telephone. "It would be quite all right to stay on down here and dine. Would you like to? There will be music afterward and we can sit under the trees and get really cool."

"I should adore it!" she exclaimed. "But can I stay like this?"

"It is usual," he assured her. "I will go and see if they can take us."

He found a table which he carefully and rather guiltily chose in one of the remote corners of the room. Somehow or other there had been times during the earlier part of the afternoon when Grace had been laughing and talking so successfully with some of his younger friends, when he had felt a queer sense of uneasiness, almost of discontent. She had developed so unexpectedly social gifts the existence of which he had never suspected. Her manner, while it was perfectly charming, had in it just enough of the French spirit of gaiety to render her unusually attractive to two, at least, of the men to whom she had been introduced. He had found himself left behind in the gay exchange of badinage, inclined to stand on the outskirts of the light-hearted little circle and wonder after all whether there was a fitting place in it for him. His momentary depression passed, however, as he wandered out on to the terrace in search of Grace, only to return in some degree as he found her talking to Philip Bartlett, one of the most assiduous of her afternoon admirers. The latter turned toward him almost eagerly.

"Miss Swayle tells me that you are dining down here, Harvey," he said. "Why won't you join my party? I have my sister, and Sophie Troom, Jack Mason, Pattie, and one of your oldest pals, George Beckingham, dining."

HARVEY hesitated. The very idea was a disappointment to him, but he did his best to conceal his feelings. His new resolutions with regard to Grace were very speedily being put to the test.

"Very good of you, Philip," he began. "I do particularly want to see George—"

"It must be another night," Grace interrupted firmly. "I have told Sir Philip that we have serious matters of business to discuss. He does not realize that I am a very hard-worked young woman and that this is the first holiday I have had for weeks."

"All the more reason why we should celebrate," Bartlett persisted.

"Another night if you don't mind," Harvey begged, with a sudden wave of relief. "We might have coffee together, perhaps. I really am terribly overworked and Miss Swayle has been doing a great deal more than she ought. We just came down here for a little quiet and fresh air. As a matter of fact I am not at all sure that we might not be rung up for and have to go back to the city at any moment."

"Bad luck!" Bartlett sighed, with a regretful glance toward Grace. "I hear you're quite the man of affairs now, Harvey. It seems odd to think of you down there with all those city blokes."

"Got to be done," Harvey declared, almost ecstatically cheerful, now that the question of dinner was settled. "Come and have a cocktail. It's nearly seven o'clock."

THAT evening Harvey always looked back upon as marking a distinct and portentous change in his relations with Grace. Their dinner in a secluded corner of the room close to the window, from which they could catch a vista of the smooth lawns, the cool green of the trees in the distance, was a great success.

"In England," Grace declared, "I had no idea that there was anything so beautiful. In Paris, yes. One eats out-of-doors there so much more frequently, but this is all so quiet and chic. You are kind to bring me here."

"Kind to myself," he assured her.

Her eyes sought his insistently.

"You mean that you like having me with you, you find me really an agreeable companion?"

"The most agreeable I ever had in my life," he answered truthfully.

"Then why am I not oftener with you?" she demanded. "I spend every evening alone. Sometimes I am almost sick at heart for loneliness. And you—what do you do?"

"Twice last week," he replied, "I dined at my club with men who bored me. Every invitation I have refused—I have a good excuse for doing so. The other evenings I have stayed at the office late and gone straight back to my rooms."

"It is absurd," she declared. "I in my solitude, and you in yours. Please Mr. Harvey Garrard, do not let us be foolish."

"Just now," he confided, "I am feeling very foolish indeed."

"Ah, but are you sure that you know what folly is?" she asked. "You are so terribly, terribly young in your judgments. Here am I, twenty-one years old and I believe that I know more of the world than you."

"It is possible," he admitted.

"What other man would dream of shutting himself up as you do," she continued, "of keeping away from me if he really cared to be with me? Is it because of your wife?"

He shook his head.

"My wife is utterly indifferent as to what I do," he assured her.

"Well, I must not say things of her that are not pleasant, because she is your wife," Grace went on gravely, "but it seems to me that she is a very foolish woman—for which I can easily forgive her because I am glad that she is a foolish woman. But that is no reason why you should be foolish, too. I am going to teach you wisdom."

"How?" he asked, with an interest in his tone which amounted almost to eagerness.

One of her little Parisian gestures escaped her; a half closing of the eyes, a shrug of the shoulders, a flash of the hands.

"Wait," she enjoined. "That is to come later."

Their conversation drifted into a less personal vein. They spoke of their neighbors, exchanged greetings with some of their acquaintances of the afternoon who were seated near. Grace told him of some of her adventures in Paris, of the odd places to which she had at times accompanied her mother. She had met one or two men of note at some of the smaller salons, a painter or two and many of the actors.

"It was often very boring," she confided. "My mother enjoyed every sort of party, but I came to the conclusion that there was nothing duller than Bohemian life in Paris. When it is really wicked it is ugly. When it is only playing at being wicked it is ridiculous. It must be the American in me which kept me somehow outside it all—the spirit of my grandfather Ebenezer, I suppose."

"The clever men whom you met must have been more or less interesting," he observed.

"In a way," she admitted doubtfully, "but as a race their egotism is sublime. I never met a Frenchman yet who had distinguished himself in any way—either by something attemped in art, his wealth or the elegance of his clothes—who did not expect you to fall down and worship him. I used to think that Englishwomen—I was told so always—were absurdly the slaves of their men. I think really that Frenchwomen, although in a different way perhaps, are worse. I cannot explain to you how I adore the atmosphere of work—of work even in stuffy Bermondsey—after those artificial days."

"You are an enigma," he declared. "I should not have thought that any one in the world—especially any one brought up like you—would have found any pleasure in the sort of work you have down there."

She looked into his eyes and her words and the smile which accompanied them left him with a strange little thrill.

"I love it," she confided, "because the work means being with you."

Afterward they wandered into an as yet uninvaded corner behind the giant plane tree. A waiter served them with coffee and they listened for a time to the music. Suddenly he felt her hand upon his.

"Am I to tell you," she asked, "why I think that you are foolish?"

"If you please," he begged.

"Answer me this question then: You like me?"

"You know that I do."

"How much?'

"More than I have any intention of telling you," he answered quietly.

Her forehead was wrinkled, her tone petulant.

"That is just you," she exclaimed. "Why should you not tell me? Why is there always a seal upon your mouth? In the moments when you are sweetest to me you break off, you say good-by quite abruptly—and there am I—*plantée là!* What is in your mind about me?"

The sense of well-being, the under-note of music, the insistent reality of his affection for her, broke down his reserve.

"I am too fond of you, Grace," he confessed. "That is what I am afraid of."

"Absurd!" she contested. "How can you be too fond and what is there to fear?"

"There is this to fear," he pointed out gravely. "For all your experience of the world you are nevertheless a very young girl whom chance has placed in a certain measure under my protection. Even if the difference in our ages did not make the idea of anything between us ridiculous, I have to remember that I am already married."

"But my dear stupid man, do I not know it?" she demanded. "Yet am I not here with you of my own free will? Why speak of me as a child? Why treat me as one? I claim to be a woman. I claim to be a woman with experience enough of the world and judgment enough to act and live as I think fit."

"Nonsense!" he scoffed, drawing his hand away. "You are nothing of the sort. However, don't let us spoil this wonderful evening by even the shadow of a disagreement. I think I see as much of you as I consider wise, Grace, but if you are really lonely, I will take a terrific risk. We will dine together and go to the theater on Thursday night."

"Tomorrow is Wednesday," she said with a little pout. "What about that?"

"Tomorrow if you prefer it," he yielded.

She smiled radiantly.

"If you are tired," she suggested, "we will not worry about the theater. We will go direct from the office to one of those small places in Soho and dine and afterward you shall come and see my rooms and I will make you coffee."

He shook his head reluctantly.

"My dear," he begged, "don't make it more difficult for me by suggesting such pleasant things. Even though I am nearly old enough to be your father, I can not come to your rooms and sit with you all the evening."

"Rubbish!" she exclaimed.

"It is not rubbish," he insisted. "We live in a country where such things are not done, Grace."

"The country we live in is the country of our minds and not our bodies," she rejoined indignantly. "You talk like a provincial, dear Mr. Methuselah. I will not have it. If you do not come to my rooms I will come to yours. I think your coffee will be abominable, but I shall come, and I shall sit on your door-step until you let me in."

"You're a very self-willed young person," he grumbled.

"You're a very obstinate man," she retorted.

HE LIT a fresh cigaret. The situation was full of an intriguing delight but there was almost as much danger in obstinacy as in yielding.

"Well," he decided, with an attempt at indifference, "I suppose that we are making a mountain out of a molehill. I don't quite approve but, of course, I should like to come."

"The first skirmish in this terrible battle to me," she laughed triumphantly. "Really my dear—my dear friend—I never dreamed that it was so difficult for a girl to make a man understand."

"Understand what?" he asked rashly.

"That he meant everything to her in life," she concluded softly.

Harvey rose to his feet.

"Grace," he said sternly, "you're breaking bounds. If you talk like that to me I'll not come near your rooms. I won't have you in my office at all. I'll send you to work downstairs."

"Oh, la, la," she scoffed, "if you do I shall flirt with Mr. Greatorex."

"You can flirt with whom you choose so long as you leave me alone," he declared.

She sighed.

"You are very disheartening," she confessed. "Now I have to start all over again. Well, never mind. I rather like you when you get in this state of tantrums. You try so hard to be normally melodramatic, don't you, dear?"

"I don't try to be anything of the sort," he objected vigorously.

"Well, I suppose you'll be happier afterward if you fight your little battle," she concluded resignedly. "Pass me my coffee, please."

He did as he was bidden.

"Upon my word," he declared, with a touch of genuine resentment, "you talk to me as though you were the mentor of the world and its ways and I was the fledgling."

"But you know," she confided, with a delightfully assured smile, "that seems to me to be precisely the situation. I am certain that I see life more truly than you—even the sort of life which is beginning to envelop us now. And least," she added, after a moment's pause, "because I claim that larger knowledge you should think wrong things, let me tell you this. You are the first man who has ever kissed me on the lips—even in that beautiful way you kissed me. You are the first man with whom I have ever suffered myself to spend even an hour alone, although you would not wonder at that if you knew those Frenchmen. You, on the other hand, being a man, have had affairs, of course. Nevertheless I know all the things of which you are ignorant. My knowledge is intuitive, perhaps, rather than acquired, but it is none the less real."

"You're too clever for me," he admitted, feeling suddenly resourceless.

"I rather think that I am," she assented with composure. "Some day you will regret these minutes and hours you waste arguing with me. All my life I have heard of the Nonconformist conscience. I did not expect to find it housed so strangely."

"You're a flippant young woman," he declared severely. "Lean back now and listen to the music."

She obeyed and they spent the next few minutes in silence. Presently other outcoming diners broke up their tête-à-tête. Pattie Mallinson claimed Harvey's attention for a few minutes, and afterward Beckingham, a solicitor of distinction, a Member of Parliament, and one of Harvey's oldest friends, came over and drew a chair to his side.

"I want a few words with you, old chap," he said.

"You're the very man I wanted to see," Harvey rejoined.

Pattie Mallinson had passed on to join another party. Bartlett leaned over Grace's chair.

"Come out on the lake for a little time, Miss Swayle," he begged. "The music sounds ripping from there and these two want to talk, I know."

She glanced toward Harvey. He nodded.

"Why not? Don't be longer than half-an-hour, though. I think we ought to go then."

She rose and walked away by Bartlett's side; a noticeable-looking couple. Beckingham produced his cigaret case.

"I say, Harvey," he began, "I was going to look you up tomorrow. What's all this about Mildred?"

"Mildred," Harvey explained drily, "thinks that I am going an almighty bust in the city, and she is terribly afraid of being the wife of a bankrupt. She has anticipated matters by selling the house and furniture while I was in the States and taking her departure back to the south of France. You are my oldest friend, George. I should rather like you to read the letter I received a few days ago."

Beckingham adjusted his eye-glasses and carefully read the letter which Harvey passed him. It was dated on the day that Fardale had left Nice:—

Hotel Negresco.

Dear Harvey,

Your letter seems to me very callous and very unreasonable. Since you have taken no steps whatever to protect me I was naturally bound to do what I could for myself. My income, as you must realize, is still absurdly inadequate, and I shall insist whatever happens upon some better provision being made for me.

Your suggestion as to a divorce would have been a great surprise to me if I had not already been shown a picture of you and your secretary in an American paper. I have written to my lawyers for their advice and can say nothing definite until I receive their reply. I quite agree, however, that our married life has become a farce and if it can be ended without scandal to me and with a satisfactory provision for my future, I should be perfectly content.

MILDRED.

Beckingham folded up the letter and passed it back without immediate comment.

"I suppose Mildred and I have never hit it off very well," Harvey remarked. "We have gone on during the last three or four years seeing very little of one another simply because our interests were entirely apart. She seemed satisfied; I thought I was. Then came the trouble of my partner dying, and the financial crisis with which I found myself faced. There is nothing in the world Mildred hates like poverty, so that precipitated matters."

"I see," Beckingham said slowly. "We're old pals, Harvey, and I may come into this matter, of course, if you both decided to go for a divorce. What about Mildred's reference to your secretary? Would that become a factor in the case?"

"Good heavens, no!" Harvey exclaimed. "Miss Swayle came to me in great distress soon after I returned to England. Her grandfather died in my warehouse—an old business connection of the firm—and she wanted a post until she could claim her money. She became my secretary but she would never have been on the boat with me from America but for the fact that she was compelled to go out to see after her grandfather's estate. She had booked her passage before we had even met."

"That simplifies matters of course," Beckingham observed, "but you must realize Harvey, that, if you don't want her brought into it, she is an amazingly attractive young person to have around at a time like this. They were talking about her at dinner. Even the girls seem to have lost their hearts, and Philip is perfectly dotty about her."

"SHE is without a doubt attractive," Harvey admitted, with a slight hardness in his tone, "but I shall take the greatest care to see that she does not figure in the case if it comes off. I know the relations which are often supposed to exist between a business man and a secretary as charming as I admit Miss Swayle is, but if you have any curiosity on the subject, George, I can assure you that nothing of the sort exists between us."

Beckingham nodded.

"I know that sort of thing isn't in your life," he observed. "Whom does Mildred mean when she talks about her solicitors?"

"Lake and Powell, I suppose. They drew up the marriage settlements."

"They're all right," Beckingham pronounced. "What's your idea about it, Harvey?"

"I think that Mildred had better have her divorce," Harvey replied. "We could never live together again now."

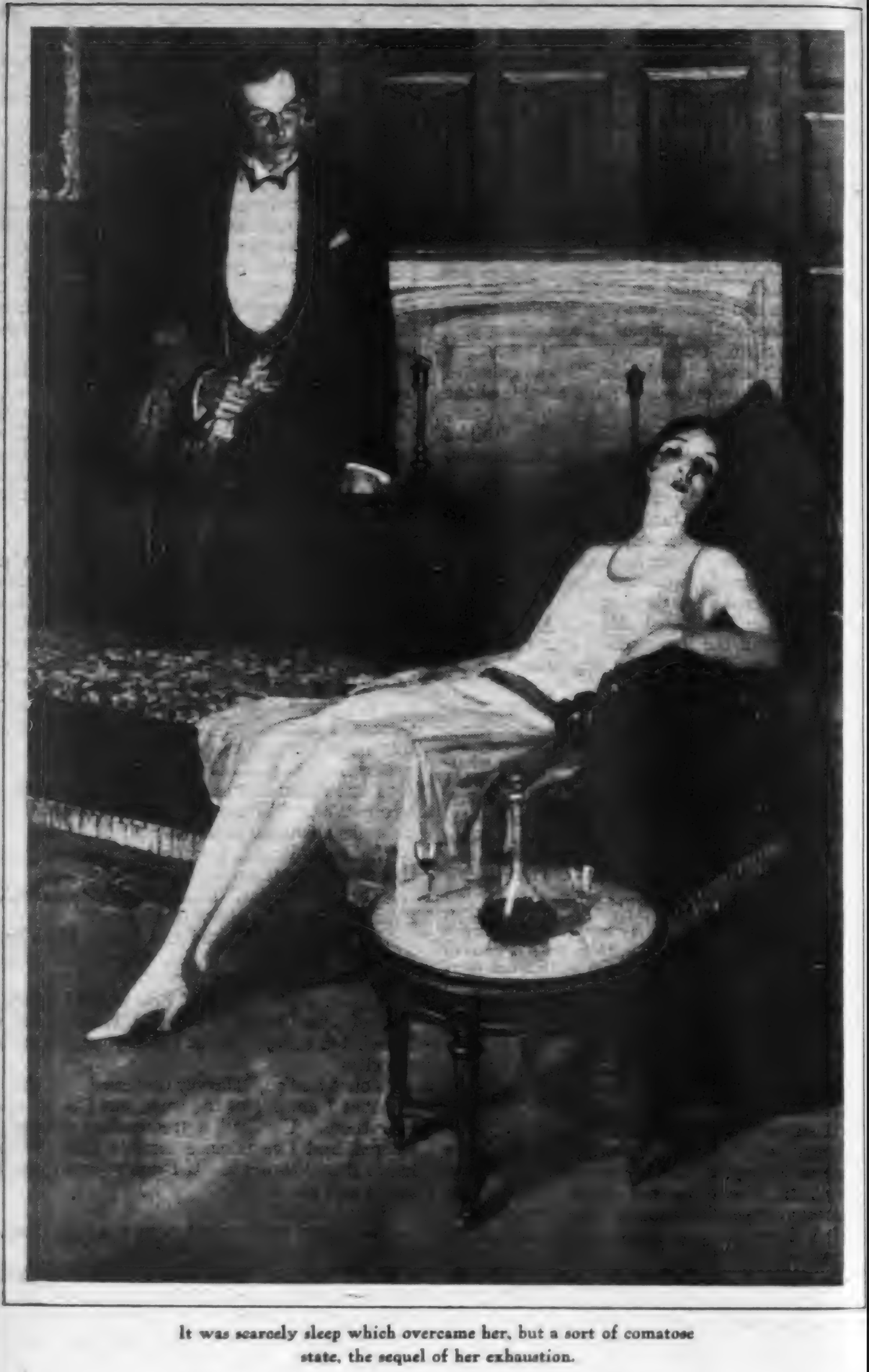
"It's an ugly business," Beckingham sighed, "but of course it can be done. I'll see Lake and Powell tomorrow. What about your affairs in the city?"

"Touch and go," Harvey confessed. "I can't say that I am out of the wood but I'm on the way there. I've had a tremendous struggle, George, and I've taken a terrible risk. With luck I'll pull through. If I don't—well, you'll soon know about it."

"Can I help?"

"No living man could help me, old chap. I sink or I swim alone."

There was a brief silence. Harvey had leaned forward in his chair and was watching Grace strolling across the lawn toward them, Bartlett bending over her, talking in impressive fashion. Once or twice she looked up at him



It was scarcely sleep which overcame her, but a sort of comatose state, the sequel of her exhaustion.

and laughed, but her manner, for her, seemed a little reserved. She quickened her steps as they approached the tree under which the two men were seated.

"Sir Philip has been very kind," Grace confided to Harvey, "but he nearly upset me, and we could hear nothing of the music. Are we going soon?"

"When I have presented to you my oldest friend," Harvey replied, rising. "Mr. George Beckingham—Miss Swayle."

She held out her hand graciously. As was sometimes the case when she was very interested or very much in earnest, her French intonation became more manifest.

"If you are Mr. Garrard's oldest friend," she remarked, "I am afraid that I must confess myself his youngest. Perhaps the extremes meet."

Beckingham looked into her eyes steadily before he released her fingers. She passed the test.

"I think that he has need of us both," he said.

There was a brief pause after a breathless two hours on the following morning. Harvey leaned back in his chair a little wearily. Grace, who was speaking on the telephone, turned toward him with her hand over the mouthpiece.

"The manager of the bank wants to speak to you," she announced. "He seems rather in a flurry."

For a moment or two—he could never have told for how long—Harvey sat motionless. It seemed somehow fitting that it should be she who gave him the message—who should have uttered those few indifferent words which had suddenly become the voice of fate. Presently he took the receiver from her fingers.

"Harvey Garrard speaking," he said briefly. "Who is this?"

"Poulton, the manager of the Southern Bank," was the prompt reply. "Mr. Garrard, I am going to ask you a somewhat unusual favor. I am going to ask you to come down here and see me for a moment, without delay."

Harvey's self-control was admirable.

"Won't tomorrow morning do?" he asked. "I am frightfully busy."

"I am afraid that it won't," was the disturbed response. "The matter is urgent. If it is absolutely impossible for you to leave the place, we will come to you."

"Oh, I suppose I can fit it in somehow," Harvey rejoined grudgingly. "If it's a matter of the discount account—"

"Nothing of the sort," Mr. Poulton interrupted hastily. "We are perfectly satisfied with your account in every particular. At the same time, Mr. Garrard, there are two of my directors here who have come over on purpose to have just a few words with you. We won't keep you longer than we can help."

"I'll start within five minutes," Harvey promised.

He set down the receiver and turned to Grace.

"Telephone for Mr. Greatorex, please," he directed.

Grace obeyed in silence and the cashier put in a prompt appearance. His demeanor, in common with the demeanor of most of the old employees in the firm, had changed wonderfully during the last few months—also his appearance. He was wearing a light gray suit and a rose in his buttonhole. There was no longer an expression of dread on his face as he entered the room.

"Have you paid into the bank this morning, Greatorex?" Harvey asked.

"Not yet, sir. We were waiting for the country checks by the mid-day post."

"What have you in hand?"

"About nine thousand pounds, sir."

"And what bills of exchange?"

The cashier was a little surprised.

"Quite a considerable amount, sir. We have only been discounting on the first of the month, so as to be able to get a better rate of exchange."

"Just so," Harvey observed. "I am going down to the bank at once, though, and it is just possible that I might like to make a considerable deposit. Bring up the bills and the checks."

Mr. Greatorex was puzzled but he had learned to have confidence in his new chief. He departed upon his errand.

"What is the matter?" Grace demanded, as soon as the door was closed. "You look worried."

He turned toward her.

"It is nothing much," he assured her. "Just a little contretemps which I have been expecting for some time. By-the-by, let me ask you something. You haven't heard anything lately from your lawyer friend or from Scotland Yard, have you?"

"Not until this morning," she replied. "You asked me to wait, so of course I did. This morning, though, an inspector from Scotland Yard called just as I was leaving."

"What did he want?" Harvey inquired.

"He asked me whether I had recovered any of my grandfather's property and he pressed again for a list of securities. I told him I knew nothing but as soon as I had something definite to say I should come to Scotland Yard myself."

"Did that satisfy him?"

"Not in the least," Grace laughed. "In fact he was almost rude. I gathered that he had been in communication with some of them at John's River. Why are you asking me about this just now?"

"It came into my head," Harvey replied indifferently.

Greatorex reappeared, carrying a bank messenger's satchel in his hand, the contents of which he displayed.

"Our bills of exchange here, sir," he announced, "amount to thirty-two thousand pounds odd, and checks to the value I stated with one additional one to the value of two hundred and fifty pounds odd which has just been delivered by hand."

"Capital!" Harvey murmured.

"I have enclosed the credit slip, sir, in case you are paying in," Greatorex continued, "but we seem to have no engagements now for the rest of the month, unless an American draft is presented."

Harvey nodded.

"This is just an idea of mine," he confided.

THE cashier departed and Harvey rose to his feet and took down his hat. For a moment he lingered in the center of the dark, cool office—somewhat an alien figure amid its suggestions of great affairs, its massive line of somber portraits, which, with a quaint premonition that it might be for the last time, he found himself studying. The costumes of these stern men of business who looked out from their heavy, gilt frames, was of the severest type. Nearly every one of them wore a black frock coat, black satin stock and white linen, and here and there a silk hat set with due regard to the solemnity of the occasion at a sedate angle or placed upon the table by his side. Harvey, the modern representative of this House of traditions, in his gray tweed suit, his silk shirt, soft collar, pearl gray tie, and the carnation which some fancy had led him to thrust through his buttonhole, seemed like a creature of another world—a curiously interesting variation of the type. Grace's eyes rested upon him full of troubled speculation, as he turned away and moved toward the door.

"Can I drive to the bank with you?" she asked.

"What on earth do you want to do that for?" he inquired.

"I should like a little air," she replied, rising to her feet. "May I, please? I'll sit by your side and not say a word and wait for you while you are inside."

He hesitated.

"I think," he confided, "that this is one of those few occasions upon which I should prefer to be alone."

"In that case," she insisted, "I am certainly coming with you."

HARVEY entered the bank manager's office, unembarrassed, and with that faint, mirthless smile upon his lips, which had sometimes appeared in critical moments of the games in which he had become famous. Mr. Poulton, on the other hand, was distinctly ill at ease. He even forgot to direct his visitor toward the easy-chair into which, without invitation, Harvey gracefully subsided.

"Another hot day, Mr. Poulton," he observed. "I think that you and I have the coolest offices in London."

The bank manager was not disposed for general conversation.

"Er—Mr. Garrard," he began, "let me introduce Mr. McAlpine, one of our directors."

A tall, thin man, whom Harvey, at his entrance, had not noticed, rose from a remote corner of the room, came forward and extended a bony hand. Harvey looked at him appraisingly; a Scotchman, hard-faced, deliberately unsympathetic.

"On any other occasion, Mr. Garrard," he said, "I should have felt that my first words to you must be of hearty congratulation. The bank has learned of your success with very considerable satisfaction."

"Very good of you, I am sure," Harvey replied. "You had another reason for sending for me, though, I presume?"

"Most decidedly," Mr. Poulton intervened. "We are, I must tell you, gravely disturbed, Mr. Garrard. Yesterday afternoon, Mr. McAlpine here, on behalf of the bank, received a visit from an emissary of Scotland Yard."

"Indeed?" Harvey observed.

"The inspector," Mr. McAlpine interposed, in a hard, rasping voice, "came to make inquiries from us as to whether we had cashed or knew anything about certain American Treasury Bonds. He was very imperfectly informed as to their amount or their precise numbers, but there was one for a comparatively small sum, issued on a separate occasion, of which he had complete particulars. That bond, Mr. Garrard, we find among those deposited by you as collateral security for your overdraft."

Harvey appeared to be somewhat puzzled.

"I don't quite understand where Scotland Yard comes in," he protested. "Mr. Poulton here knew quite well at the time that the bonds were not mine. They were lent to me to meet your demand for increased security at a time when I must admit that the affairs of the firm were scarcely in the prosperous condition that they are in today."

"Have you any objection, Mr. Garrard," the bank manager asked, "to telling Mr. McAlpine here and me how you came into possession of those bonds?"

"At the present moment," Harvey replied, "I am not prepared to divulge the name of my friend from whom I had them. If at any time it becomes necessary or seems advisable that I should do so, I will. At present I have something else to say."

Mr. Poulton was all attention. Mr. McAlpine with his hand slightly to his ear, moved a little nearer.

"The loan of those bonds," Harvey continued, "was a matter involved in a certain amount of secrecy. If I were in such a position that I still required to use them, I should perhaps be inclined to treat you with greater confidence. As it is, I am not. I am speaking from memory, Mr. Poulton, but I believe I am well within the mark. At the time when you insisted upon further security from me, the overdraft of the firm was, I believe, something like eighty thousand and the notes to be met a hundred and twenty thousand. Is that approximately the position?"

Mr. Poulton signified assent and Harvey proceeded.

"Since then—I don't wish to boast in any way—I have conducted certain operations on behalf of the firm, which have altered our entire position. Since the morning I visited you in the city, we have made a profit of over a million pounds. We have disposed of the whole of our overvalued stock. We have taken up every one of our doubtful bills. Our overdraft with you today is barely sixty thousand pounds. I am in a position to pay in this morning, fifty thousand. What remains is a bagatelle. You have put me off previously, Mr. Poulton, but I am here this morning to receive those bonds which you no longer need as collateral security. There is no banking house in London which would not take over my account in five minutes if you are not inclined to accede to my request."

Mr. Poulton sat for a moment with his mouth open. Mr. McAlpine gasped. War was being carried into their country with a vengeance.

"You understand," Harvey concluded, leaning back in his chair, "the transaction which brought these bonds into my temporary possession was of a private nature. I desire now to withdraw them. You must admit that from a banking point of view my request is perfectly reasonable. Therefore if you refuse you must find no fault with me if I drive on to Lombard Street and make such arrangements with any of the other banking firms where I have friends as will enable me to clear your account."

THE matter had gone outside Mr. Poulton's discretion. He turned toward his director. Mr. McAlpine drew a little nearer to the table. His face seemed harder and his eyes steelier than ever.

"Mr. Garrard," he said, "let me admit at once that I accept your view of the position as regards your current account with the bank. We no longer need to hold the bonds as security. As a matter of fact, in accordance with your request made some time back to Mr. Poulton, the directors at their meeting tomorrow would have sanctioned their withdrawal, and the bonds would have been in your possession the day afterward. The intervention of Scotland Yard, however, has put a different complexion upon the matter."

"In what respect?"

"In this respect. The police have issued what amounts to instructions that we do not part with the bonds without their permission."

"Can you tell me where the police come in?" Harvey asked coolly. "Do as I have suggested, and by this time tomorrow morning the bonds will be in the hands of their rightful possessor and Scotland Yard can take what action they think fit."

"To do as you ask," Mr. McAlpine declared bluntly, "after the instructions we have received from the police, would amount to compounding a felony."

There was an awed silence in the little room. It was the first time Harvey had heard the word mentioned, and he disliked the sound of it.

"This is your final decision?" he demanded.

"There is nothing more that we can say under the circumstances," Mr. McAlpine rejoined. "We sent for you, Mr. Garrard, hoping that you might be able to offer us some coherent explanation of the situation and also to advise you that your name as depositor of the bonds had been handed over to Scotland Yard."

"The whole affair seems to me very mysterious," Harvey observed. "Who is instructing the police? I am perfectly certain that they are not acting on behalf of the owner of those bonds."

"As to that we have no information," Mr. McAlpine replied.

Harvey, who had risen to his feet, hesitated for a moment, his hat in his hand. He made his last effort with a shade of desperation in his tone. It was after all ridiculous that the obstinacy of this dour Scotchman should damn him for all time.

"Look here," he said, "my firm has banked with your House for a hundred and forty years. Take a slight risk. Return me those bonds. If you do that, I think I can promise you that nothing scandalous in any shape or form will happen."

"What you ask, Mr. Garrard," the bank director pronounced coldly, "is an impossibility. The matter is out of our hands. If I might offer a word of advice, I should suggest that you consult your solicitor at once and tell him the whole truth."

"It was scarcely your advice I needed," Harvey remarked, as he turned toward the door. "Good morning, gentlemen."

He left the room without noticing Mr. Poulton's outstretched hand and made his way into the sun-baked street. Grace was seated in the coolest corner of the limousine, waiting for him. He entered and took his place by her side, humming a tune under his breath. Nevertheless, she saw the deep line about his mouth.

"Where to?" she asked.

He leaned back and appeared to consider the matter.

"Well," he said, "I am not sure that it matters very much."

She looked at him anxiously.

"Don't say such things, please," she begged. "Tell me at once what has happened."

"The one weak spot in my great gamble," he confided. "Fate has found it out. That's all."

The chauffeur put his head in at the window.

"Back to the office, sir?" he asked respectfully.

Harvey shuddered for a moment. The office would probably witness the next development in the tragedy with which he was threatened. Nevertheless, where else?

"The office certainly, Mason," he directed.

They drove off and her hand stole into his. She was learning when not to question him.

The defeat of Harvey Garrard's spirit was a brief affair. He entered the crowded warehouses with his old elastic step, opened the door of the clerks' office, exchanging a few pleasant greetings and thrust his head in at Greatorex's private sanctum. He tossed the satchel upon the table.

"I forgot all about paying these in," he confessed. "The scheme I had in my mind didn't quite pan out. And Greatorex, I should like to see Mr. Chalmer personally without a moment's delay. As soon as you have made an appointment with him either here or at his offices come upstairs and I will tell you what my plans are. No one special in to see me?"

"No one, sir. I'll get on to Mr. Chalmer at once."

A reprieve! Harvey passed out, conversed for a few minutes with some business acquaintances in the warehouse and mounted the stairs to his own office where Grace had already reestablished herself. She came over to this side under pretence of showing him a letter she had typed. Her fingers rested upon his shoulder. It was the first time that she had approached so near during their work hours.

"Harvey," she begged, "please tell me. Whatever it may be, I want to know."

"My dear," he replied, "if there is anything to tell you shall hear it tonight."

"Nothing will interfere with your promise?" she asked anxiously.

"Nothing shall interfere."

Greatorex came in presently, announcing a visit from the accountant at three o'clock. Harvey motioned him to a chair.

"Greatorex," he confided, "I have sent for Mr. Chalmer because I have come to the conclusion that the management of this business, which I believe will grow into the greatest concern of its sort in the world, must be better distributed. I have had an extraordinary run of good fortune, but although I think the instinct must be there, I have not the training of a business man and I am carrying altogether too much responsibility."

"There's none of the so-called 'business men' I ever came across," the manager rejoined warmly, "who could have done what you have done since you came back to us."

"Thank you, Greatorex," Harvey continued. "All the same I think that the responsibility should be shared up. I know that my father and grandfather would never listen to the idea, but I have decided that the soundest way to deal with a business of this size is to incorporate it."

"I am quite sure that you are right, sir," Greatorex declared without hesitation.

"There could never be a better time than the present," Harvey went on. "Our profits during the last month or so have been enormous and will continue to be so for some time at least. We have got rid of our doubtful stock and unless there were a panic in the trade most of our accounts are above suspicion. I am sending for Mr. Chalmer to instruct him to draft a prospectus and to make all the preliminary arrangements for placing the company upon the market."

The manager's approval was enthusiastic and sincere. He ventured to point out a few advantages of the scheme from the financial point of view to which Harvey listened attentively.

"I should like you to know, Greatorex," the latter continued presently, "that I shall have a certain number of shares allotted free to you and a lesser quantity to four others whom you and I will select together and who will become directors. So far as I can see we do not need any outside capital or any outside help. The men who have served the business in the past will be the men who are going to share its prosperity in the future."

Greatorex made no effort to conceal his gratitude.

"And you yourself, sir?" he asked anxiously.

"I shall hope to be managing director, at least for some years," Harvey continued. "I am not inclined to commit myself to a commercial career for the rest of my life, but I shall be in no hurry to get out of harness. . . . That's all for the present. I shall be here to meet Mr. Chalmer at three o'clock. I am going to make him rush this business for certain reasons, one of which is that I may find it desirable to take a somewhat prolonged holiday."

"I am sure that you need it, sir," the other declared, "and deserve it, if you will allow me to say so. There has never been a word of criticism of your conduct of this business since you first took hold—that is to say nothing worth listening to," he corrected himself apologetically.

Harvey nodded.

"I know what your reservation means, Greatorex. Some of them—especially in the bottom leather department—think that I have drawn in too soon, that prices are still going up. I can only reply that I acted according to my instincts the first time, and I am acting according to them now. You see, when we go to allotment, if there should by any chance be a fall in prices, the smallness of our stock, apart from our contracts, would be an immense asset to us."

"That's quite right, sir," Greatorex admitted.

"We have already made abnormal profits, you see, during the last six weeks," Harvey pointed out. "To show side by side with that that there is no fear of an immediate loss in the future will make our prospectus unassailable."

"I quite see the point, sir. It's amazing, though, if you will allow me to say so, to find any one who has the courage in speculation which you've shown, to have the courage also to be cautious."

"Delightfully epigrammatic," Harvey murmured. "Now I should like you to go away for a little time, and give your serious consideration to the matter of our future directors. Go through the names of the heads of our departments and draw up a report about them. I will talk to you again as soon as I have seen Mr. Chalmer."

GREATOREX took his leave. The door was no sooner closed than Grace turned almost passionately toward her companion.

"What is the meaning of all this?" she demanded. "You are preparing for something. Are you going abroad? Are you going back to your wife, or is there some trouble coming of which I know nothing? You must tell me. I have the right."

"The right?" he repeated.

"Surely, yes," she insisted. "Have I not offered you all that there is of myself—everything? Does that not give me the right? You are afflicted now with hesitations and scruples because you are full of old-fashioned ideas, but you will not hesitate forever. If there is trouble it is for me to share."

She forgave him a certain vagueness in his reply because of the rare affection of his tone and manner. He took her hand and held it warmly in his.

"You shall know before anybody else," he promised.

"Tonight?" she persisted.

"In all probability before tonight," he assured her gravely.

Nevertheless, when, after an exceedingly busy afternoon, he called for her at eight o'clock that evening, nothing further had happened. She entered the little sitting-room into which he had been shown—the sitting-room of her tiny flat in Chelsea—with a delightful suggestion of self-consciousness. Her eyes sought his almost appealingly. He looked across at her with quizzical, but very genuine admiration.

"Now," he exclaimed, "I know why you asked for the afternoon off."

"For tonight," she confided, "it was necessary that I had a new gown. You approve?"

"I approve," he assured her, and for the moment said nothing else. He would indeed have found words difficult. It seemed to him that every day since her first appearance she had spent in growing more beautiful. At first it had been only her charm of manner and movement and the naturalness of her expression which had attracted him. He realized now the almost alabaster whiteness of her arms and neck, the faint, graceful development of her figure, the gentle swelling of her hips, the delicate outline of her bosom. Her new gown was of some soft white material, modestly fashioned, yet daringly scanty. She was still without ornaments, for she had firmly refused any offering of jewelry.

"Well?" she exclaimed, still with that note of questioning in her tone.

"To tell you the truth," he confessed, "I was wondering why you looked so adorable. You oughtn't to. White shouldn't be your color, with your creamy complexion and those brilliant lips of yours, but—well—you take my breath away. I feel that I ought to be taking you to the Ritz at least."

She laughed.

"Even if white is not my color," she said, "I wanted to wear it tonight and I should hate the Ritz. What I should really like would be a small restaurant where the tables are not too wide or too close together and where, if there is music, it will not be loud enough to drown the things that I want to hear you say."

"A comprehensive program," he laughed. "However, I'll see what we can do. Are you ready?"

"Not until you have kissed me," she answered, with a little grimace. "Here we are all alone and you don't seem to have thought of it. Was there ever in this world so provoking a lover?"

"But child," he protested gravely, "I am not your lover."

She twined her arms round his neck and drew his head down to hers.

"In your heart and in my heart you are," she declared. "I am happy to have it so. Kiss me at once."

Their lips met, and in his overwrought state Harvey was conscious afterward that for those few seconds he perhaps forgot the restrictions which he had placed upon himself. After all he was still young and she was adorable. Her arms and her lips drew from him what he tried so hard to suppress. She laughed happily as they passed down the stairs.

"Where do we dine?" she asked.

"At a restaurant in Soho," he told her, "which I must confess has not altogether the best of reputations."

She laughed once more.

"And you take me there—you, my *Preux Chevalier!*"

"Don't make fun of me," he begged. "I am taking you there because it comes nearest of any place I know to fulfilling your conditions. There are few diners because it is expensive. The lights are low upon the tables, and—listen to the elderly man—the cooking is excellent."

"One ham sandwich and a meringue for lunch," she confided tragically, "and I am young and still growing, with a maximum of six cigarets a day and nothing at all to disturb my appetite—except being in love—and somehow or other tonight," she added taking his hand, "I don't think that even that is going to make any difference. Do you know, my dear, grave companion, that this evening you really—almost kissed me."

"Almost?"

"Confess," she pleaded, "that you could do even better still if it weren't for that absurd conscience of yours."

"God knows I could!" he answered, drawing her toward him with sudden passion.

GRACE approved of the restaurant, approved of the dinner her companion ordered, approved of the cocktail which the bartender himself shook before them, and finally approved with enthusiasm of the champagne—golden and with its little fire of bubbles—which presently filled her glass.

"In Paris," she told him, "there are several places something like this—places where senators and men of the serious world who like good cooking and who cannot be seen too much in public bring their sweethearts discreetly, or other senators to talk politics. I love it all. There is just a faint atmosphere of mystery here. It suggests intrigue or love-making. We will come often, Harvey. We will come here, will we not, when we are in the great mood—not when we feel most frivolous but when the music we hear in our hearts is the music of the organ and not the violin. You fight so hard against me, dear, but so uselessly. Would you really like to think that I had no share or part in the life ahead?"

"Grace," he began—but she waved back his speech with a little imperious gesture.

"It is enough," she laughed. "Your tone speaks. You are not yet in the mood. Never mind. Put on all your armor. Get ready all your seriousness. Tonight is the great attack, and behold—" her eyes mocked his—"it is I, poor little weak me who conquers."

He opened his lips and closed them again. It was like striking through the air at a beautiful butterfly to crush her adorable spirit.

"Did any one in the world ever resist you?" he asked.

"Alas," she assured him, "often, but not in this mood, because I have never been in this mood before. My mood tonight is as new as my gown. It is born of something which belongs to you, so when I try to answer your question I can only say that I have had no experience."

There was a short silence. Harvey, his mind a little confused, realizing himself somehow at a perilous disadvantage against her charm and perfect naturalness, felt a sense almost of relief at the arrival of their first course whose service was presided over by a loquacious but respectful maître d'hotel. When they were left to themselves again she gave him a little respite from what he was beginning to look upon as exquisite but poignant torture.

"Please tell me," she begged, "exactly what happened this afternoon. It seems amazing to me that your great warehouses should have stood open while I was absent."

"There was a difference," he admitted. "However, perhaps the others didn't notice it as much as I did. Everything went—to quote the words of those old bulletins—according to plan. Mr. Chalmer, the accountant, arrived at three o'clock and if such a respectable incarnation of pomposity could possibly show enthusiasm, he showed it. He has written a book to prove that all businesses above a certain size should be incorporated, and he not only approved of my idea but of every detail in connection with it. The fact that I have chosen just this moment for incorporation seemed to him, as he put it, inspired. We are placing the capital at two and a half millions and offering only five hundred pounds' worth of the ordinary shares to the public."

"A foreign language," she declared, shaking her head. "But you are satisfied?"

"Absolutely."

"You remain at the head?" she asked anxiously.

He looked into his glass for a moment.

"Unless anything unfortunate occurs," he replied, "I shall be managing director."

"And if I get my money may I have some shares and be permanent secretary?" she begged.

"Certainly," he promised.

For a moment she was serious.

"I wish I could get it," she sighed. "You have no news yet, Harvey?"

"I can only tell you this," he said. "You will get it very shortly, within a few days, I think, and it will be much more than you ever imagined. Try to be patient until the time comes, dear. You can draw what you will in advance."

"I HATE that and I love it," she declared. "In one way it gives me a thrill, dear friend, to sit here with you and feel that it is you who have paid for everything I have on, and yet, in another way, I want it to be me who is giving you things. I should love to have a beautiful house of my own to welcome you in, beautiful frocks and beautiful jewels for you to admire."

"That will come," he assured her, almost eagerly. . . .

Their tone became lighter again as the service of dinner proceeded; Grace, with her second glass of champagne, abandoned all pretence at serious conversation, and Harvey, in a sort of reaction from the terrors of the day, followed her example. The little room in which they sat—it was one of a suite of four—was presently empty, and when the waiter had departed for their last course, she leaned across the table and kissed him lightly upon the lips.

"You are happy, dear?" she murmured.

Her eyes besought him. He took her hands in his.

"Dear Grace," he said, "to be with you is the greatest happiness I have ever found in life."

Harvey dismissed his car outside the block of flats and Grace laughed softly as they ascended the stairs together, her arm through his.

"Now indeed, you have compromised yourself, dear lover," she mocked him. "Your chauffeur is dismissed. You are *planté ici*, in the middle of a desolate and taxiless neighborhood, in a tiny little room on the fourth floor, alone with me—with Grace. You have fear?"

He kissed her at the bend of the stairs.

"Why should I?" he answered. "It is a quarter of an hour's walk to my rooms and I have had no exercise all day. Since you say no supper and no dancing, why keep an automobile in attendance?"

"Supper! Dancing!" she scoffed. "Those things are for another night."

He followed her into the little sitting-room tolerable enough, for the tenant of the flat was an artist, temporarily in Normandy. The great divan to which she led him was soft and comfortable. She flitted about the room, busy on her task of making coffee.

"Why do you not smoke, *mon ami?*" she demanded.

"I am so content," he answered, "that I forgot."

Her eyes glowed at him. She suddenly abandoned her watching of the great glass bowl, crossed the floor swiftly, sank on her knees by his side, and placed her lips to his.

"Ah, my friend," she murmured, "why are you always so stern and British with me? It is useless. You know what I am. It is in my own way that I am fated to live."

"Does any one at your age know how they wish to live?" he protested.

"Idiot!" she scoffed. "At twenty-one years old in my country—for I think that I am more than half French—the girl exists no longer and the soul of the woman is born. I am no longer in my adolescence. Once and for all you must leave off this attempt to treat me like a child. I am a woman, Harvey—your woman."

He held her hands lovingly, kissed her eyes to avoid her lips and thanked God for the bubbling in the bowl which sent her hurriedly back to her task. She prepared the coffee with meticulous skill. Then, with a cry of delight, she dragged out of the cupboard a quaintly shaped bottle, full of orange-colored liqueur.

"I heard you order this once," she confided. "I went into a great wine-merchant's office in Pall Mall and they laughed at me when I asked for one bottle, but they sold it to me. Then I stopped at Albemarle Street, at a shop where I had seen these two glasses in the window, and I bought them."

She poured the liqueur into some old goblets, pulled the small gate-legged table up to the divan and seated herself by his side.

"Now," she proclaimed, "we have everything. There are cigarets, matches, coffee and liqueurs—and, incidentally, one another. The moment has arrived when I shall make to you a great request. I shall ask you to tell me exactly what this mystery is in which you are surrounding yourself. You are in some sort of trouble. Remember that I am your faithful little friend and let me share it."

SHE was almost in his arms, her head upon his shoulder, the sweetness of her enveloping him in a cloud of mystery and delight. There came to him suddenly a flash of inspiration. There was after all one weapon left which he could use, and almost as the idea presented itself he seized upon it.

"Very well," he agreed. "I will make my confession. I will tell you what I never dreamed I should tell a living soul. I will tell you the secret which I have carried about with me ever since the night after I returned to England."

She said nothing, only held him a little tighter to show her content.

"Be prepared for a shock," he warned her. "It was I who stole or borrowed—whichever you like to call it—the bonds which your grandfather meant for you, the night he died! In a few days' time they would have been restored to your possession, but the luck has gone against me. The police, although you had kept back your list, discovered the numbers of one of the bonds which your grandfather brought from America, and when the bank sent for me this morning, it was to ask for an explanation. Scotland Yard has already communicated with them."

She drew herself away from him, but it was obviously in blank astonishment rather than from any other reason.

"What absurdity is this?" she exclaimed. "Do you know what you are saying? It is incredible."

"Nevertheless it is true," he went on. "You have read the evidence which was given at the inquest upon your grandfather. It was all perfectly true except for this unrecorded incident. I was in my office late and I saw a light in the waiting-room. I went in there and was shocked to find your grandfather dead. They had forgotten to tell me that he was waiting for an interview. I had no idea even of his name. I opened his dispatch box simply to discover who he was, and I found there American bearer bonds for a very large amount."

"But you said nothing of this at the inquest."

"Naturally," he rejoined, "because I stole the bonds."

"I don't believe it," she cried passionately.

"My dear, it is the truth," he assured her. "The only thing is that when I took them I managed to persuade myself that I was borrowing them. I had just arrived from abroad to find the business, with which I had never had anything to do, in a desperate state. The bank had presented me with an ultimatum demanding a large sum, either in cash or approved securities. I went to a financier whom I knew, and tried to borrow money. It was impossible. I was in despair. My great-grandfather founded the business of Garrard & Garrard, and it had been the pride of my grandfather's and my father's lives. The idea of allowing it to go into bankruptcy was torture to me. Our need of money was urgent and even then I was beginning to believe that with time I could save the business. It seemed as though those bonds had come into my hands at that precise moment for one purpose and one purpose only. It was a desperate risk because, for anything I knew, your grandfather might have had friends or relatives with him who knew of their existence, and if that had been the case my theft would have been discovered in less than twenty-four hours. However, it was either the bonds or bankruptcy for Garrard & Garrard, and I took the risk, believe me, as much for the sake of those others who have gone as for my own. I locked the bonds in my desk, left your grandfather lying there and appeared to be as surprised as every one else when I heard of his death. The next morning I deposited the bonds in my bank as security for the account."

"Are they lost?" she asked quietly.

"Heavens, no!" he answered. "But for some absurd technicalities they would have been in my hands days ago, and I should have handed them over to you and made my confession. The bank has no further claim upon them. So far from owing them any money, we have made a great fortune. At the last moment, however, as I told you, the luck went against me. I expected to be arrested this afternoon. The police are probably waiting until they get a complete list from America. Tomorrow or the next day will be the end."

She was still sitting a little away from him, but it was lack of comprehension more than anything else which was troubling her.

"But my dear," she demanded, "what have the police got to do with it? You say that the bonds are still there, and I am sure that you were very, very welcome to them, even if they had been lost. If you wish, I shall tell them that I begged you to take care of them for me."

He shook his head, but already there was a great relief in his heart. He returned the pressure of her fingers which had clasped his hand.

"You had not even appeared upon the scene," he pointed out. "You, dear Grace, will, I hope, forgive me, because of our friendship and because you will not be one penny the worse off. You might be content, but it is no longer you who decide. It is the police who prosecute."

"But that is absurd," she scoffed. "I give you the bonds, they are yours. To how much do they amount?"

"A million dollars," he replied.

"Very well," she declared, "I give them to you. You cannot steal your own property. Who is there now to accuse you?"

"The law," he answered.

She sat up and thought rapidly. He watched her in wonder. Her mouth was set, her forehead wrinkled in thought. He fancied that he could even see the brain of the Frenchwoman working, determined to protect her own, to war if necessary with the whole world.

"Listen," she said confidently. "You alarm yourself for nothing. It is the most fortunate thing that I did not myself go to the police. Now I shall declare that I knew of these bonds and I knew that my grandfather was handing them over to you for safe keeping. I shall declare myself perfectly satisfied with the arrangement. You have advanced me money—plenty of money. That can be proved. The affair concerns us two only. Why, you do not know as much about business as I, dear. You are absurd to worry yourself about such a trifle."

"It is not a trifle," he groaned. "You forget, Grace, I might have lost the money."

"Well, if you had," she replied, "I should still have had you. You think perhaps that I am greedy because I have worried over that money. It is not so indeed. I love pleasure and beautiful things, as every woman does, but I love you more. I shall be proud all my life to think that it was my money which saved your business."

"You are the most generous person in the world," he faltered.

She laughed, her arms stealing once more round his neck.

"Idiot!" she murmured. "There is no mention of generosity between those who love. Everything belongs, as you belong to me—and I to you."

He withdrew himself, breathless, from a little whirlwind of rapture, but to release himself altogether from her arms—they hung like silken tentacles—was impossible.

"Grace," he begged. "Listen."

"Oh, I am tired of so much talk," she interrupted. "Tired of reason and arguments. Folly! It is folly all of it. I am tired of that questioning look in your eyes, the struggle in your face. Let me go and turn down that light, so that I may not see them again."

It was he this time who held her.

"Stay where you are, Grace," he insisted. "You think, of course, that I am a fool. You think all sorts of things of me. Perhaps you are right, but don't think one thing. Don't think I don't love you, because I do."

"Then why?"

He shook himself a little free from the passionate entanglement of her arms.

"You know why," he answered fiercely. "Do you want to drag our love affair along the highroad, through the mud and dirt of the highroad, which a million feet have pressed? I won't do it. Grace, you and I are not going to be like those others. We are going to be strong enough to find sweetness and wonder in life while we wait. Listen. It is banal, of course, but my wife wants to divorce me. The proceedings have already been started. If you insist upon caring for any one a generation older than yourself—"

Her lips suddenly stopped his speech. When she drew away he, too, was breathless.

"I will marry you afterward if you want me to," she cried, "but I won't wait. A woman only chooses once, and I have chosen. I should choose you if marriage were impossible. I should choose you if choosing you were a crime, regardless of anything else in life. There is nothing to wait for, sweetheart. Stay here!"

She sprang to her feet, darted across the room, and almost immediately they were in darkness. He heard her soft laugh as she came once more in triumph toward him, saw the gleam of her beautiful eyes. The darkness, however, after those first few seconds, was not complete. The curtains of the window were undrawn and a pale moon lit the room faintly. Harvey sprang to his feet. He stood before her; a stern, almost a forbidding figure.

"Grace," he said, "do you want me to lose my self-respect forever? I have robbed you of your fortune and you have forgiven me. Isn't that enough for one night? Now you want me to take the greatest gift of all, which isn't mine to accept. You want me to feel ashamed for the rest of my life that I, with a man's experience, gave way to the sweetness of a girl who as yet doesn't even know what she offers. I—don't you know, Grace that in a week I may be in prison, disgraced? At a word from you I certainly should be. You may be able to save me, if you will, but for the rest—that other sacrifice—we wait."

She was within a yard of him, white as a ghost, but with burning eyes. He could see the shivering of her body as she leaned toward him.

"I will not wait," she cried.

She clutched at him, but he was strong now. His arm was like a barrier of iron. Suddenly he gripped her by the shoulders, held her apart and yet near to him, kissed her gently upon the lips and eyes, then released her.

"I am going," he said.

She made no sign. He looked back from the door. She had scarcely moved except to lean against the table. She seemed somehow like a bruised, white flower, her head sinking upon her arm.

"Grace!" he begged.

She made no answer. He saw her hands go out across the table, saw the flash of metal as the telephone receiver went to her ear.

"What are you doing?" he demanded.

HE HEARD her voice, unnatural and strained, speaking into the mouthpiece of the instrument.

"I wish to speak to Scotland Yard," she announced. "I do not know the number, but it is urgent."

It was he who was suddenly silent. He stood and listened. Presently she spoke again.

"If you are a superintendent, I suppose that you will do," she said. "I am the granddaughter of Ebenezer Swayle from whom the American bonds were stolen after his death in the warehouse of Garrard & Garrard in Bermondsey. . . . Yes, I said stolen. We thought they might have been mislaid, but I know now that they were stolen. They were stolen by the man whom he had come to visit and who found him there dead. . . . Harvey Garrard? Yes, that is the name. . . . You have traced some of them? Good. . . . My address is thirty-one Creed Mansions, Chelsea. You can send some one to see me tomorrow. . . . Good."

She replaced the instrument upon the table. Harvey was still standing on the threshold of the door.

"You heard?" she asked.

"I heard," he answered.

She suddenly threw up her hands, clasped her head, then seized the telephone and dashed it to the ground. She rocked from side to side and would have fallen but Harvey, springing across the room, caught her in his arms. She lay there, perfectly mute and white. He carried her to the sofa.

"Oh, I am mad, I am mad," she cried. "Tell them so, Harvey. Tell them that I was out of my mind."

She began to sob hysterically. He did his best to soothe her but the moment he drew away she seemed to pass into a paroxysm of weeping. Suddenly she sat up. Her bosom was heaving, her eyes miraculously dry.

"Harvey," she called out, "tell me, did I really do it?"

He made no answer and she saw the telephone on the floor. She gripped his hand passionately.

"I'll swear it wasn't I who spoke," she went on. "I'll swear that I was mad, that I didn't know what I was saying. You don't think that this will make any difference?"

"Of course not," he assured her. "They knew beforehand."

"You will hate me now always," she moaned. "I have lost you, my dear—and you don't understand. You would have understood later in life, but you don't understand now what love is. I love you. If they send you to prison I'd come with you. If you had to die I'd die with you. I was a beast, I know, but you maddened me—maddened me because you wouldn't believe, because you wouldn't understand—you, thinking that your few years more of life in a humdrum little circle could teach you more than I knew. But I ought to have been patient, I ought to have been patient."

HE FELT a curious sense of helplessness, an utter inability to comfort her in any way. Their positions seemed so entirely reversed. It was she who was his would-be protector, he who had failed her. She lay there in his arms, limp and yet clinging to him, worn out with the violence of her passions. Her sobs presently grew less. Her head sank further back upon his shoulder. He smoothed her forehead gently and presently her breathing became more regular. Very quietly, an inch at a time, he withdrew his arms, placed a cushion behind her head, and finally rose to his feet. It was scarcely sleep which overcame her, but a sort of comatose state, the sequel of her exhaustion. He crossed the room on tiptoe, opened and closed the door, and made his way down to the street with the sound of her following cry faintly in his ears.

Harvey was at the office before eight o'clock on the following morning, and busied himself for a long time making such preparations as he could for a possible absence. Toward nine o'clock, he began to feel all the terrors of anxious anticipation. Grace had never, to his knowledge, been five minutes late, and nine o'clock was her hour. He listened to every footstep. Each time the door opened to admit a boy with telephone messages or some belated letters, his heart gave a little jump. A quarter of an hour went by, half-past nine arrived without any sign of Grace. He knew then that the first blow had fallen and that she was not coming. Soon after ten o'clock, the second blow fell. The telephone operator from downstairs reported that a gentleman named Robinson from Scotland Yard desired an interview.

"Send him up by all means," Harvey directed. "You might give him a hint, though, that I am a very busy man."

Inspector Robinson, official-looking, notwithstanding his brown suit and bowler hat, was presently ushered in. He accepted a chair and waited until the door was closed before he answered Harvey's interrogatory glance.

"What can I do for you, Inspector?" the latter demanded.

The inspector's manner was deliberate but distinctly civil.

"Mr. Garrard," he began, "I am here on, I am afraid, not very pleasant business, but I must tell you frankly that while certain facts are undeniable, we are all a little confused about the whole affair. The chief thought I had better come down and have an interview with you before we resort to the only action which seems open to us."

"I am quite at your disposal," Harvey assured him, leaning back in his chair and pushing aside a pile of papers. "Do you mind if I have a cigaret? I have had rather a busy two hours."

"Certainly not, sir," the man replied.

Harvey tapped a cigaret upon the desk and lit it. He held out his case.

"You won't join me, Inspector?"

"Thank you, sir, not at present. I will try to explain my mission, if you will allow me."

"By all means," Harvey assented.

"You will doubtless remember that some months ago a Mr. Ebenezer Swayle, an American visitor from John's River, Connecticut, was found dead in your waiting room."

"I remember the incident perfectly," Harvey acknowledged.

"No property of any sort was discovered upon him or in his apartment—at least no more than was sufficient to pay the hotel bill. Nevertheless he was believed everywhere to be a wealthy man, although very eccentric, and we received very definite information that when he arrived in England he had a very large number of American Treasury Bonds in his possession. No trace of these, however, was discovered. His granddaughter applied to us for help in the matter and went out to America to make some inquiries on her own account, but on her return she ceased communicating with us, and we have heard nothing more from her until within the last twenty-four hours. We have made a few enquiries upon our own account and we have been able definitely to trace one bond which the deceased Mr. Swayle brought with him to England."

"Dear me," Harvey murmured. "Only one bond."

"One," the inspector observed drily, "is almost sufficient for our purpose. We discovered it, Mr. Garrard, at the Southern Bank, pledged as security for a loan on your account."

"And what about the remainder of these bonds?"

"We are expecting a cable from John's River this morning," the inspector continued. "As soon as we have the particulars for which we have inquired, we shall apply to the Southern Bank for permission to examine the remainder of the securities alleged to have been deposited by you."

"I see."

"To continue, sir," the inspector went on, "last night we received a half-incoherent telephone message purporting to come from Miss Swayle, the deceased's granddaughter. In it she told the missing bonds had been abstracted from a bag belonging to her grandfather while he lay dead in your office, and that these bonds had been pledged by you to the Southern Bank. This morning, however, on calling at the young lady's flat to obtain confirmation of her statement—as we make a point of never acting upon telephonic communication—we found her rooms shut up and the young lady departed."

"Do you mean to say that she had left before you got there this morning?" Harvey demanded incredulously.

"I do indeed," the inspector answered. "For some reason or other she seemed to be in a great hurry, too. She left the building in a taxicab with a certain amount of luggage at six o'clock this morning, told the hall porter that it was uncertain when she would return, handed him a sum of money to pay the balance of her rent and drove off, leaving no address."

Harvey knocked the ash from his cigaret. He seemed curiously undisturbed.

"Yours is really a most interesting story, Inspector," he observed. "At this very early hour of the morning, one would scarcely like to accuse you of romancing, but it does all sound a little far-fetched, doesn't it?"

"I AM afraid that it does, sir," the man admitted. "At the same time it happens to be a summary of facts and my mission here is to ask you whether you have any statement to make regarding them."

"I have not a word to say upon the matter," was Harvey's deliberate reply.

The inspector was evidently disappointed.

"You will understand, sir," he continued, speaking slowly and with caution, "that even in the young lady's absence, the matter can not be allowed to remain without investigation. The chief desires me to point out, however, that we hesitate to take the obvious steps unless we are driven to do so. I must remind you, Mr. Garrard, that you have been definitely accused of having helped yourself to the bonds and having deposited them in your bank where we can prove that one of them, at any rate, now remains."

"But my accuser has absconded," Harvey pointed out.

"How did the bond get to your bank?" the inspector inquired.

"You can scarcely expect me to answer that question," Harvey replied, smiling. "All I can say is that, if it is there, either singly or with others, it is there for purposes of safe keeping."

"Of safe keeping," the inspector repeated thoughtfully. "You mean to say that your bank has no claim upon them?"

"None whatever," Harvey assured him. "In a business the size of ours an overdraft at the bank is an everyday occurrence. Today, I believe I am right in saying that we have a balance in hand. Furthermore, if it interests your chief to know it, Inspector, my accountants, who are the leading firm in their profession, are today drafting a prospectus for the sale of this business on figures which show an excess of assets over liabilities of at least a million and a half sterling. Under those circumstances why should I purloin anybody's bonds?"

"Well, the whole thing's a puzzle," the inspector announced, after a moment's reflection. "In your own interests, Mr. Garrard, I should strongly advise you to be a little more candid with us. I can assure you that the Chief's desire is to save you from any annoyance. We should be justified, even upon the information we have, in taking very different steps in the matter. We don't want to, if we can help it, and that is the truth. That is what I am here for."

"You can tell your chief," Harvey said, "that I much appreciate his consideration. You can also tell him that there are circumstances connected with this little affair which I shall not disclose unless I am compelled to. I would be more candid with you if I could, for my own sake, as well as yours. I must leave you to act entirely as you think fit."

"If things proceed as they are at present, sir," the inspector pointed out, "even though the matter may never go beyond the Magistrate's Court, it will be our duty within the next few days to apply for a warrant for your arrest. You will be forced to give the explanation then which you refuse now. If you persist in your present attitude, I should recommend you to send for your solicitor."

TO BE CONTINUED.

A Fiction Feature Extraordinary

The OLD or the NEW

Two famous love stories are reprinted in the following pages: *'Tite Poulette,* by George W. Cable, and *The Broomfield Squire,* by A. Neil Lyons

THIS department feature presents each month two fiction stories of exceptional merit that have appeared elsewhere in print. As a rule, one story is either a short masterpiece of enduring fame that has long survived its author or a tale published years ago but having a persistent appeal because it has made an unforgetable impression on discriminating fiction readers. Along with it is presented, for comparison, a story of similar character, either by a living author or one who wrote in the spirit of our time.

The following names of authors are indications of the variety and quality of the stories published in this department in past months:

Prosper Mérimée
Edward Everett Hale
Richard Harding Davis
James B. Connolly
Edgar Allan Poe
Owen Wister
W. W. Jacobs
Rowland Thomas
H. C. Bunner
Frank R. Stockton
Robert Louis Stevenson
O. Henry
Stephen Crane
H. G. Wells
Nathaniel Hawthorne
Ben Ames Williams
Gouverneur Morris
Booth Tarkington
Wilkie Collins
Edith Wharton
Joseph Conrad
James Hopper
Donn Byrne
Eugene O'Neil
Maarten Maartens
Katherine Mansfield
Joseph C. Lincoln

In making selections from published fiction the first requirement is story interest—the fame of the author is secondary.

Both of the stories presented in this concluding pair of the series catch the glamourous appeal of love's young dream, but otherwise they are poles apart. One is a romance of New Orleans by an American short story writer of the old school and the other reflects with equal faithfulness a picturesque glimpse of modern London.

The Authors

George Washington Cable

GEORGE WASHINGTON CABLE died only last year. The news of his death, as news that he had been living in their time, surprised a good many younger readers who knew of his earlier fiction; they had thought of him as a contemporary of James Russell Lowell and Oliver Wendell Holmes. So he was, in the literary sense. All the writing on which his reputation rests was done before 1890, though in 1901 he scored a brief success with "The Cavalier," and he was still putting forth a novel now and then when over seventy.

Himself a Louisianian, he was first to depict the Creoles. They populate his books; he shows them in their ante-bellum glory, it is because of him, states one widely recognized man of letters, that romantically minded tourists seek their landmarks—and as long as he lived, they hated him, and New Orleans followed suit, even after it had come to be a modern American city. They blamed him for the rather common but erroneous idea that "Creole" means a racial mixture, and cited a few of his stories that have plots like "'Bite Poulette's." Their feeling against him was such that in 1885 he removed to New England, and his subsequent visits to New Orleans were very quiet. Actually, misuse of the word in the British West Indies is responsible. A Louisiana Creole is any native with French or Spanish blood. *The* Creoles, his, were the descendants of the Latin colonists.

Charming, better than powerful, describes Mr. Cable's romances. His best are the stories in "Old Creole Days" and a novel, "The Grandissimes." He was born in New Orleans in 1844, was virtually self-educated, fought the war as a Confederate cavalryman, and afterward, while clerking in a cotton factor's office, began to contribute fiction to a newspaper. By 1880 fame had come and he was independent. At one time, he and Mark Twain gave readings jointly from their works; Mark Twain has told of the little man's excruciated shyness on the platform, but later he became an accomplished public reader. He made his final New England home at Northampton, Massachusetts, writing, besides a number of novels inferior to his best, "The Negro Question," "The Silent South," etc., and a volume of "Strange True Stories of Louisiana."

Neil Lyons

A. NEIL LYONS'S short stories and sketches are almost unknown in this country, and in England he is established but not famous. Yet several of his books delight any one who happens to pick them up and to have no insuperable aversion to a little dialect; in particular, his "Arthur's," which contains "The Broomfield Squire," has originality, poetic flights, picturesqueness, romance, and humor, in measures that ought to constitute a classic. It is a sequence of stories wound around a coffee stall in London. Arthur is the stall's proprietor, and other narrators and characters are its frequenters of nights, in a variety that ranges from the disreputable Dartigan Donkey to the literate but bashful narrator-in-chief, who may be the author himself. He steps out once into the action on behalf of Arthur's soldier son, and attempts to divert and "fashinate" a dangerous young virago who is jealous of the soldier's latest sweetheart. His failure is one of the funniest things in the book.

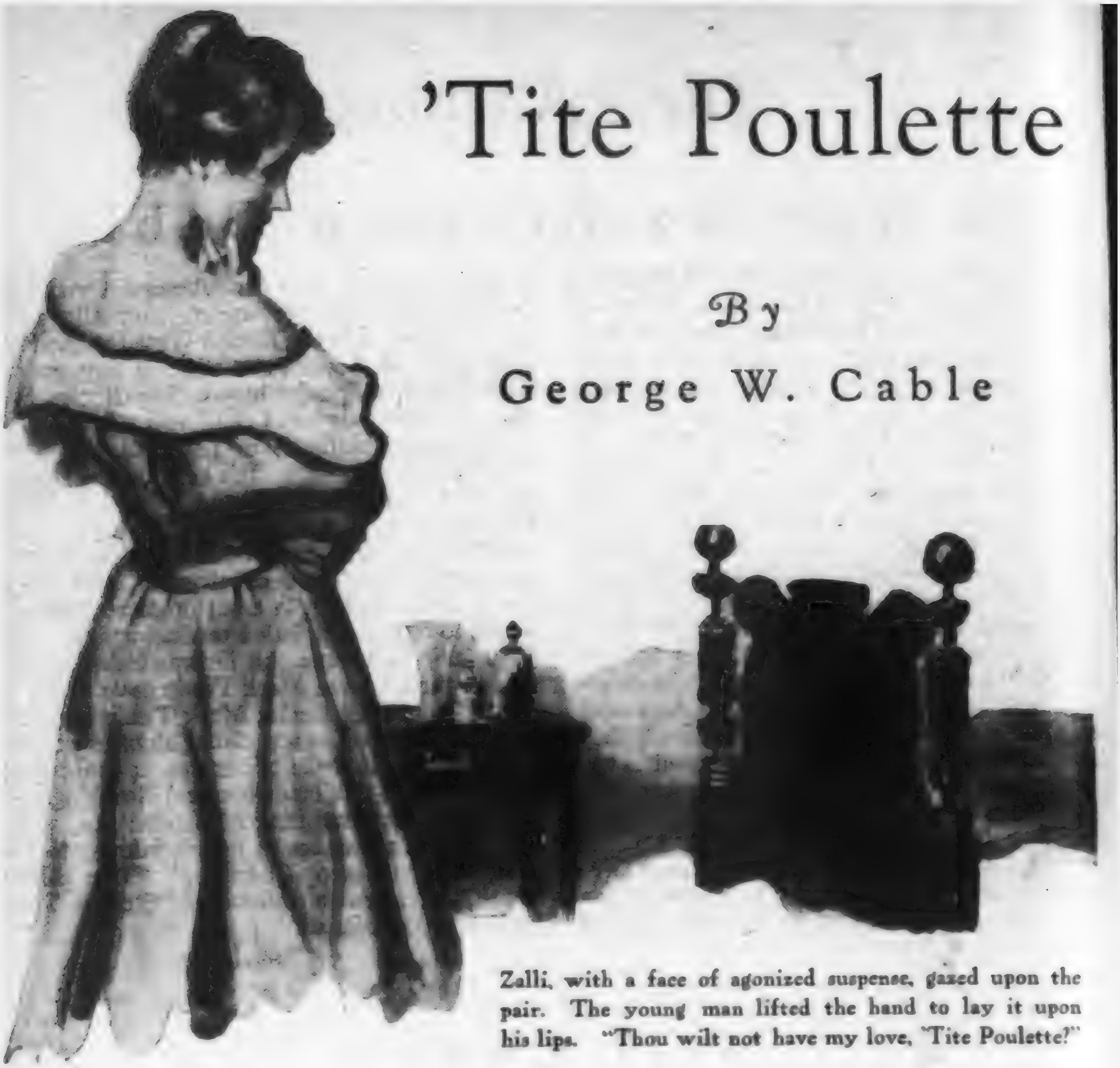
Like Leonard Merrick, who also has a small but devoted American following, Mr. Lyons hails from South Africa. He was born there, at Kimberley, Cape Colony, in 1880, and was taken "home" in his infancy and sent to an English school. Before he was twenty he had worked as an apprentice in a law office and as a bookkeeper, had tried his hand with success at selling paragraphs to newspapers, and had thus made his way to more congenial work on magazines. He says he was "a writer on military subjects" at eighteen; it looks like one of his jokes, but persons who know him take it seriously and think he may well have been a good one. His first book was "Hookey," published in 1902. "Arthur's" came six years later, and was followed by "Sixpenny Pieces," "Cottage Pie," "Moby Lane," and others. "Love Us All," a collection of extremely short stories, has been published in the United States within this year.

Mr. Lyons has also written plays, alone and once in collaboration. His recreation is "wagoning," Gypsying tours with a horse-drawn caravan.

'Tite Poulette

By

George W. Cable



Zalli, with a face of agonized suspense, gazed upon the pair. The young man lifted the hand to lay it upon his lips. "Thou wilt not have my love, 'Tite Poulette?"

The story of a Dutchman who learned

(Reprinted. See announcement on page 112.)

KRISTIAN KOPPIG was a rosy-faced, beardless young Dutchman. He was one of that army of gentlemen who, after the purchase of Louisiana, swarmed from all parts of the commercial world, over the mountains of Franco-Spanish exclusiveness, like the Goths over the Pyrenees, and settled down in New Orleans to pick up their fortunes, with the diligence of hungry pigeons. He may have been a German; the distinction was too fine for Creole haste and disrelish.

He made his home in a room with one dormer window looking out, and somewhat down, upon a building opposite, which still stands, flush with the street, a century old. Its big, round-arched windows in a long, second-story row, are walled up, and two or three from time to time have had smaller windows let into them again, with odd little latticed peep-holes in their batten shutters. This had already been done when Kristian Koppig first began to look at them.

All the features of the building lead me to guess that it is a remnant of the old Spanish Barracks, whose extensive structure fell by

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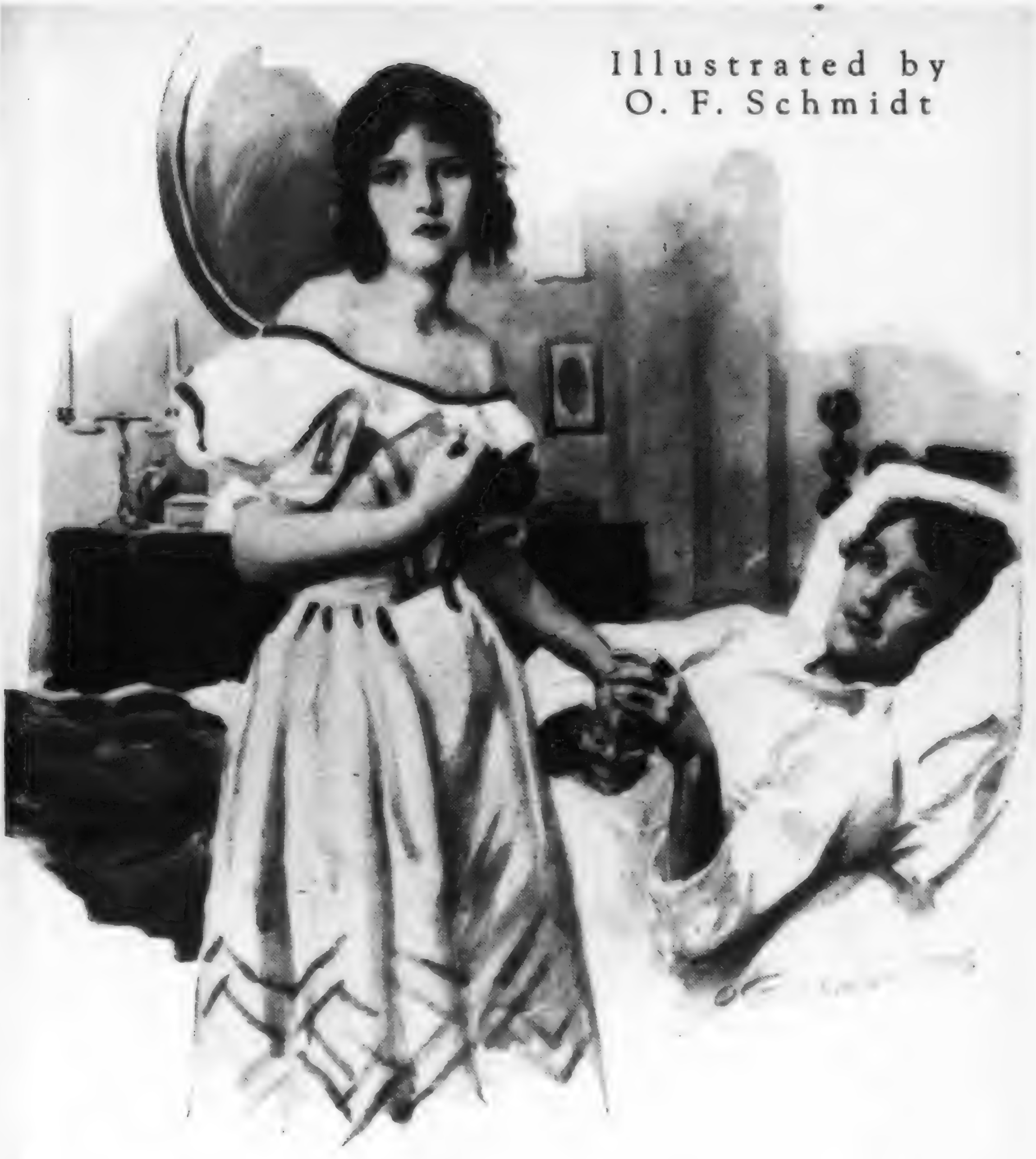


Illustrated by O. F. Schmidt

chivalry in romantic New Orleans

government sale into private hands a long time ago. At the end toward the swamp a great, oriental-looking passage is left, with an arched entrance, and a pair of ponderous wooden doors. You look at it, and almost see Count O'Reilly's artillery come bumping and trundling out, and dash around into the ancient Plaza to bang away at King St. Charles's birthday.

I do not know who lives there now. You might stand about on the opposite banquette for weeks and never find out. I suppose it is a residence, for it does not look like one.

In the good old times of duels, and bagatelle-clubs, and theater-balls, and Cayetano's circus, Kristian Koppig rooming as described, there lived in the portion of this house, partly overhanging the archway, a palish handsome woman, by the name—or going by the name—of Madame John. You would hardly have thought of her being "colored." Though fading, she was still of very attractive countenance, fine, rather severe features, nearly straight hair carefully kept, and that vivid black eye so peculiar to her kind. Her smile, which came and went with her talk, was sweet and exceedingly intelligent; and something told you, as you looked at her, that she was one who had had to learn a great deal in this troublesome life.

"But!"—the Creole lads in the street would say—"her daughter!" and there would be lifting of arms, wringing of fingers, rolling of eyes, rounding of mouths, gaspings and clasping of hands. "So beautiful, beautiful, beautiful! White?—white like a water lily! White—like a magnolia!"

Applause would follow, and invocation of all the saints to witness. And she could sing.

"Sing?" (disdainfully)—"if a mocking-bird can *sing!* Ha!"

They could not tell just how old she was; they "would give her about seventeen."

Mother and daughter were very fond. The neighbors could hear them call each other pet names, and see them sitting together, sewing, talking happily to each other in the unceasing French way, and see them go out and come in together on their little tasks and errands. "'Tite Poulette," the daughter was called; she never went out alone.

And who was this Madame John?

"Why, you know!—she was"—said the wigmaker at the corner to Kristian Koppig—"I'll tell you. You know?—she was"—and the rest atomized off in a rasping whisper. She was the best yellow-fever nurse in a thousand yards round; but that is not what the wigmaker said.

A block nearer the river stands a house altogether different from the remnant of old barracks. It is of frame, with a deep front gallery over which the roof extends. It has become a den of Italians, who sell fuel by daylight, and by night are up to no telling what extent of deviltry. This was once the home of a gay gentleman, whose first name happened to be John. He was a member of the Good Children Social Club. As his parents lived with him, his wife would, according to custom, have been called Madame John; but he had no wife. His father died, then his mother; last of all, himself. As he is about to be off, in comes Madame John, with 'Tite Poulette, then an infant, on her arm.

"Zalli," said he, "I am going."

She bowed her head, and wept.

"You have been very faithful to me, Zalli."

She wept on.

"Nobody to take care of you now, Zalli."

Zalli only went on weeping.

"I want to give you this house, Zalli; it is for you and the little one."

An hour after, amid the sobs of Madame John, she and the "little one" inherited the house, such as it was. With the fatal caution which characterizes ignorance, she sold the property and placed the proceeds in a bank, which made haste to fail. She put on widow's weeds, and wore them still when 'Tite Poulette "had seventeen," as the frantic lads would say.

How they did chatter over her. Quiet Kristian Koppig had never seen the like. He wrote to his mother, and told her. A pretty fellow at the corner would suddenly double himself up with beckoning to a knot of chums; these would hasten up; recruits would come in from two or three other directions; as they reached the corner their countenances would quickly assume a genteel severity, and presently, with her mother, 'Tite Poulette would pass—tall, straight, lithe, her great black eyes made tender by their sweeping lashes, the faintest tint of color in her Southern cheek, her form all grace, her carriage a wonder of simple dignity.

The instant she was gone every tongue was let slip on the marvel of her beauty; but, though theirs was only the loose New Orleans morals of over fifty years ago, their unleashed tongues never had attempted any greater liberty than to take up the pet name, 'Tite Poulette. And yet the mother was soon to be, as we shall discover, a paid dancer at the *Salle de Condé*.

TO ZALLI, of course, as to all "quadroon ladies," the festivities of the Condé-street ball-room were familiar of old. There, in the happy days when dear Monsieur John was young, and the eighteenth century old, she had often repaired under guard of her mother—dead now, alas!—and Monsieur John would slip away from the dull play and dry society of Théâtre d'Orléans, and come around with his crowd of elegant friends; and through the long sweet hours of the ball she had danced, and laughed, and coquetted under her satin mask, even to the baffling and tormenting of that prince of gentlemen, dear Monsieur John himself. No man of questionable blood dare set his foot within the door. Many noble gentlemen were pleased to dance with her. Colonel De —— and General La ——; city councilmen and officers from the Government House. There were no paid dancers then. Everything was decorously conducted indeed! Every girl's mother was there, and the more discreet always left before there was too much drinking. Yes, it was gay, gay!—but sometimes dangerous. Ha! more times than a few had Monsieur John knocked down some long-haired and long-knifed rowdy, and kicked the breath out of him for looking saucily at her; but that was like him, he was so brave and kind—and he is gone!

There was no room for widow's weeds there. So when she put these on, her glittering eyes never again looked through her pink and white mask, and she was glad of it; for never, never in her life had they so looked for anybody but her dear Monsieur John, and now he was in heaven—so the priest said—and she was a sick-nurse.

Living was hard work; and, as Madame John had been brought up tenderly, and had done what she could to rear her daughter in the same mistaken way, with, of course, no more education than the ladies in society got, they knew nothing beyond a little music and embroidery. They struggled as they could, faintly; now giving a few private dancing lessons, now dressing hair, but ever beat back by the steady detestation of their imperious patronesses; and, by and by, for want of that priceless worldly grace known among the flippant as "money-sense," these two poor children, born of misfortune and the complacent badness of the times, began to be in want.

Kristian Koppig noticed from his dormer window one day a man standing at the big archway opposite, and clanking the brass knocker on the wicket that was in one of the doors. He was a smooth man, with his hair parted in the middle, and his cigaret poised on a tiny gold holder. He waited a moment, politely cursed the dust, knocked again, threw his slender sword-cane under his arm, and wiped the inside of his hat with his handkerchief.

Madame John held a parley with him at the wicket. 'Tite Poulette was nowhere seen. He stood at the gate while Madame John went upstairs. Kristian Koppig knew him. He knew him as one knows a snake. He was the manager of the *Salle de Condé*. Presently Madame John returned with a little bundle, and they hurried off together.

And now what did this mean? Why, by any one of ordinary acuteness the matter was easily understood, but, to tell the truth, Kristian Koppig was a trifle dull, and got the idea at once that some damage was being planned against 'Tite Poulette. It made the gentle Dutchman miserable not to be minding his own business, and yet—

"But the woman certainly will not attempt—" said he to himself—"no, no! she cannot." Not being able to guess what he meant, I cannot say whether she could or not. I know that next day Kristian Koppig, glancing eagerly over the "*Ami des Lois*," read an advertisement which he had always before skipped with a frown. It was headed, "*Salle de Condé*," and, being interpreted, signified that a new dance was to be introduced, the "*Danse de Chinois*," and that a *young lady* would follow it with the famous "*Danse du Shawl*."

It was the Sabbath. The young man watched the opposite window steadily and painfully from early in the afternoon until the moon shone bright; and from the time the moon shone bright until Madame John!—joy!—Madame John! and not 'Tite Poulette, stepped through the wicket, much dressed and well muffled, and hurried off toward the *Rue Condé*. Madame John was the "young lady"; and the young man's mind, glad to return to its own unimpassioned affairs, relapsed into quietude.

Madame John danced beautifully. It had to be done. It brought some pay, and pay was bread; and every Sunday evening, with a touch here and there of paint and powder, the mother danced the dance of the shawl, the daughter remaining at home alone.

Kristian Koppig, simple, slow-thinking young Dutchman, never noticing that he stayed at home with his window darkened for the very purpose, would see her come to her window and look out with a little wild, alarmed look in her magnificent eyes, and go and come again, and again, until the mother, like a storm-driven bird, came panting home.

Two or three months went by.

One night, on the mother's return, Kristian Koppig coming to his room nearly at the same moment, there was much earnest conversation, which he could see, but not hear.

"'Tite Poulette," said Madame John, "you are seventeen."

"True, Maman."

"Ah! my child, I see not how you are to meet the future." The voice trembled plaintively.

"But how, Maman?"

"Ah! you are not like others; no fortune, no pleasure, no friend."

"Maman!"

"No, no—I thank God for it; I am glad you are not; but you will be lonely, lonely, all your poor life long. There is no place in this world for us poor women. I wish that we were either white or black!"—and the tears, two "shining ones," stood in the poor quadroon's eyes.

THE daughter stood up, her eyes flashing. "God made us, Maman," she said with a gentle but stately smile.

"Ha!" said the mother, her keen glance darting through her tears, "sin made *me*, yes."

"No," said 'Tite Poulette, "God made us. He made us just as we are; not more white, not more black."

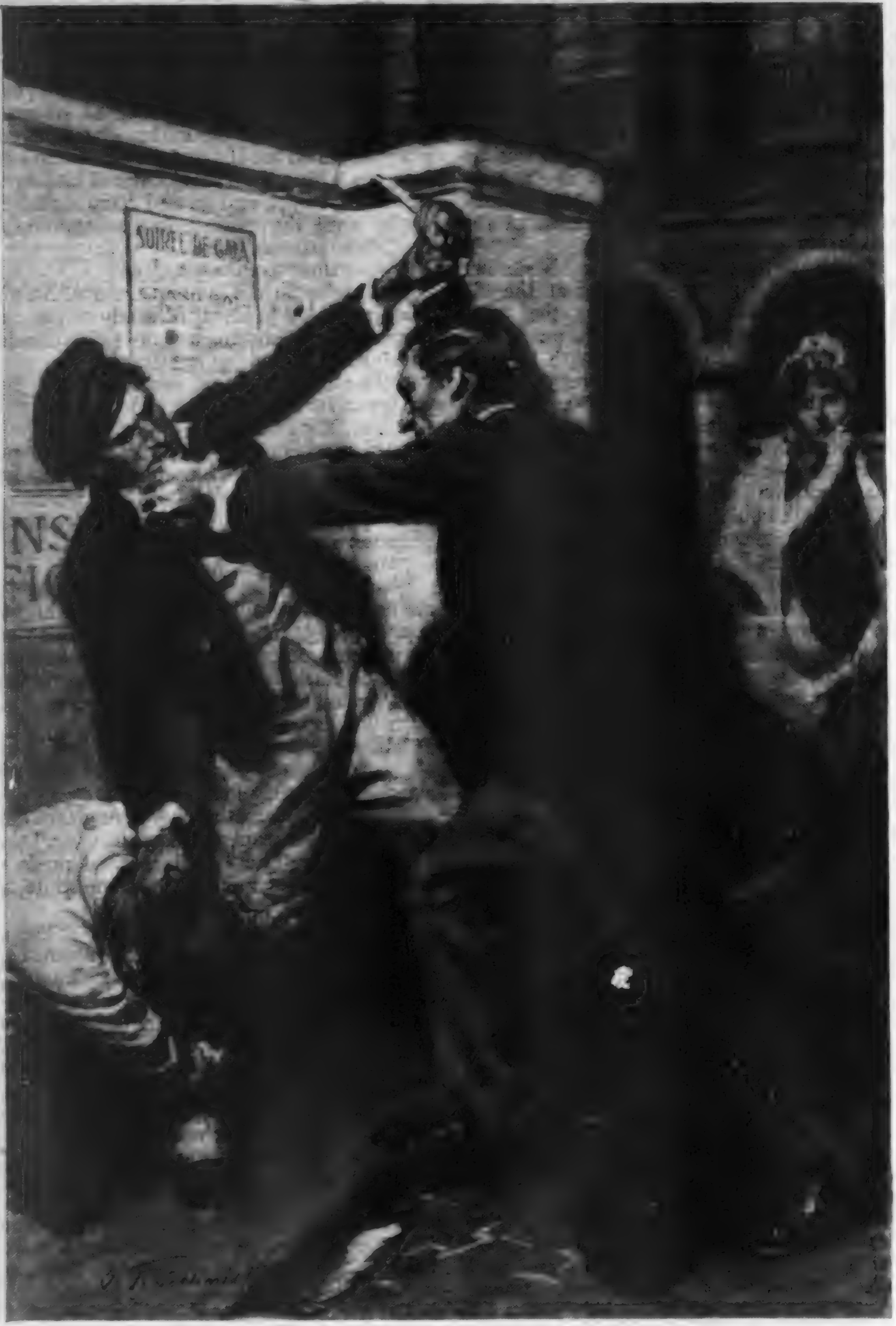
"He made you, truly!" said Zalli. "You are so beautiful; I believe it well." She reached and drew the fair form to a kneeling posture. "My sweet, white daughter!"

Now the tears were in the girl's eyes. "And could I be whiter than I am?" she asked.

"Oh, no, no! 'Tite Poulette," cried the other; "but if we were only *real white!*—both of us; so that some gentleman might come to me and say 'Madame John, I want your pretty little chick. She is so beautiful. I want to take her home. She is so good—I want her to be my wife.' Oh, my child, my child, to see that I would give my life—I would give my soul! Only you should take me along to be your servant. I walked behind two young men tonight; they were coming home from their office; presently they began to talk about you."

'Tite Poulette's eyes flashed fire.

"No, my child, they spoke only the best things. One laughed a little at times and kept saying 'Beware!' but the other—I prayed the Virgin to bless him, he spoke such kind and noble words. Such gentle pity; such a holy



"And *that* for me!" hissed a third, thrusting at him with something bright. "*That* for yesterday!" screamed the manager, bounding like a tiger. "That!" "That!" "Ha!"

heart! 'May God defend her,' he said, *cherie*, he said, 'May God defend her, for I see no help for her.' The other one laughed and left him. He stopped in the door right across the street. Ah my child, do you blush? Is that something to bring the rose to your cheek? Many fine gentlemen at the ball ask me often, 'How is your daughter, Madame John?' "

The daughter's face was thrown into the mother's lap, not so well satisfied, now, with God's handiwork. Ah, how she wept! Sob, sob, sob; gasps and sighs and stifled ejaculations, her small right hand clinched and beating on her mother's knee; and the mother weeping over her.

Kristian Koppig shut his window. Nothing but a generous heart and a Dutchman's phlegm could have done so at that moment. And even thou, Kristian Koppig!—for the window closed very slowly.

He wrote to his mother, thus:

"In this wicked city, I see none so fair as the poor girl who lives opposite me, and who, alas! though so fair, is one of those whom the taint of caste has cursed. She lives a lonely, innocent life in the midst of corruption, like the lilies I find here in the marshes, and I have a great pity for her. 'God defend her,' I said tonight to a fellow clerk, 'I see no help for her.' I know there is a natural, and I think proper, horror of mixed blood (excuse the mention, sweet mother), and I feel it, too; and yet if she were in Holland today, not one of a hundred suitors would detect the hidden blemish."

In such strain this young man wrote on trying to demonstrate the utter impossibility of his ever loving the lovable unfortunate, until the midnight tolling of the cathedral clock sent him to bed.

About the same hour Zalli and 'Tite Poulette were kissing good night.

"'Tite Poulette, I want you to promise me one thing."

"Well, Maman?"

"If any gentleman should ever love you and ask you to marry—not knowing, you know—promise me you will not tell him you are not white."

"It can never be," said 'Tite Poulette.

"But if it should," said Madame John pleadingly.

"And break the law?" asked 'Tite Poulette, impatiently.

"But the law is unjust," said the mother.

"But it is the law!"

"But you will not, dearie, will you?"

"I would surely tell him!" said the daughter.

When Zalli, for some cause, went next morning to the window, she started.

"'Tite Poulette!"—she called softly without moving. The daughter came. The young man, whose idea of propriety had actuated him to this display, was sitting in the dormer window, reading. Mother and daughter bent a steady gaze at each other. It meant in French, "If he saw us last night—!"

"Ah! dear," said the mother, her face beaming with fun—

"What can it be, Maman?"

"He speaks—oh, ha, ha!—he speaks—such miserable French!"

IT CAME to pass one morning at early dawn that Zalli and 'Tite Poulette, going to mass, passed a café, just as—who should be coming out but Monsieur, the manager of the *Salle de Condé*. He had not yet gone to bed. Monsieur was astonished. He had a Frenchman's eye for the beautiful, and certainly there the beautiful was. He had heard of Madame John's daughter, and had hoped once to see her, but did not; but could this be she?

They disappeared within the cathedral. A sudden pang of piety moved him; he followed. 'Tite Poulette was already kneeling in the aisle. Zalli, still in the vestibule, was just taking her hand from the font of holy water.

"Madame John," whispered the manager.

She courtesied.

"Madame John, that young lady—is she your daughter?"

"She—she—is my daughter," said Zalli, with somewhat of alarm in her face, which the manager misinterpreted.

"I think not, Madame John." He shook his head, smiling as one too wise to be fooled.

"Yes, Monsieur, she is my daughter."

"Oh, no, Madame John, it is only make-believe, I think."

"I swear she is, Monsieur de la Rue."

"Is that possible?" pretending to waver, but convinced in his heart of hearts, by Zalli's alarm, that she was lying. "But how? Why does she not come to our ballroom with you?"

Zalli, trying to get away from him, shrugged and smiled. "Each to his taste, Monsieur; it pleases her not."

She was escaping, but he followed one step more, "I shall come to see you, Madame John."

She whirled and attacked him with her eyes. "Monsieur must not give himself the trouble!" she said, the eyes at the same time adding, "Dare to come!" She turned again, and knelt to her devotions. The manager dipped in the font, crossed himself, and departed.

Several weeks went by, and Monsieur de la Rue had not accepted the fierce challenge of Madame John's eyes. One or two Sunday nights she had succeeded in avoiding him, though fulfilling her engagement in the *Salle;* but by and by pay day—a Saturday—came round, and though the pay was ready, she was loath to go up to Monsieur's little office.

It was an afternoon in May. Madame John came to her own room, and, with a sigh, sank into a chair. Her eyes were wet.

"Did you go to his office, dear mother?" asked 'Tite Poulette.

"I could not," she answered, dropping her face in her hands.

"Maman, he has seen me at the window!"

"While I was gone?" cried the mother.

"He passed on the other side of the street. He looked up purposely, and saw me." The speaker's cheeks were burning red.

Zalli wrung her hands.

"It is nothing, mother; do not go near him."

"But the pay, my child!"

"The pay matters not."

"But he will bring it here; he wants the chance."

That was the trouble, sure enough.

About this time Kristian Koppig lost his position in the German importing house where, he had fondly told his mother, he was indispensable.

"Summer was coming on," the senior said, "and you see our young men are almost idle. Yes, our engagement *was* for a year, but ah—we could not foresee"—etc., etc., "besides" (attempting a parting flattery), "your father is a rich gentleman, and you can afford to take the summer easy. If we can ever be of any service to you," etc., etc.

So the young Dutchman spent the afternoons at his dormer window reading and glancing down at the little casement opposite, where a small, rude shelf had lately been put out, holding a row of cigar boxes with wretched little botanical specimens in them trying to die. 'Tite Poulette was their gardener; and it was odd to see—dry weather or wet—how many waterings per day those plants could take. She never looked up from her task; but I know she performed it with that unacknowledged pleasure which all girls love and deny, that of being looked upon by noble eyes.

On this peculiar Saturday afternoon in May, Kristian Koppig had been witness of the distressful scene over the way. It occurred to 'Tite Poulette that such might be the case, and she stepped to the casement to shut it. As she did so, the marvelous delicacy of Kristian Koppig moved him to draw in one of his shutters. Both young heads came out at one moment, while at the same instant—

"Rap, rap, rap, rap, rap!" clanked the knocker on the wicket. The black eyes of the maiden and the blue over the way, from looking into each other for the first time in life, glanced down to the arched doorway upon Monsieur the manager. Then the black eyes disappeared within, and Kristian Koppig thought again, and reopening his shutter, stood up at the window prepared to become a bold spectator of what might follow.

But for a moment nothing followed.

"Trouble over there," thought the rosy Dutchman, and waited. The manager waited too, rubbing his hat and brushing his clothes with the tips of his kidded fingers.

"They do not wish to see him," slowly concluded the spectator.

"Rap, rap, rap, rap, rap!" quoth the knocker, and Monsieur de la Rue looked up around at the windows opposite and noticed the handsome young Dutchman looking at him.

"Dutch!" said the manager softly, between his teeth.

"He is staring at me," said Kristian Koppig to himself—"but then I am staring at him, which accounts for it."

A long pause, and then another long rapping.

"They want him to go away," thought Koppig.

"Knock hard!" suggested a street youngster, standing by.

"Rap, rap"— The manager had no sooner recommenced than several neighbors looked out of doors and windows.

"Very bad," thought our Dutchman; "somebody should make him go off. I wonder what they will do."

THE manager stepped into the street, looked up at the closed window, returned to the knocker, and stood with it in his hand.

"They are all gone out, Monsieur," said the street youngster.

"You lie!" said the cynosure of neighboring eyes.

"Ah!" thought Kristian Koppig; "I will go down and ask him"— Here his thoughts lost outline; he was only convinced that he had somewhat to say to him, and turned to go down-stairs. In going he became a little vexed with himself because he could not help hurrying. He noticed, too, that his arm holding the stair-rail trembled in a silly way, whereas he was perfectly calm. Precisely as he reached the street-door the manager raised the knocker; but the latch clicked and the wicket was drawn slightly ajar.

Inside could just be descried Madame John. The manager bowed, smiled, talked, talked on, held money in his hand, bowed, smiled, talked on, flourished the money, smiled, bowed, talked on and plainly persisted in some intention to which Madame John was steadfastly opposed.

The window above, too—it was Kristian Koppig who noticed that—opened a wee bit, like the shell of a terrapin. Presently the manager lifted his foot and put forward an arm, as though he would enter the gate by pushing, but as quick as gunpowder it clapped—in his face!

You could hear the fleeing feet of Zalli pounding up the staircase.

As the panting mother reentered her room, "See, Maman," said 'Tite Poulette, peeping at the window, "the young gentleman from over the way has crossed!"

"Holy Mary bless him!" said the mother.

"I will go over," thought Kristian Koppig, "and ask him kindly if he is not making a mistake."

"What are they doing, dear?" asked the mother, with clasped hands.

"They are talking; the young man is tranquil, but 'Sieur de la Rue is very angry," whispered the daughter; and just then—pang! came a sharp, keen sound rattling up the walls on either side of the narrow way, and "Aha!" and laughter and clapping of female hands from two or three windows.

"Oh! what a slap!" cried the girl, half in fright, half in glee, jerking herself back from the casement simultaneously with the report. But the "ahas" and laughter, and clapping of feminine hands, which still continued, came from another cause. 'Tite Poulette's rapid action had struck the slender cord that held up an end of her hanging garden, and the whole rank of cigar boxes slid from their place, turned gracefully over as they shot through the air, and emptied themselves plump upon the head of the slapped manager. Breathless, dirty, pale as whitewash, he gasped a threat to be heard from again, and, getting round the corner as quick as he could walk, left Kristian Koppig standing motionless, the most astonished man in that street.

"Kristian Koppig, Kristian Koppig," said Greatheart to himself, slowly dragging upstairs, "what a mischief you have done. One poor woman certainly to be robbed of her bitter wages, and another—so lovely!—put to the burning shame of being the subject of a street brawl! What will this silly neighborhood say?" 'Has the gentleman a heart as well as a hand?' 'Is it jealousy?' " Then he paused, afraid himself to answer the supposed query; and then—"Oh! Kristian Koppig, you have been such a dunce!" "And I cannot apologize to them. Who in this street would carry my note, and not wink and grin over it with low surmises? I cannot even make restitution. Money? They would not dare receive it. Oh! Kristian Koppig, why *did* you not mind your own business? Is she anything to you? Do you love her? *Of course not!* Oh!—such a dunce!"

The reader will eagerly admit that however faulty this young man's course of reasoning, his conclusion was correct. For mark what he did.

He went to his room, which was already growing dark, shut his window, lighted his big Dutch lamp, and sat down to write. "Something *must* be done," said he aloud, taking up his pen; "I will be calm and cool; I will be distant and brief; but—I shall have to be kind or I may offend. Ah! I shall have to write in French; I forgot that; I write it so poorly, dunce that I am, when all my brothers and sisters speak it so well." He got out his French dictionary. Two hours slipped by. He made a new pen, washed and refilled his inkstand, mended his "abominable!" chair, and after two hours more made another attempt, and another failure. "My head aches," said he, and lay down on his couch, the better to frame his phrases.

HE WAS awakened by the Sabbath sunlight. The bells of the Cathedral and the Ursulines' chapel were ringing for high mass, and a mocking-bird, perching on a chimney-top above Madame John's rooms, was carolling, whistling, mewing, chirping, screaming, and trilling with the ecstasy of a whole May in his throat. "Oh! sleepy Kristian Koppig," was the young man's first thought, "—such a dunce!"

Madame John and daughter did not go to mass. The morning wore away, and their casement remained closed. "They are offended," said Kristian Koppig, leaving the house, and wandering up to the little Protestant affair known as Christ Church.

"No, possibly they are not," he said, returning and finding the shutters thrown back.

By a sad accident, which mortified him extremely he happened to see, late in the afternoon,—hardly conscious that he was looking across the street—that Madame John was—dressing. Could it be that she was going to the *Salle de Condé?* He rushed to his table, and began to write.

He had guessed aright. The wages were too precious to be lost. The manager had written her a note. He begged to assure her that he was a gentleman of the clearest cut. If he had made a mistake the previous afternoon, he was glad no unfortunate result had followed except his having been assaulted by a ruffian; that the *Danse du Shawl* was promised in his advertisement, and he hoped Madame John (whose wages were in hand waiting for her) would not fail to assist as usual. Lastly, and delicately put, he expressed his conviction that Mademoiselle was wise and discreet in declining to entertain gentlemen at her home.

So, against much beseeching on the part of 'Tite Poulette, Madame John was going to the ballroom. "Maybe I can discover what 'Sieur de la Rue is planning against Monsieur over the way," she said, knowing certainly the slap would not be forgiven; and the daughter, though tremblingly, at once withdrew her objections.

The heavy young Dutchman, now thoroughly electrified, was writing like mad. He wrote and tore up, wrote and tore up, lighted his lamp, started again, and at last signed his name. A letter by a Dutchman in French!—what can be made of it in English? We will see:

MADAME AND MADEMOISELLE:

A stranger, seeking not to be acquainted, but seeing and admiring all days the goodness and high honor, begs to be pardoned of them for the mistakes, alas! of yesterday, and to make reparation and satisfaction in destroying the ornaments of the window, as well as the loss of compensation from Monsieur the manager, with the enclosed bill of the *Banque de la Louisiane*, for fifty dollars ($50). And, hoping they will seeing what he is meaning, remains, respectfully, KRISTIAN KOPPIG.

P.S.—Madame must not go to the ball.

He must bear the missive himself. He must speak in French. What should the words be? A moment of study—he has it, and is off down the long three-story stairway. At the same moment Madame John stepped from the wicket, and glided off to the *Salle de Condé*, a trifle late.

"I shall see Madame John, of course," thought the young man, crushing a hope, and rattled the knocker. 'Tite Poulette sprang up from praying for her mother's safety. "What has she forgotten?" she asked herself, and hastened down. The wicket opened. The two innocents were stunned.

"Aw—aw"—said the pretty Dutchman, "aw"—blurted out something in virgin Dutch . . . handed her the letter, and hurried down street.

"Alas! What have I done?" said the poor girl, bending over her candle, and bursting into tears that fell on the unopened letter. "And what shall I do? It may be wrong to open it—and worse not to." Like her sex, she took the benefit of the doubt, and intensified her perplexity and misery by reading and misconstruing the all but unintelligible contents. What then? Not only sobs and sighs, but moaning and beating of the little fists together, and outcries of soul-felt agony stifled against the bedside, and temples pressed into knitted palms, because of one who "sought *not to be* acquainted," but offered money—money!—in pity to a poor—shame on her for saying that!—a poor nigresse.

And now our self-confessed dolt turned back from a half-hour's walk, concluding there might be an answer to his note. "Surely Madame John will appear this time." He knocked. The shutter stirred above, and something white came fluttering wildly down like a shot dove. It was his own letter containing the fifty-dollar bill. He bounded to the wicket, and softly but eagerly knocked again.

"Go away," said a trembling voice from above.

"Madame John?" said he; but the window closed, and he heard a step, the same step on the stair. Step, step, every step one step deeper into his heart. 'Tite Poulette came to the closed door.

"What will you?" said the voice within.

"I—I—don't wish to see you. I wish to see Madame John."

"I must pray Monsieur to go away. My mother is at the *Salle de Condé*."

"At the ball!" Kristian Koppig strayed off, repeating the words for want of definite thought. All at once it occurred to him that at the ball he could make Madame John's acquaintance with impunity. "Was it courting sin to go?" By no means; he should, most likely, save a woman from trouble, and help the poor in their distress.

BEHOLD Kristian Koppig standing on the floor of the *Salle de Condé*. A large hall, a blaze of lamps, a bewildering flutter of fans and floating robes, strains of music, columns of gay promenaders, a long row of turbaned mothers lining either wall, gentlemen of the portlier sort filling the recesses of the windows, whirling waltzers gliding here and there—smiles and grace, smiles and grace; all fair, orderly, elegant, bewitching. A young Creole's laugh mayhap a little loud, and—truly there were many sword-canes. But neither grace nor foulness satisfied the eye of the zealous young Dutchman.

Suddenly a muffled woman passed him, leaning on a gentleman's arm. It looked like—it must be, Madame John. Speak quick, Kristian Koppig; do not stop to notice the man!

"Madame John"—bowing—"I am your neighbor, Kristian Koppig."

Madame John bows low, and smiles—a ballroom smile, but it is frightened, and her escort, the manager, drops her hand and slips away.

"Ah! Monsieur," she whispers excitedly, "you will be killed if you stay here a moment. Are you armed? No. Take this." She tried to slip a dirk into his hands, but he would not have it.

"Oh, my dear young man, go! Go quickly!" she pled, glancing furtively down the hall.

"I wish you not to dance," said the young man.

"I have danced already; I am going home. Come; be quick! we will go together." She thrust her arm through his, and they hastened into the street. When a square had been passed there came a sound of men running behind them.

"Run, Monsieur, run!" she cried, trying to drag him; but Monsieur Dutchman would not.

"*Run*, Monsieur! Oh, my God! it is 'Sieur"—

"*That* for yesterday!" cried the manager, striking fiercely with his cane. Kristian Koppig's fist rolled him in the dirt.

"*That* for 'Tite Poulette!" cried another man dealing the Dutchman a terrible blow from behind.

"And *that* for me!" hissed a third, thrusting at him with something bright.

"*That* for yesterday!" screamed the manager, bounding like a tiger. "That!" "That!" "Ha!"

Then Kristian Koppig knew that he was stabbed.

"That!" and "That!" and "That!" and the poor Dutchman struck wildly here and there, grasped the air, shut his eyes, staggered, reeled, fell, rose half up, fell again for good, and they were kicking him and jumping on him. All at once they scampered. Zalli had found the night-watch.

"Buz-z-z-z!" went a rattle. "Buz-z-z-z!" went another.

"Pick him up."

"Is he alive?"

"Can't tell; hold him steady; lead the way, missus."

"He's bleeding all over my breeches."

"This way—here—around this corner."

"This way now—only two squares more."

"Here we are."

"Rap-rap-rap!" on the old brass knocker. Curses on the narrow wicket, more on the dark archway, more on the twisting stairs.

Up at last into the room.

"Easy, easy, push this under his head; never mind his boots!"

So he lies—on 'Tite Poulette's own bed.

The watch are gone. They pause under the corner lamp to count profits—a single bill—*Banque de la Louisiane*, fifty dollars. Providence is kind—tolerably so. Break it at the "Guillaume Tell." "But did you ever hear any one scream like that girl did?"

And there lies the young Dutch neighbor. His money will not flutter back to him this time; nor will any voice behind a gate "beg Monsieur to go away." O, Woman!—that knows no enemy so terrible as man! Come nigh, poor woman, you have nothing to fear. Lay your strong, electric touch upon the chilly flesh; it strikes no eager mischief along the fainting veins. Look your sweet looks upon the grimy face, and tenderly lay back the locks from the congested brows; no wicked misinterpretation lurks to bute your kindness. Be motherly, be sisterly, fear nought. Go, watch him by night; you may sleep at his feet and he will not stir. Yet he lives, and shall live—may live to forget you, who knows? But for all that, be gentle and watchful; be womanlike, we ask no more; and God reward you!

Even while it was taking all the two women's strength to hold the door against Death, the sick man himself laid a grief upon them.

"Mother," he said to Madame John, quite a master of French in his delirium, "dear mother, fear not; trust your boy; fear nothing. I will not marry 'Tite Poulette; I cannot. She is fair, dear mother, but ah! she is not—don't you know, mother? Don't you know? The race! the race! Don't you know that she is jet black. Isn't it?"

The poor nurse nodded "Yes," and gave a sleeping draught; but before the patient quite slept he started once and stared.

"Take her away"—waving his hand—"take your beauty away. She is jet white. Who could take a jet white wife? Oh, no, no, no, no!"

Next morning his brain was right.

"Madame," he weakly whispered, "I was delirious last night?"

Zalli shrugged. "Only a very, very, wee, wee trifle of a bit."

"And did I say something wrong or—foolish?"

"Oh, no, no," she replied; "you only clasped your hands, so, and prayed, prayed all the time to the dear Virgin."

"To the Virgin?" asked the Dutchman, smiling incredulously.

"And St. Joseph—yes, indeed," she insisted; "you may strike me dead."

AND so, for politeness' sake, he tried to credit the invention, but grew suspicious instead.

Hard was the battle against death. Nurses are sometimes amazons, and such were these. Through the long, enervating summer, the contest lasted; but when at last cool airs of October came stealing in at the bedside like long-banished little children, Kristian Koppig rose upon his elbow and smiled them a welcome.

The physician, blessed man, was kind beyond measure; but said some inexplicable things, which Zalli tried in vain to make him speak in an undertone. "If I knew Monsieur John?" he said, "certainly! Why, we were chums at school. And he left you so much as that, Madame John? Ah! my old friend John, always noble! And you had it all in that naughty bank? Ah, well, Madame John, it matters little. No, I shall not tell 'Tite Poulette. Adieu."

And another time—"If I will let you tell me something? With pleasure, Madame John. No, and not tell anybody, Madame John. No, Madame, not even 'Tite Poulette. What?"—a long whistle—"is that pos-si-ble?—and Monsieur John knew it?—encouraged?—eh, well, eh, well!— But—can I believe you, Madame John? Oh! you have Monsieur John's sworn statement. Ah! very good, truly, but—you *say* you have it; but where is it? Ah! to-morrow!" a sceptical shrug. "Pardon me, Madame John, I think perhaps, *perhaps* you are telling the truth.

"If I think you did right? Certainly! What nature keeps back, accident sometimes gives, Madame John; either is God's will. Don't cry. 'Stealing from the dead?' No! It was giving, yes! They are thanking you in heaven, Madame John."

Kristian Koppig, lying awake, but motionless and with closed eyes, hears in part, and, fancying he understands, rejoices with silent intensity. When the doctor is gone he calls Zalli.

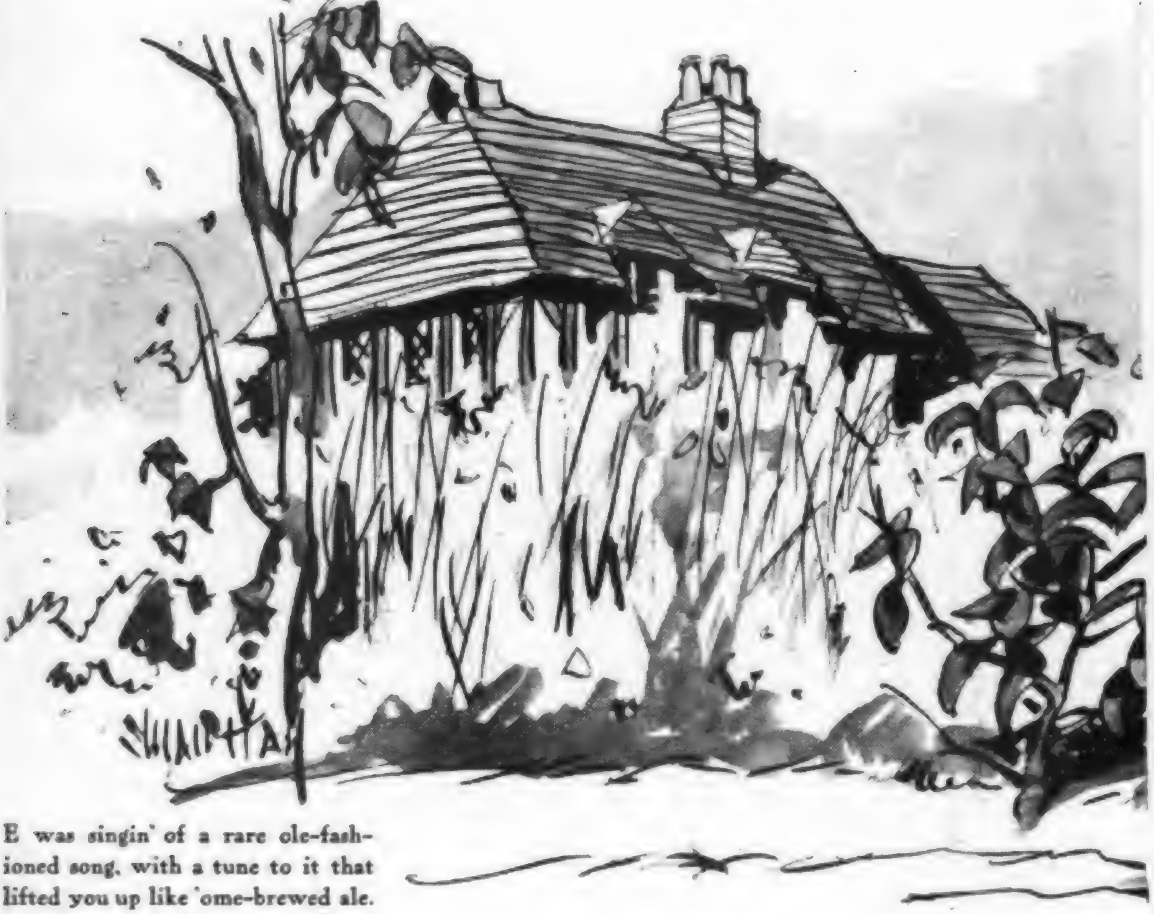
"I give you a great deal of trouble, eh, Madame John?"

"No, no; you are no trouble at all. Had you the yellow fever—ah! then!"

She rolled her eyes to signify the superlative character of the tribulations attending yellow fever.

[*Continued on page 166*]

The Broomfield Squire



E was singin' of a rare ole-fashioned song, with a tune to it that lifted you up like 'ome-brewed ale.

(Reprinted. See announcement on page 112.)

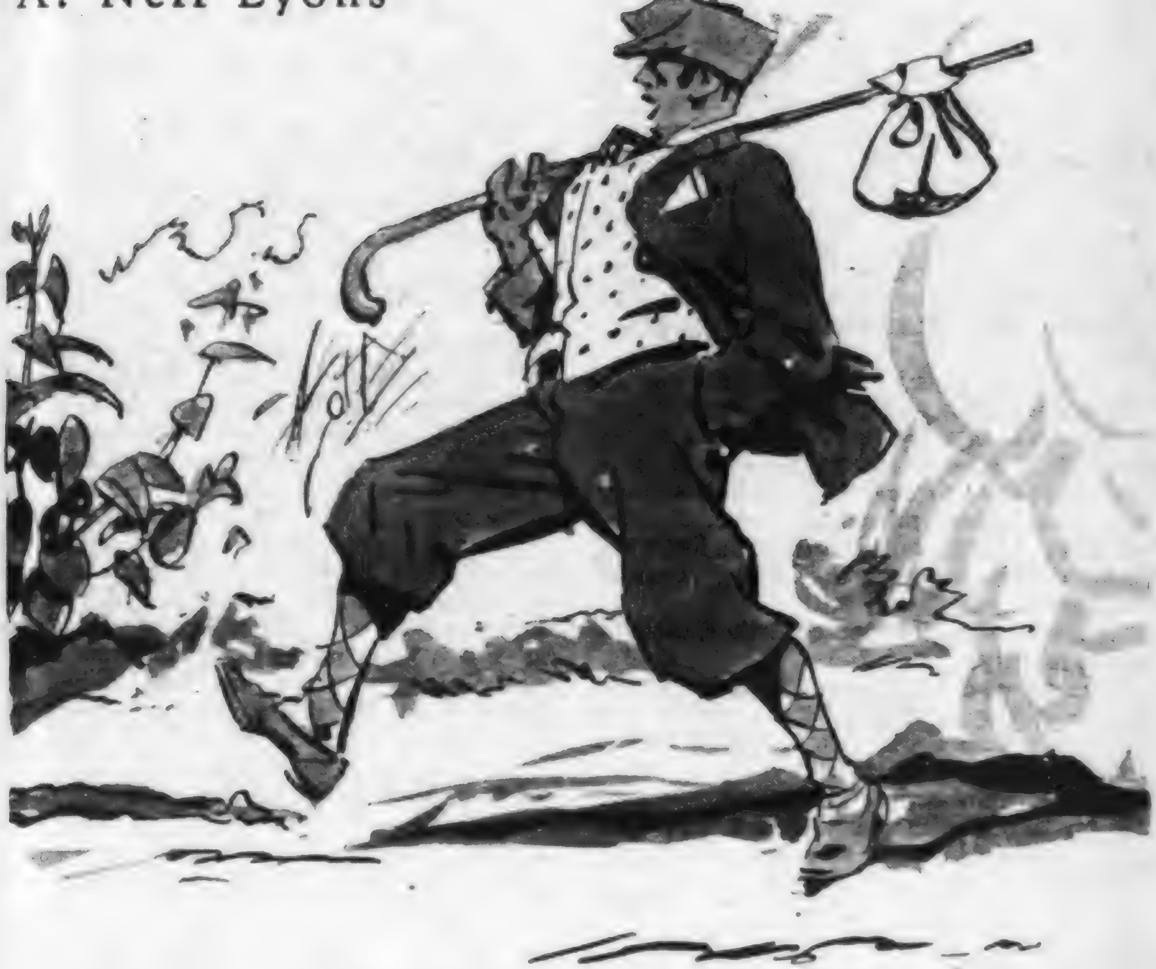
IT WAS on the occasion of our being entertained to coffee by one "Jerry the Twister" that Miss Primrose Hopper first definitely exhibited herself in the light of a sentimentalist. Jerry the Twister had been fortunate enough to make the acquaintance of a "college gentleman," cast drunk and derelict upon the high seas of the night.

"So it's corfee fur everybody," Jerry the Twister had explained upon his arrival at Arthur's stall. "Give me a quid, 'e did, as a start-off, an' then blighted well *fought* me fur it, the blighter. 'Where am I?' says 'e. 'Kennington Road,' says I. 'Lead me to the Strand,' says 'e. It was a 'lead,' I give you *my* word. 'E *was* a 'ot un. Climbed down nigh every airey we passed; stole the milk-cans, an' tied 'em up to the knockers. Pinched a rozzer in the leg, give 'im a visitin' card, an' stole his whistle. Put 'is dooks up to a fireman, tossed 'im fur 'is chopper, an' kissed 'is wife. Run fur his very life into Covint Garden Market (me after 'im), bought a cabbidge, took it into a resterong where all the nobs was dinin', sends fur the boss, an' ses, 'Cully, cook this for my dinner.' Boss say, 'You be damned.' Collidge genelman takes off 'is 'at. 'I call upon you in the name of King Edward,' says 'e, 'to cook this cabbidge. It is the law.' 'I'll be shot if I do,' says the boss. 'You'll be endorsed if you don't,' says the toff. 'Give it 'ere,' says the boss; 'I'll cook it.' Cabbidge comes up on a silver dish: charge, two thick 'uns. Genelman pays the money, an' breaks a glass: charge ten shillings. 'Grand lark,' says the toff. 'I seen cheaper,' says I. 'Put 'em up,' says the toff. 'Where's yer money?' says I. ''Ere's a quid,' 'e says; an' afore I can start on 'im up comes a swaddy in a red cap. 'Give you a bob for that 'at!' shouts the toff. ''Old 'ard,' I tells 'im. 'That's a policeman—military policeman. Don't you

A chapter from a picturesque coffee stall in the heart of Cockney London

By
A. Neil Lyons

Illustrated by
Stuart Hay



’ave no larks wiv ’im.’ ‘Rats to you!’ ’e says. ‘I’ll ’ave that to make a wescoat of,’ says ’e. An’ ’e up an’ snatches it.

“*Then* the trouble began. ’Im an’ the swaddy an’ two constables an’ a cab-tout they was mixed up proper for nigh on ten minutes. Put ’em up grand, ’e did—the toff, I mean. An’ they squashed ’is ’at, an’ tore ’is westcoat, an’ the cab-tout bit ’is ’and. An’ ’e broke a window, an’ lost ’is watch, an’ they frog’s-marched ’m off to Vine Street. ‘ ’Ere’s a lark!’ says ’e, when they started.”

“There’s no understandin’ these toffs,” stated Arthur. “More like wild animals than ’uman bein’s.”

“They ain’t so bad when you know ’em,” asserted the *raconteur*. “Got their failin’s, same’s us; but there’s a lot of exaggeration goes on about their ’abits. This one chucked me another thick ’un—‘fur services rendered’—when we got to Vine Street. That made three in all. I followed up to give evidence about the soldier beginnin’ the quarrel.”

The heart of Arthur remained untouched even by this evidence of generosity in a despised race. “You can ’ave your toffs for me,” he proclaimed. “I don’t like to know ’em, an’ I don’t like to ’ear about ’em. They ain’t ‘class’.”

(“I prefer not to read about the common people,” says my excellent Aunt Elizabeth.)

Jerry the Twister patted Arthur encouraging upon the arm. “What you want is a touch o’ sympathy, m’ lad. We’re all ’uman bein’s alike, ain't we? What if yere toff *does* go a bit free when the drink is in 'im? Go' bless my soul, 'tain't 'sif *we* set 'em such a perishin' good example."

"All I can say," responded Arthur, in tones of finality, "is that we didn't 'old with sich notions in *my* young days." Wherein I seemed to catch a further echo of my excellent Aunt Elizabeth.

It was at this point that Miss Hopper edged into the controversy. She and Mrs. Walpole, née Kitty, were come for the purpose of bringing early breakfast to Mr. Walpole. Miss Hopper had been duly taken into the service controlled by Mr. Honeybunn's guv'nor. She bore every appearance of thriving on it. Her apron and her kerchief were white; her cheek was faintly crimson. She looked altogether less hungry. If it were not for the expression in her eyes, which appeared to be looking, looking and yearning, as if for some half-shape in the darkness, you might have called her happy. Very old people have that look and some very young ones.

"What Jerry says is *right*," she informed us. "There's a lot too much despisery goin' about in this world. 'Keep to your class' is a very good rule, but you can go too fur with it. I've known one or two rare good 'earted toffs in my time—not women, mind you; parcel o' overfed 'ussies, I call them. But there's a lotter the reg'lar right sort among the blokes. I speak from experience."

"Sorry to 'ear it," remarked Arthur, with intent to mortify.

"You got no call to be *sorry*," answered Miss Hopper quietly. "These blokes didn't get their ideas from a coffee-stall. They took a girl's honesty fur granted."

" 'Ave a cup o' corfee," cried Arthur hastily. "Go on 'ave it with me, there's a good girl. I always was a bit 'asty tongued. Don't you mind *me*."

"I ain't minding you, ole Arthur," Miss Hopper replied. "Think I don't know the difference between temper an' spite? I can talk a bit crisp meself sometimes."

Arthur shyly patted her hand. "Pals again?" he inquired.

"Pals again, now," answered the girl. "Kiss you Christmas."

"Beaky—chalk that up!" Arthur shouted. "And now," he added, "we will 'ear about these good kind toffs o' yourn. Leave out the parsons."

"There ain't no parsons on my list," responded Miss Hopper. "Not enough salt in parson, unless—oh! well, if you count *'im* a parson! There *was* a young 'oly man in a clay pipe I got quite chummy with near Dorking. Rare lad 'e was. Lit 'is pipe with a tract, 'e did, an' gimme *Scraps* to read an' 'Robinson Crusoe.' 'Do you know your colics?' 'e asks me.

" 'Do I 'arf?' says I. 'The surest lay goin',' I says, 'fur gettin' cold beef outer the rectories.'

" 'Blessed are the pure in 'eart,' 'e says. 'You come through Ambleworth?' says 'e. 'What did they give you at the rectory there?'

" 'They give me,' says I, 'they give me a sort of a picture book,' I says, 'with Daniel in it, an' the lamb, an' the seventh little 'orn.'

" ' "The Good Shepherd watcheth over 'Is flock" wrote outside it?' 'e asks.

" 'The same,' says I.

" 'That's right,' 'e says. 'What would you do with tuppence?'

" 'Pennorth o'tea, 'a'porth o' sugar, 'a'porth o' lard,' I says.

" 'That'll do,' says 'e. 'And over the book. I'm buyin' 'em all in,' 'e says ('to the glory o' God'), 'an' sellin' 'em back (at a 'andsome profit to my blanket fund).'

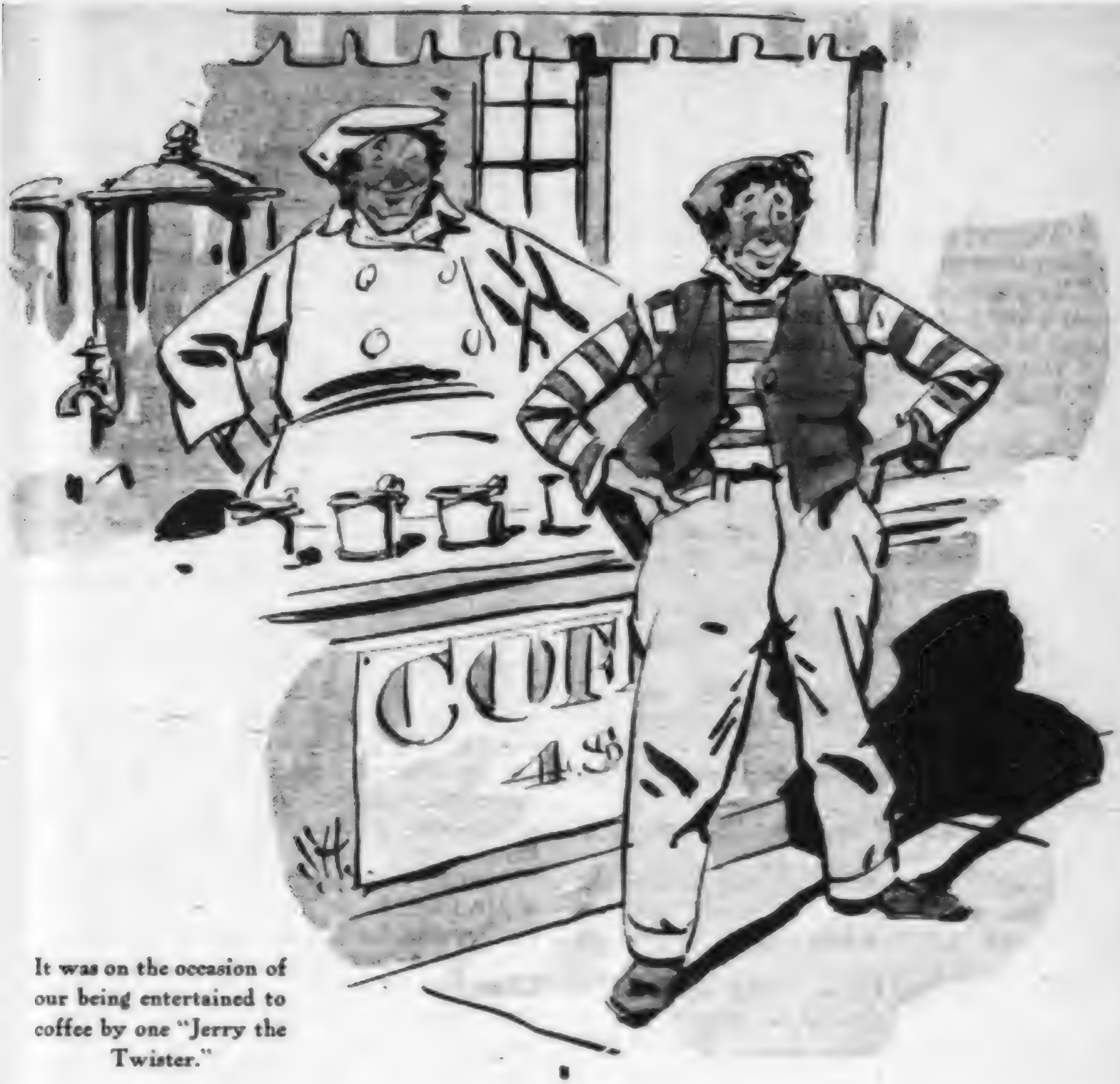
"That's the sort o' bloke 'e was. Full of spirits, full o' sense, an' bung up with ginger. You can't count *'im* a parson.

"BUT what I reelly set out to tell you about was somebody different. My Broomfield squire I allus call 'im, after the bloke in the song. On'y a lad 'e was—not more'n seventeen. Fine eyes, an' a gal's laugh, an' a 'get-out-an'-walk' sorter way with 'im. If it 'adn't 'a' bin fur 'is money an' my Boy, we might be keepin' company be now. 'Ow'd I go, changin' 'ats with a Cabinet Minister? That's what 'e is, cos that's what 'e said 'e is gointer be. My boy'd only been gone a month or two at that time. An' I was more merry-like than I am now. . . . Tole you about my Boy, didn't I? Started from Bewnezerry a year ago come Michaelmas. When 'is ship reaches England I'm to meet 'im at the docks, an' there'll be a weddin'. Reckon it's gettin' close up now. Twelve months is a good long time fur a ship to take—even from Bewnezerry.

"But goin' back to the lad. 'E was a rare toff, an' I met 'im first with the caravan. 'Im an' a lot of 'is schoolmates come to the fair, see, an' they didn't 'arf shake things up. Bought up the 'ole cokernut outfit as a start, an' give free shies to every gal as'd kiss 'em. Country gals, mind you! Cold mutton must 'a' bin excitin' to it. I *'ate* country gals.

"They did a rare trade, those lads. Wasn't them fat 'ussies 'arf on it, that's all. You ain't gotter orfer cokernuts to git kisses outer dairymaids an' that, I give you *my* word. They got enough to say about us cockneys. J'alousy, of course. I *'ate* j'alousy. 'Talk about London bred, underfed,' I says to 'em. '*We* ain't got no call to guzzle ourselves purple. We got a bit o' shape be nature. *Our* plumpness is in the right place.'

"But I set out to tell you about my Broomfield squire. Well, we—'im an' me—we made friends at the fair because I talked over the Fat Woman's 'usband. In a rare state 'e was;



It was on the occasion of our being entertained to coffee by one "Jerry the Twister."

wanted the lad to give 'im two sovereigns fur insultin' 'is wife. This Fat Woman (she was a bloomin' skeleton be the side o' some o' them dairy-maids) she put a kinder spell over my young toff. 'E paid to look at 'er three times; an' at last 'e couldn't 'old in 'is curiosity no longer, so 'e took a scarf-pin out of 'is tie an' shoved it in 'er leg jest to satisfy 'is curiosity. 'E was soon satisfied all right. She up an' 'ollered that painful you could 'ear it over be the cokernuts; an' me young dook come runnin' out with the scarf-pin in 'is 'and, and the Fat Woman's 'usband came after with a linch-pin in 'is 'and. There looked like bein' trouble, I can tell you, until I went up and smoothed it over. I smoothed it over be 'oldin' on to the Fat Woman's 'usban's leg until the toff boy 'ad got away. 'You're a brick!' 'e 'ollers back.

"That was the last I saw of 'im then, an' I never expected to see 'im again. 'E didn't come back to the fair any more, an' two days afterward the caravan shifted. An' about a month after *that* Beaky an' me we did our bunk.

"When we'd been trampin' it about two months, Mr. Beaky gets ill. Cramp in both 'is legs an' a tired feeling all over 'im. Obstinacy, *I* called it; 'e said rheumatic fever. The doctors believed 'im, an' so I left 'im in Bedford Infirmary, an' pushed along on me own—made a kinder circle of it, so's to be back in Bedford about the time 'e was due out.

"About a week arter I started the summer left off freezin' fur a bit, an' we got a spell o' sun. An' I found a job at ironing in a farm-'ouse. I got a night's lodgin' in the 'ayloft, an' come away next mornin' with two bob in me stockin' an' as much cold toke as I could bloomin' well lift. So there was yer 'umble settin' under a May bush eatin' cold carrot an' dumplin', an' weavin' a green-grass basket as contented as the queen.

"Suddenly I sees a likely young bloke come swingin' up the road. An', barrin' the pipe an' the spotty weskit, an' 'im 'avin' no whiskers an scarlet bedgown an' that, you might 'ave took 'im fur a pilgrim out of a church window when the sun's on it. 'E 'ad 'is stick over 'is shoulder, an' a parcel at the end of it. An' 'e was singin' of a rare ole-fashioned song, with a tune to it that lifted you up like 'ome-brewed ale.

"He'd got as far as the end afore he sees me. 'E raises 'is 'at, quite correct, an' as solemn as be damned.

" 'Madame,' says 'e, 'I give you good-day.'

" 'Mornin', cully,' says I, an' I see it was my toff boy from the fair.

" 'I seem to remember your ladyship's smile,' 'e says, 'but I can't set a name to it. You don't 'appen to be a popular actress, I suppose?'

" 'Not to-day,' says I.

" 'Um!' says 'e. 'I wonder—does your *roof* leak?'

"I looks up at the sky, like a blue silk tent stretched good an' tight. 'Not much,' I says.

" 'Um!' says 'e. 'Is your floor silting?'

"I looks up the road, shinin' an' curlin' there look a noo white windin'-sheet. 'Floor's all right,' I tells 'im.

" 'Um!' says 'e. 'What about your walls?'

"I sniffs at the May-blossom. 'Walls are a treat,' I says.

" 'Roof all right, floors all right, walls all right,' says 'e to 'imself. Then—'Rent low enough?'

"I takes a sniff at everything, an' nods me 'ead.

" 'That settles it,' says 'e. 'No tenant o' *mine.*'

" 'E stood there whistlin', an' kickin' the road, an' smokin'. 'Pretty weeds you got there,' says 'e, after a bit. 'What do you call 'em?'

" 'Fools' parsley,' I says. ' 'Ave a bunch?'

" 'E grins. 'Do I deserve to wear it?' says 'e.

" 'Ask the fat woman o' Rugby Fair,' I tells 'im.

"*Then* 'e tumbled. 'E—"

IN THE face of an exceedingly menacing reception, Kitty obtruded herself. "You can tell us what 'appened next tomorrow night," said she. "Time for a spinster girl to be in bed."

She seized Miss Hopper by the middle, and whisked her off, and left us darkling.

Quite a little regiment of Miss Hopper's admirers collected next evening, and the efforts of these gentlemen to stifle their curiosity by means of Swiss roll proved highly profitable to Arthur. When Miss Hopper, with whom was Mrs. Walpole and Mrs. Walpole's husband's dinner, did presently arrive, she found herself the object of homage.

"Here is corfee," stated Arthur "an' here is sardine sandwiches, and here is butter cakes. There is a 'Wild Dream' cigaret to foller. When you have partaken, we are all ready to 'ear the rest of this precious little love affair o' yourn."

Miss Hopper blushed. "Go on with you," said she. "Love affair, indeed! 'Oo ever 'eard of a love affair at breakfast time? An' in the open road! Good job my Boy don't 'ear you 'E's on 'is way 'ome from Bewnezerry, an' don't you forgit it! A year an' three months next Boxing Day since 'e sailed, so you can't expect a lump in the mouth from 'im almost any night now. Don't say I never warned you."

"I'll go armed," replied Arthur. "Now you get along with that toke, an' fetch a start on the story. Nigh bu'stin' our braces with curiosity, we are!"

" 'Ad enough, thank you," responded Miss Hopper, as she pushed plate and cup away from her. "You must 'a' got your notions of a lady's appetite from the Jew girls on a Saturday night. Nobody can call me *dainty*—cold cabbage outer the dust-bins is a great thing fur makin' you broadminded about food—but three slabs o' Swiss roll, six butter cakes, and a cup o' your coffee would puzzle a policeman, let alone a young gal like me."

"Get on with the story, then," reiterated Arthur, who has long since left off wincing at reflections on his larder.

"I don't know," said Miss Hopper, "as there's reelly so very much to get on with. 'Im an' me—the toff boy, I mean—'im an' me, we 'ad a talk together. An' we 'ad dinner in the coffee-room of the ''Ampton Arms,' an' the landlady got cross-eyed with shock, an' *she* said, 'Oh, mercy! oh, mercy!' Oo would 'a' thought it of Mr. Frank? An' 'im not yet turned twenty!' So they sent for 'is garjian, an' 'is garjian come round on a 'orse what was not big enough to kerry, let alone ride, an' the Broomfield squire threw a loaf of bread an' 'it is garjian in the stomick an'—"

" 'Old 'ard," interpolated Arthur. "Seems to me there's more to tell on than you laid on to think. Start fair: begin from the beginnin'. Tell us what the young bloke said when you reminded 'im of the Fat Woman, an' 'e remembered 'oo you was? You got as fur as 'im jumpin', an' then you left off. What did 'e say?"

" 'E says, 'Well, I'll be damned!' 'e says.

" 'Nice language for a gentleman,' says I. 'Do you always talk to young women like that?"

" 'E rises 'is 'at very 'andsome. 'Slip o' the tongue,' says 'e; 'my feelin's overcome me. Will you give me some o' your breakfast?'

" 'If cold carrots an' plain duff won't spoil your complexion,' says I, 'you can share, an' welcome. Will you 'ave it in bits, or do you prefer to gnaw?'

" 'Why,' says 'e, 'I'll 'ave it the way *you* 'ave it. *May* I come into the bood*wyer?*'

" 'If it's the *ditch* you mean,' I answered 'im, 'it's public property.' So 'e come in alongside o' me. 'There is no need for you to sit so close,' says I, very severe; 'there's plenty o' room between me an' Bedford.'

" 'E jumps away as 'umble as you like. 'I reelly beg your pardon,' says 'e risin' 'is 'at ag'in. 'It's the fault o' this May bush, you see. You *got* to sit close under a little May bush like this.'

" 'That's true,' says I, an' 'e come close ag'in. I couldn't be selfish about the May bush, could I? There wasn't another one fur fifty yards.

" 'E slipped the little parcel off'n the end o' 'is stick, an' opened it. There was a bottle inside, and some sandwiches. It was a pretty bottle, with a gold paper nob to it. 'Now,' says 'e, 'we're goin' to do a deal. You 'and some of that round shot there, an' I'll give you my sandwiches.' Then he opened the bottle, an' it went off pop into my eye. 'Pretty eyes,' says 'e, when 'e put 'is 'andkerchief back into 'is pocket.

"Them sandwiches was not 'arf so dusty. There was all kinds. Some 'ad got pink stuff inside 'em like tin salmon without the juice, an' not so meaty. An' some 'ad got red stuff that smelt like bloater-paste an' tasted different. An' there was eggs in some others—chopped fine, with bits o' parsley, like you get in stoo'd eels. An' the bread was that thin it felt like eatin' a echo.

"The toff boy poured some yeller stuff outer the bottle into a little cup that 'e carried squashed upin 'is pocket. 'E gave me a cupful, an' I thought it middlin' ginger beer with a dash more ginger an' not quite so fillin'. Then the toff boy went back to 'is duff, while I eat the last o' the sandwiches. 'E worried away, pertendin' to like it for well on five minutes. Then 'e give in. 'I ain't had the practice,' says 'e. 'If you carried a coal 'ammer, or a gimlet even, we might separate it. As it is, I ham powerless.'

" 'It's a matter o' teeth,' says I. 'What you want is teeth like mine.'

" 'Let's look at your teeth,' says 'e. 'Anything else?' says I, and tried to look cross; but he sat so comic there with a lump o' duff in one 'and an' a carrot in the other, an' 'is 'air all rumpled, that I started laughin'. So 'e bent forward and patted my cheek with the carrot, an' 'ad a look at the teeth, after all.

" 'Pretty teeth,' says 'e. Of course I fetched 'im a clout o' the 'ead. Then 'e jumps up laughin' an' 'olds out 'is 'and for to 'elp me up, as polite an' solemn as if I was a don't-touch-me-or-I'll-fall-to-pieces lady out of a picture book.

"When I was on me feet 'e stretched out an' took 'old o' my bundle o' cold vittles, what was done up in a old red 'ankercher, with Beaky's braces round it.

" 'We take the road together, fair lady,' says 'e. An' 'e went up to the 'edge, an' started 'ackin' of it about it with 'is knife.

" 'You'll look silly, me lad,' says I, 'if anybody cops you at *that* game.'

" 'What game?' says 'e. 'I'm cuttin' out a blackthorn staff to walk with *all*,' 'e says in 'is funny talk. 'I'm lending *you* my stick.'

" 'Much better cut your 'ook,' I tells 'im; 'the owner of that 'edge 'll give you staffs to walk with if 'e 'appened to spot you.'

" 'The owner of this 'edge,' says 'e, with a grin, 'is meself.'

" 'Ho!' says I, not believin' 'im. 'Perhaps the field belongs to you, too?'

" 'Yes,' says 'e.

" 'And the road?' I arsks him.

" 'Yes,' says 'e.

" 'I like your sauce,' says I. 'I like yours,' says 'e; an' we walked on arm in arm, like Tommy Brooks and Bessy Snooks in the rhyme.

" ' 'Ow long's all these woods an' fields an' skyes an' flowers an' things belonged to you?' I arsks him.

" 'Since I was about two,' says he.

" 'Get 'em for a birthday present?' I says.

" 'You can call it that—a birthday present from a Zulu. 'E stuck my father in the neck.'

"I didn't know whether to believe 'im or not, so I says, 'Tip us your moniker.'

" 'With pleasure,' says 'e, 'if you'll tell me what my moniker 'appens to be.'

" 'Your *name*, stoopid,' says I. 'Where *was* you brought up?'

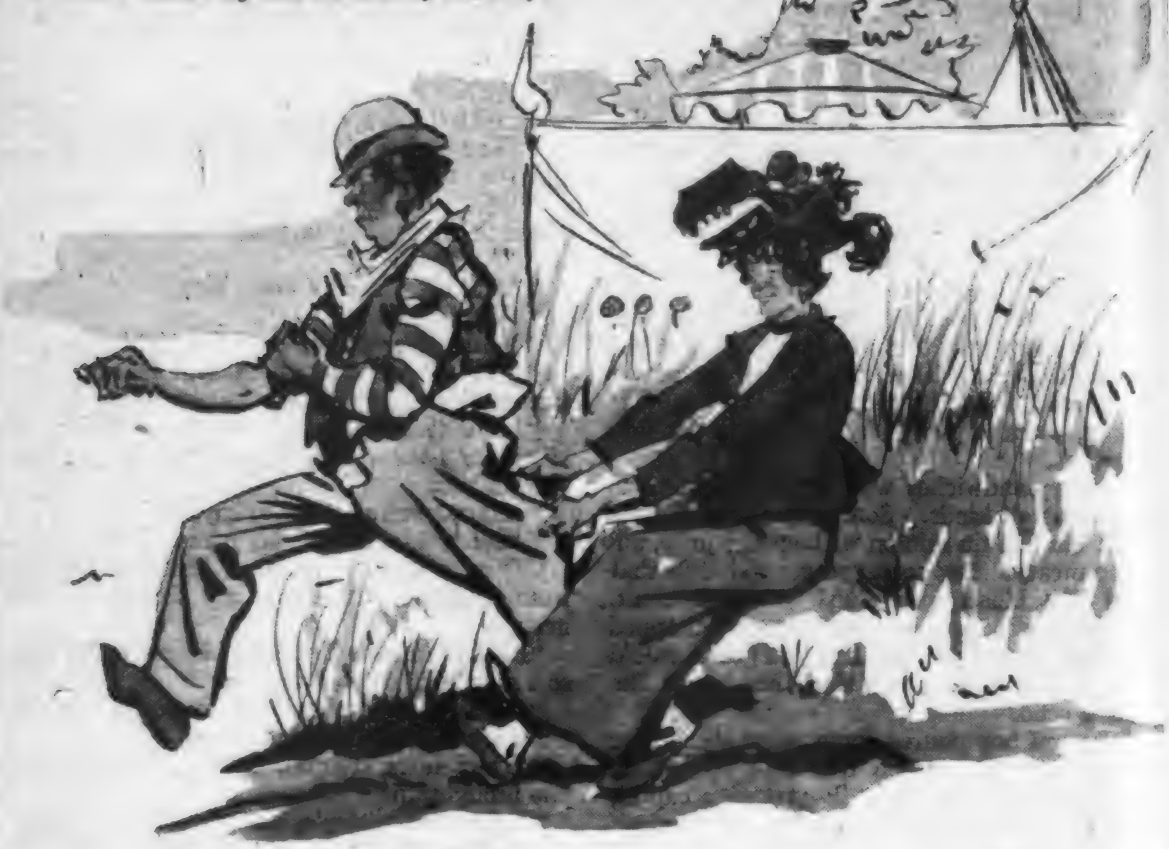
" 'My name,' says 'e, sorter puttin' a 'ead on 'isself, 'is John Richard Wilberforce Travers, Taylor Travers-Taylor, Travers 'All, Under Petterling, Beds.'

" 'Put a penny stamp on it,' says I, ' 'an God will p'r'aps forgive you.'

SO WE walked along as chuff as two pals on a bend. It *was* a rare fine mornin' an' no mistake. Jest enough wind to lift your feet an' the sun playin' 'ide-an'-seek with everything. The pinky May was pinker nor ever I seen it, an' the white May whiter. An' you couldn't see the 'edge-bank for wild flowers an' that. Fair made you dance along, it did—what wi' the singin' an' all. We sang the 'Song o' the Jolly Beggars.' Nice voice my toff boy 'ad, an' a comic way with 'is staff.

Of all the occupations
  A beggar's kufe's the best,
For whene'er he's weary
  'E lays 'im down to rest,
All in a 'ollow tree
  'E lives and pays no rent,
Providence provides for 'im,
  An' 'e is well content.
So a-begging we will go, will go, will go, will go,
  will go, will go,
An' so a-begging we will go,
  A-begging we *will* go.

"That's what we sung, at the top of our voices, an' not so much as the shadow of a copper to come an' interrupt. Even the birds



I smoothed it over be 'oldin' on to the Fat Woman's 'usban's leg until the toff boy ran away.

didn't seem to mind. Chipped in, some of 'em did. An' a cheeky young weasel come bounce into the shiny part o' the road, and made a long nose at us with 'is paw.

" 'You must be very rich,' says I to my toff boy. 'You must be very rich, with all this grass, an' wheat, an' road, an' stuff.'

" 'Fifteen thousand a year my income is,' says 'e.

" 'You're the lad I bin wantin' to walk out with for years,' I tells 'im. 'What do you do with most of it?'

" 'Entertain the free-born Saxon,' says 'e—that was 'is word—'free-born Saxon.' 'There's not much over when the free-born Saxon's finished, I can promise you.' 'E stopped, and pulled me up to a bit o' the 'edge where there wasn't any. 'Look through there,' says 'e.

"I looked, an' there was a nobby ole 'ouse, with a red roof, an' pointy ends, an' little comic drarf-board windows, like you see in the country. Smilin' an' twinklin' all over it was, an' the windows seemed to be winkin' at us.

" 'That's my 'ouse,' says the toff boy. 'It's got a oak 'all five 'underd year old inside it, an' the free-born Saxon walks round every Saturday an' Monday, an' cuts 'is name in the oak with a jack-knife. An' 'e leaves ginger-beer bottles in all the flower-beds, an' gets sick in the picture-gallery. Twelve thousand a year that 'ouse costs me, an' I couldn't sell it if I wanted to. Starve first, any'ow. But you can see what I do with "most of it." '

" 'Why do you let 'em do it?' says I, '—the jack-knives, I mean, an' bein' sick, an' that.'

" 'Because I'm a landlord,' says 'e, 'livin' on the seat o' the brow o' the free-born Saxon, an' this is the only way 'e knows o' gettin' 'is own back.'

" 'It's a damn silly way,' I says.

"Then we started on again, an' 'e told me stories. Grand stories they was, about knights, an' dragons, an' 'ussies, an' that. There was a bloke called Sir Tristam, an' a lady named Isalt. Rare spoony couple they was, an' not 'arf up to the moves, neether. An' there was another knight, be name of Lancelot, an' a down-'earted young thing called Elane.

" 'Takin' it all round,' says I, 'there seems to have been some catch in bein' a wench in them days!'

" 'Depends,' says 'e. 'Some wenches in them days could tell you different. Girls—poor girls—was likely to be carried off from their cottage doors be any gentlemen in a tin weskit that 'appened to like their figure. 'Ow would *you* like a great big 'orse soldier, all iron-mongery and whiskers, to come galloping up, an' snatch you up from the 'igh road, an' take you 'ome on 'is saddle-bow without so much as a "Thank you"?'

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Art Lamp Shades Did It

TO JOY HICKS LAWRENCE a lamp is a symbol of hope, success, independence.

The first lamp shade she made represented the high courage of need. Lacking the skill of the trained worker, she struggled with the wire frame and silk covering for days, until she had made a presentable sample.

She took it to a Fifth Avenue decorator of homes. "I don't know how in the world you made it, but it looks all right," said this decorator, and gave her an order to copy a model the decorator needed duplicated. This she made and it was accepted.

Then, going to another decorator, her sample was pronounced "impossible," though admired as a bit of good workmanship so far as the eye went. Here, too, she was given an order and helped to secure a girl skilled in this work.

Other orders slowly followed, but enough to make the employment of two other girls necessary. This meant the outlay of all the money she had left in the world. She took the chance. This was the turning point in the business. Just then, a third decorator, setting up on Fifth Avenue, agreed to take a half dozen shades of different sizes and designs on consignment. These brought in more orders, until finally they have come by the hundreds.

The business struggle of Mrs. Lawrence is not that of the super-woman, just of one who had to make a living and did. "A well is not to be filled with dew." Mrs. Lawrence had heard this Old World proverb in her days of wealth, and came to understand it through poverty. She was handicapped in her wrestle with poverty because she was born to fortune. She belongs to the Hicks and Roundtree families of North Carolina. Her grandfather and father were prominent members of the New York Cotton Exchange. She graduated from Vassar in 1907, spent a wonderful, entrancing year in Vienna, studying music and singing, enjoyed an intimacy with the art and social life of that gay city in its imperial prime. Then home, marriage to a New York lawyer, the birth of a son, her husband's death, then the death of her mother, her father's consequent breakdown, heavy financial losses—these were the elements of her crisis.

Her husband died in June, 1919. She went to work that September in a New York department store, at $20 a week, selling goods over the counter. Later she was transferred to antiques. One day an Italian and his wife came to her department and asked to be shown certain articles. They appeared interested in her sales methods, her polite and gracious manner, and later proposed she take charge of an antique gallery about to be opened. Mrs. Lawrence objected she had no business experience. Nevertheless she was offered, and accepted, a year's contract at $50 a week. The venture closed during the slump of 1920.

When hard times deprived Mrs. Joy Hicks Lawrence of her job an experimental lamp shade lighted her way to financial independence.

Mrs. Lawrence was unable to find work. She had little money and heavy responsibilities. Her capital was the brief business training she had acquired learning the value of money.

"The idea of making lamp shades, as I look back on it," she said, "came as an inspiration. I had often noted a small shop given over to the sale of shades, cushions, and like things. The shades had appealed to whatever art instinct I have through their color and texture, and it popped into my head: 'Why not make them?' "

So she began, with the workshop in the basement of her Brooklyn home. Each year her business has doubled itself. Last year she had eighteen skilled girls working for her and others

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She Makes Bathtub Toys

BY MAKING children happy with new types of dolls and bathtub toys which she invented, Miss Rees Davis, a Chicago young woman in her twenties, has developed a business that engages about fifty workers and yields her a handsome income. Banishing unpleasantness of a bath from the mind of a child by centering interest on queer-looking rubber or sponge dolls, the toys make it easier for the adult to preside over this ritual and to eliminate the protests which usually accompany it. Billy, Betty, Corky, the fisherman, Pudgy, Vampoose, Baby Bunting, Tommy Tucker, Handsome Hans, and the Bobs Twins are some of Miss Davis' family of little toyland folk who make eyes of tiny tots sparkle, keep mothers from worry while the children are active, and have created for their inventor the sobriquet of "the fair lady of the dolls."

The story begins when this young woman was a little girl.

"My grandmother taught me to enjoy the little things of life," she explains. "One of my earliest recollections is making toys from potatoes, clothes-pins, whisk-brooms, kittens, radishes, olives, toothpicks and flower petals. Grandmother showed me how to get the most pleasure out of them. From my eighth year I was continually making playthings out of various objects, and later, when I went on the professional stage, my spare time was used in making dolls for children of members of the companies."

Princess Pat gave her mistress the idea that has brought Miss Davis fame and money and has brought happiness to vast numbers of children. Princess Pat is a pet bulldog. One morning she balked at efforts to place her in the bath and Miss Davis chanced to toss a rubber ball into the tub. Princess Pat leaped in after it, showing every evidence of delight at the event. Then, thought Miss Davis, if a pet could be made to enjoy a bath by playing with this toy, how much more effective might it be in pacifying babies. She recalled that the first instinct of a tiny tot is to grasp and that this usually is not possible while taking a bath. Making a tour of stores she discovered that there were many kinds of toys for older children but practically nothing for babies, and so she went about to invent something that could be used to amuse the child in the tub.

Curious odors and muffled sounds came from her dressing-room backstage for some time after this start as she experimented with rubber, sponge, cork, paints and yarns. Finally this young woman had created a new idea in floating toys—dolls of rubber or sponge, attractively designed to hold the attention of their young owners. Some were made of sponge with rubber balls for heads.

Miss Rees Davis of Chicago gave up the stage when she found that there was money as well as fun in making waterproof dolls.

"In the beginning I made the toys myself and personally called upon the buyers of the big stores," Miss Davis states. "To one buyer of a great store I went to show my toys and expected him to say they were lovely, but he just looked at them, looked again, and then began to laugh. He called a young woman assistant and they both laughed at the little dolls I had taken so seriously. But they did not look funny to me, for I had become used to their grotesque little forms. However, they were bought for this store, and we have been friends from the beginning."

Various types of dolls were created and were readily marketed as fast as Miss Davis could

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A Walking-Stick Specialist

ONE flight up in a small dimly lighted building in lower New York City is a loft which at first glance seems untenanted. All that I saw were everywhere piles of canes—cases of canes—and through a doorway a room filled with assortments of woods.

I called out, "Mr. Wolf!"

A steady, genial voice answered "Yes?" and from a corner near a window hidden by one of the cases emerged a sturdy, oldish man with a comfortable felt hat on the back of his head, and keen whimsical brown eyes peering over the rims of his glasses.

He is Charles A. Wolf, for forty-six years a specialist in making and repairing walking-sticks. He is the third generation of his family to follow this line. His grandfather came over from Germany and set himself up in the business. His father followed the grandfather. And at the age of fifteen Charlie Wolf began to work in the shop. He has occupied this present loft for forty-two years.

When he was a boy he planned that one day he would go to sea. But his mother died when he was seven years old and he had made a resolution that he would "stick by" his father.

Charlie Wolf did not become a sailor and see the world as he meant to do. Yet the world has come to him. He has a collection of over five hundred different kinds of woods in his shop—black penang from the tropics—ebony from India—blackthorn from Ireland. The world has come also in the ivory and tortoise-shell, the rhinoceros tusks and whales' teeth which he makes up into handles and ferrules for his canes. All his materials carry romance and story, and in all Mr. Wolf is an authority—the best grades of ivory—choice sticks of Malacca and snakewood. Nothing of inferior quality escapes his discriminating eye.

"I can sell a man a better cane right here than he can get in the country where the wood grows," he told me. "Those native dealers often put over fakes."

When I went in to see Mr. Wolf he was fitting a handle onto a cane. "Do you see this stick?" he asked me. "A prominent man in New York brought it in to have it lengthened with a new ferrule. He was very proud of it—said it was snakewood with a tortoise-shell handle. His wife had bought it in Switzerland. After I removed the old ferrule and began scraping I found that the snakewood spots *came off*. That meant that the stick was imitation. I found also that the handle was pressed cow's horn instead of tortoise-shell. So I sent for the man and told him the truth. Otherwise if I had repaired the stick and some time or other he had discovered that it wasn't genuine he might accuse me of changing it on him. This customer happened to be philosophical. 'Fix it up just the same,' he told me. 'My wife paid twenty-five dollars for it, and I don't want her to be disappointed.'

Charles A. Wolf has been making walking-sticks by hand for forty years. His customers are connoisseurs of one of the vanishing crafts.

"I am not a manufacturer. I am a *maker*," Mr. Wolf told me. "I cater to the individual."

Men from all over the country know how Charlie Wolf caters to the individual. His customers include clerks, physicians, ministers, writers and prominent business men. Through these differing contacts, through humoring the vagaries of the individual, he has acquired a shrewd and sure psychological knowledge of human beings.

He separates his customers into the "walking-stick men" and the men who *carry* walking-sticks.

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Songsters Feathered His Nest

WHEN Joseph Stulik told me of his start in breeding canaries and of his subsequent failure, I was reminded of the advice a certain professor of poultry management gives to the thousands of people who *just know* they can make a success of poultry raising even though a leg of fried chicken or two eggs "up" are the closest they have ever come to a chicken of the barnyard variety.

An almost invariable question asked by these would-be poultrymen is: "How many hens shall I start out with?" The professor who has seen more than one retired bookkeeper go on the rocks of failure almost as invariably answers: "Start out with one hen."

Before I tell of Joseph's start in the canary breeding business, I want to tell something of Joseph himself. Physically, he has three outstanding characteristics: a bald head, a flaming red mustache, and an unconquerable smile. In time you forget the bald head and the red mustache. You easily forget that Joseph does not wear a necktie. The unconquerable smile, though—that stays in your memory long.

Joseph will tell you in not very good English that he was born in Pilsen, Bohemia, on a farm some forty-five years ago. Yes, his father always had a few pair of canaries and as a boy he was very much interested in them. Pigeons, too.

When Joseph was fourteen, he apprenticed himself to a cabinet maker. That was better, much better, than being a farmer. One made more guilders as a cabinet maker. For three long years then he was privileged to work ten or eleven hours a day for the master. Not a pfennig did he receive, not a meal, nothing.

An uncle in America—in a place called Chicago—wrote to him. He told him of opportunity, of the dollars Joseph could make at his trade in Chicago in place of the guilders in Pilsen. Joseph listened. At twenty-six he packed his tools, invested his savings in a one-way passage to America, made a promise to his sweetheart, kissed her good-by, and headed straight for America and opportunity.

Three days after Joseph arrived in Chicago he had a job as a cabinet maker. He lived frugally. In nine months he had saved three hundred dollars and had written his sweetheart to come. It was then with three hundred dollars in his pocket and a bride to support that Joseph made his optimistic start in the canary breeding business.

The three hundred dollars he invested in canary breeding stock. Then he borrowed one hundred dollars and bought a house with it—the balance on "easy" terms. Nearly one hundred canaries he had in the light, airy, dry attic in the new home—a fine place, says Joseph, to raise canaries. He rose early to prepare the food for his birds, five o'clock. He worked the day at his trade. His wife helped him. Nights he worked late making wooden cages to house the canary youngsters that were coming in the spring.

Cabinetmaking ceased to have any charms for Joseph Stulik when he discovered that there was a market for more canaries than he could raise.

A fine hatch came off, nearly two hundred little songsters. It took money to buy food for them, for the greedy little rascals have an appetite which in proportion to their weight will put that of an elephant to shame. But no matter, Joseph was counting his profits. He would get from two to five dollars apiece for these two hundred young canaries and this was only the first hatch of the season. With three other fairly successful hatches, he could count on making a sizable payment on the new home.

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Everybody's Chestnut Tree

EDITOR'S NOTE: Though the sign is the Chestnut Tree, no story is barred by its youth. We will gladly pay for available ones. Address all manuscripts to "The Chestnut Tree," enclosing stamped, addressed envelope.

Coming Along with the Rest

There was a flirtatious wife in the neighborhood. It was a long while before the husband's jealous suspicions became aroused, and then only through some gossiping neighbor. However, once he became convinced that Mrs. Blank's love of admiration was carrying her too far, he proceeded to act.

He sat down and wrote this note to the good-looking bachelor, young Mr. Dash, who lived across the street, and sent it over by special messenger: "Sir—I shall expect you to appear at my office this afternoon at three o'clock to explain why you have been flirting with my wife.

"Yours truly,
John Blank."

Promptly the messenger returned with an answer which read as follows:

"Dear Mr. Blank—Your circular form letter of even date received and contents noted. Thanks for the invitation. I shall be very glad to attend the caucus.

"Sincerely,
Bernard Dash."

Budding Salesmanship

The manager of a factory was giving instructions to the young salesman who was starting on his initial trip. As the young man picked up his bag the chief said:

"Good luck to you; write us important news."

The following day this message was received at the office:

"Reached here safely. Good room with bath; feeling fine."

The manager wired back:

"So glad; love and kisses; good-by."

A Difference in Snakes

The Bam family were spending several weeks at a farm for their summer vacation.

Neither the mother, father nor little six-year-old Margaret had ever been in the country before.

Little Margaret was poking around in the grass one afternoon when suddenly she shrieked out, "Oh, mummy, here's a pretty little green snake."

"Well, be careful, dear," admonished the fond city mother, "it might be just as dangerous as a ripe one!"

His Fixed Income

A lazy darky named Dick Sutton was arrested at the instance of his wife for non-support and refusal to work. He was being cross-examined by a young lawyer, who was the law partner of a local politician, called Colonel Benson. During the examination of Sutton the young lawyer asked:

"Dick, have you any fixed income?"

Sutton was puzzled by the term. Counsel explained that the expression meant a certainty of money paid, not for odd jobs, but for steady employment; in other words, a compensation at stated intervals on which one could absolutely rely.

Upon the conclusion of the counsel's remarks the darky's face brightened.

"Ah done fink Ah hab a fixed income, sah," he said.

"And what is this fixed income?" was the next question.

"Well, sah," answered Dick with a broad grin in the direction of Colonel Benson, "de colonel dar allers gibs me fo' dollahs an' a sack ob flour on election days."

How the Banker Won

A prominent California banker while talking to a friend the other day about one of his many angling expeditions told the following story:

"It is remarkable," he said, "how mean some people are. On my last fishing trip I had with me two chaps from Los Angeles who evidently were familiar with my reputation for landing fish. Before starting one of them made the suggestion that the first one who caught a fish must treat the crowd.

"I agreed to this, and we started. Now, don't you know, both those fellows had a bite right off the reel, but they were both too mean to pull up."

"I suppose you lost, then," remarked the friend.

"Oh, no," replied the banker. "I didn't have any bait on my hook."

The Return of the Absentee

The night-clerk of the hotel was surprised to see a very battered looking person in his shirt sleeves come rocking up to the desk about midnight and pause there groggily.

"What can I do for you?" inquired the clerk.

"I'd like," said the stranger laboriously, "to be 'scorted to that room 202 on secon' floor."

"202?" repeated the clerk. He consulted the register. "Why that room is occupied by Mr. Oscar J. Billups, of Toledo, Ohio, and it's pretty late to be rousing a guest."

"I know that, well's y'do; neverth'less and contrary notwithshtanding I desire to be shown to room 202 without any further con-con-conver—any further talk."

"What business have you got there?" demanded the clerk.

"Thash my business."

"What's your name then?"

"I'm Mr. Oscar J. Billups of Tol'do, Ohio. I jusht fell out of the window."

No Cure Needed

DOCTOR: "I can't cure your husband of talking in his sleep."

WIFE: "But can't you give him something to make him talk more distinctly?"

Yes, Sir, That's the Baby

Down at Camp Taylor in the early days of *la guerre*, a colored outfit, newly arrived, was lined up before the clerk for preliminary paper work.

"Name and address," demanded the clerk of one husky recruit.

"Huh?"

"What's your name and address?"

"Lordy, suh," replied the John. "Yo' ought to know. Yo' sent fo' me."

The Place Was Filled

A negro woman of large proportions was in a motor-car accident. She was transported to a hospital, where she soon regained consciousness. The attending doctor, seeking to comfort her, said:

"You undoubtedly will be able to obtain a considerable amount of damages, Mrs. Botts."

"Damages!" said Mrs. Botts. "What ah want wif damages? Gawd knows ah got too much damages now. What ah wants is repairs."

Eaten the Act

A couple of actors had what is called in the vernacular of their profession a "dumb act." They owned a flock of educated ducks. Theirs was a good act, but bookings were few and far between. Finally there came a period of dullness when the two artists could not secure an engagement at all.

They were laid off for the summer and took refuge in a little house loaned them by a sympathetic friend, and did their own housekeeping, such as it was. When the fall season opened up, their agent wired them:

Swanson Bros.
Trained Duck Act
Summit, N. J.

"Have booked you for full week, Far Rockaway, opening next Monday."

But this was the melancholy answer which came back collect:

"Impossible to accept your offer. Have eaten the act."

A Natural Deduction

There was great excitement in the Jones home out on Long Island. A real lord was paying them a visit. He was now sitting at the dinner-table and Mrs. Jones fluttered as she urged My Lord to eat this and that.

Mr. Jones, swollen with a sense of the great honor bestowed upon his household, began each sentence with Lord, and ended it the same way with a worshipful, not to say reverential air.

As a special privilege—thinking that he might talk about his maturer years—little Willie Jones, aged five, had been permitted to attend the function on condition that he refrain from talking unless spoken to. Mindful of this pledge, the little fellow sat in silence, his large round eyes fixed in a stare upon the face and form of the stranger.

But, when he saw the visitor's eye roaming hither and yon across the laden table as though seeking something, an innate sense of hospitality moved him to speak.

"Mom! Oh, mom!" said Willie.

"What is it, Willie?" asked his mother.

"God wants a pickle."

Songsters Feathered His Nest

[*Continued from page 134*]

The second hatch came and with it came disaster in the form of disease. Within a few short weeks every one of Joseph Stulik's canaries had died. The canary business and Joseph's fortunes had taken a decided flop.

It must have been then that Joseph needed that unconquerable smile. It may have been that worry caused him to lose his hair. But the flaming red mustache carried on. Joseph bought more canaries, not so many this time. He began anew.

That was eighteen years ago. There is no need to discuss in detail the years that followed.

Joseph Stulik has prospered. In 1918 he was able to quit his job and devote all of his time to his birds. In 1922 he built a special building for them back of his new home in La Grange.

Long rows of individual wooden cages there are. In some of them are mother and father birds which only an expert can tell apart. In others there is a silent, busy little mother sitting on a dimunitive excelsior nest which she has lined with pieces of soft cord or twine. In still others the tiny speckled eggs have become awkward, almost naked little nestlings, each with a great yawning cavern which the mother bird must stuff with food. And all around are the trainer birds, those masters of harmony from which the youngsters soon pick up their singing lore.

In twenty-two days the youngsters have learned to fly and can feed themselves, so they are taken and put into a small flying cage. When they become expert and strong, they are put in a large flying cage, and later when they are ready for sale in individual cages once again.

Nineteen years working with canaries has taught Joseph Stulik something about properly caring for canaries. "My mother," I said, "is forever concerned with her Dickie bird. Dickie is not molting as he should. Dickie is not singing. Dickie's feathers are drooping and his eyes are dull. It is Dickie this and Dickie that. Tell me some of your secrets that I in turn may tell mother."

Joseph Stulik smiled. "There are few secrets," he said, "it is mostly good care." Then he told me some of the things I wanted to know.

"Cleanliness is most important. If the cage is not new it must be thoroughly scalded before it is used and then once a month from then on it should either be immersed in boiling water or in kerosene. The water cup should be washed thoroughly once a day and boiled at least once a month. The bottom of the cage should be scraped once a day. I buy gravel by the ton and use it in trays here, but if only one bird is kept the prepared gravel paper is the handiest to use.

"The food must be fresh. That is another trouble that many people have. Sometimes dealers keep the packaged seed for years on the shelf and it loses its value, even becomes harmful. There are only two kinds of seed necessary, rape seed and canary seed mixed by weight—three parts of rape seed to one part of canary seed. There are other seeds which are good if mixed by an expert; thistle, lettuce, hemp, steel-cut oats, and flax. The flax seed is especially good during molting time as it makes the feathers come in smooth and glossy. The rape seed is the foundation diet, however; the bird must eat it to stay in good health.

"Twice a week some green food is necessary. Lettuce, apple, green pepper, spinach, carrots, chickweed, and watercress may be used. Celery is another excellent green food. It is well to alternate these, or two or three of them, in feeding.

"Once a week it is well to feed the singer a paste made of boiled egg and dry toast in equal parts with a tiny bit of water added if necessary to make the mixture hold together. The egg should be hard boiled. A half-hour or forty-five minutes boiling makes the egg most palatable.

"The best indication of the bird's health can be found in the droppings. If he has diarrhea, a little poppy seed in the mixture will remedy the situation. If constipated slightly, more green food is called for. If this does not work, then a drop of castor-oil given on the end of a toothpick or with a medicine dropper will prove effective.

"Mites are often a source of trouble. They soon sap the vitality of the bird. In the home mites can be kept in check by removing the bird from the cage and then immersing the cage in kerosene. The mites do not stay upon the canaries in the daytime. During the day they can usually be found in the dome of the usual type of cage. Here where I keep thousands of canaries under one roof I use special measures. My cages are built of rough wood which is whitewashed. When the mites crawl upon this, they raise an imperceptible lime dust which clogs their breathing apparatus and kills them. This keeps them in check although sometimes I use a special insect powder upon them. I should not advise this in the home because it is so easy for an inexperienced person to injure or kill the birds.

"Any bird in good health will sing the best he knows how except during certain seasons. As for the singing, that is due to two factors: the breeding and the training.

"The canary has been bred for years. He was first found on the Canary Islands and others near by. In the wild state he is a little gray-colored bird with a touch of green on his breast and now then a little yellow in his plumage. The early voyagers noted the sweetness of the canary song and captured great numbers of them to take back to Europe.

"In different countries canaries have been bred for different purposes. Some, for instance, have crests; others are bright colored. However, those from Germany are most in demand in this country because it was in Germany that the canary's song was most improved. At first the singing lark and the nightingale taught the canary new notes. The canary learned, too, from the flute and other musical instruments. By selecting and breeding from the birds learning these notes, the canary has become the splendid little singer that he is.

"In the United States our chief reliance in training young birds to sing is with the older birds. In Germany a bird organ is used. I have one here which I imported, but it is difficult to keep it in repair.

"However, the birds raised in this country score as high if not higher than those which are imported, and while the bulk of the canaries sold in the United States are still imported from Germany, those raised in the United States have an excellent market. I cannot possibly raise as many as I could sell if I had them."

Thereat, Mr. Stulik explained to me how canary birds were judged and showed me a score sheet of the United States Roller Canary Breeders' Association. In judging, three experts listen to four birds of one breeder at a time. Each judge gives each bird as many points as he thinks it merits for the different notes in his song. To name a few of the desirable notes, there are the hollow roll, the knoor, the schockel, the flutes, the bell roll, and the bell. For these notes as well as the way the individual bird's song blends into the harmony of the whole group the bird is given points. For the false notes or tours points are subtracted. Truly, these latter sound formidable. There are the aufzug, the bad schwirr, the schnarren, the schnetter and schnatter, and some others with equally bad sounding names.

It is the good notes and the softness with which they are rendered that determine the value of a canary. The bad ones, of course, detract from the value. Mr. Stulik listens to the birds and in that way prices them for sale. A very good songster will bring fifteen dollars. One less good will bring eight dollars. An exceptional bird possessing some of the rarer notes will be prized for breeding purposes and will bring much higher prices. Mr. Stulik sold one bird for one hundred and fifty dollars.

Of course, the male birds are the singers. Sometimes the unwary purchaser will buy a female bird and wonder why she does not do more than chirp. It is not always that female birds are sold with intent to defraud, especially if sold when young, for truly, so far as appearance goes, the female is very hard to detect from the male and only a person with considerable knowledge of birds can tell the difference.

Mr. Stulik is now selling about four thousand canaries a year and in raising them requires only the help of one boy during the breeding season.—C. B. SPAULDING.

If You Don't Believe in Spooks

[*Continued from page 85*]

so as to make them take on some personal form? We know that telepathy of that sort exists. How eliminate it?

Here is indeed a most difficult problem—the most difficult with which we are confronted in our investigations. It is the crux of the whole situation. We are bound to assume, for evidential purposes, that any fact known to the sitter at any time *is* thus obtained. But in many instances facts have been given which the sitter did not know, and were only verified afterward —perhaps after long investigation. Yet even such facts were known to some living mind, and if telepathy operates at all, who can limit its scope? May not distant living minds be "tapped", as readily as those near by? So, from this point of view, the problem seems to resolve itself into the question, Does it seem *more probable* that a spiritual entity is actually present and communicating, as it claims to be, or that this process of widespread and selective telepathy is operative—coupled with subconscious play-acting on the part of the medium?

A great deal has been written upon this subject in the past, and numerous arguments advanced, *pro* and *con*, which are more or less technical in character, so that I shall not burden the reader with them here. Suffice it to say that various ingenious tests have been devised with the object of effectually eliminating this possibility. One of these consists in the so-called "post-mortem letters." A letter is written by some living person, sealed up, and sent to the Psychical Research Society. The writer dies, he purports to communicate and give the contents of the letter. The letter is then opened and the two messages compared. If they are found to correspond, there seems to be good evidence that the same mind which dictated the one also dictated the other.

Then there are instances in which classical or other knowledge has been displayed, quite beyond the normal powers of the medium, or communications have been given in foreign languages with which the psychic was quite unacquainted. Again, "cross-correspondence" tests have been tried, many of them with striking success. Three or four mediums, unknown to one another, and living in different parts of the world, have severally and independently given *parts* of messages, which parts in themselves meant nothing, but which, *pieced together*, constituted a consistent whole. These experiments strongly indicate that some one mind is operative, directing and coordinating the entire series of experiments.

Finally, there are instances on record in which information has been given unknown to any living mind, and only verified subsequently. Such for example was the finding of the Edgar Chapel, at Glastonbury Abbey, which was described in detail years before the excavation was begun. This case is very striking, and well-evidenced. Two gentlemen—Mr. John Alleyne and Mr. F. Bligh Bond—obtained a series of automatic writings—which purported to come from an old monk—telling of the Lost Edgar Chapel, giving its exact location, its exact measurements (in feet and inches), and many other details. These writings were seen by a number of reputable people. Several years later the Chapel was unearthed in the spot indicated, and the measurements and other details were found to be almost exact. Here we have a case in which *no* living mind could possibly have known the facts—which were nevertheless verified so strikingly. In all such instances we seem to have evidence that an independent intelligence is indeed at work, actively and consciously cooperating with us in our experimental work.

Such, then, is the character of some of this newer evidence, and such are the problems which are raised by our psychical investigations. We seem to be on the threshold of tremendous discoveries, destined to startle and enthrall the world. We are delving into an obscure and mysterious realm, a shadow world, but yet a realm which may hold the supremest of Realities. We have sufficient faith to believe that even this last final Mystery will be resolved before the steady and unflinching advance of Science, and that the face of Nature may yet be unveiled before our eager and longing gaze. In the words of Sir William Crookes:

"Veil after veil we have lifted, and her face grows more beautiful, august, and wonderful, with every barrier that is withdrawn."

Henry Briggs Sees the Game

[*Continued from page 79*]

victory of a tie; and the Hoosiers equally determined that, having come this close to football immortality, they will not go home empty handed. And through it all, as play by play it comes through the ether, tinging with excitement the voice of the announcer, Henry Briggs saw his son, testing, feeling out, trying the enemy—learning how much he dare do with this perilous open play at which his team-mates are adept.

Henry Briggs gasped. In mid-field, said the thousand-mile-voice, Bill ostensibly was preparing for a punt. Was he, then, risking all on that play of his own invention?

Like lightning, it was on. The announcer got part of it: Henry Briggs "saw" the rest from where he stood on the cold, hard pavement.

The Hoosier fullback poised, arms outstretched, ready for the ball and a punt. Two Yale men break through. The fullback seems to change his mind, drawing back his arm for a forward pass to a racing right end. But the ball is not thrown. Bill Briggs, streaking by, snaps it from the outstretched arm, and is off like lightning, as for a run around left end.

Blue men pile upon the fullback. Blue men nail the right end. And, finally, Blue players come like madmen to crumple little Bill Briggs. And they do. But the ball is not there.

Three times tricked, the Eli defense is scattered and bewildered. With a snap of a powerful wrist and forearm, Briggs has sent the ball on a low arc to "Cotton" Barnhart—both basket-ball star and sprinter—and that lank left end has plucked it out of the air with a quickness the eye can hardly follow. And all Yale cannot catch him.

"What nerve! What nerve! The son-of-a-gun! The little devil!" Henry is mumbling over and over again as the goal is kicked. Then came fate in the form of a final whistle that clocked up for posterity Indiana's 14 to 7 victory over Yale.

"Bill Briggs, Bill Briggs, Bill Briggs—"

The shout comes out of the ether as friends pound Henry's shoulder.

"They are carrying Briggs on their shoulders," the voice announces. "They start a snake-dance, with Bill Briggs on the shoulders of the leaders— Wait— He has tumbled off— Fainted—

"He is hurt—a doctor is running out."

And then silence while Henry Briggs stands stricken, looking beseechingly at the horn, as if it could recant its story.

A thousand miles away, Bill Briggs had tottered, exhausted by pain, and had been stretched on the ground. But he had noticed the cage of the radio announcer during the parade around the field, and he called to a trainer:

"Jim—for God's sake—chase over there—that radio man—tell him I'm not hurt. I never thought: Dad will be listening."

And so it happened that after a long, tense silence, during which a husky trainer was fighting his way over human obstacles, in New Haven, the Voice on Main Street, in Rockville announced:

"Briggs is not hurt. He toppled over from exhaustion—"

And then a miracle, born of the quick wit of the announcer.

"—He says: 'Hello, Dad'—He is going off the field now."

"Thank God," said his father, as he extended a hand, seeing mistily Old Man Melton, who came pushing forward.

Had he heard aright: Was it Henry Briggs who had said:

"Thanks—yes—proud—some Boy! Oh, by the way, I'll take the building."

It must have been Henry Briggs who said that, he concluded, for here was Bert Hancock standing before him and he distinctly heard himself saying to Bert:

"The son-of-a-gun! Didn't he outguess 'em, though? Say, Bert, I've reconsidered. I'll go in with you on that." Well, he might as well make a clean sweep of it.

"What is it Emerson says?" Briggs mused later, at his desk. "Something about some people being so in tune with the world that what is going to happen, happens to them first. Bill's that way; but several things had been trying to happen to me and I wouldn't let 'em. Jim can tend to the radio sets after high school."

So Briggs made it a day by bidding on the Singer hardware and ordering a line of radio sets. He didn't quite know what had happened to him, but he was sure he had the gamest son in the world.

On the morrow he was to learn more about that. Bill's "exhaustion" was a cracked rib, received when the Blue avalanche hit him in that last spectacular play. It was weeks before he was home again. They met him in the new car.

"Boy," said Henry, when greetings were over, "that play was a ten thousand dollar play for me."

"Why, Dad, you never bet," Bill answered.

"I don't. But somehow that game caused me to do things that will make about ten thousand for us."

"Oh! Well, it was worth more than that to me," Bill said.

"You see, Helen Wilson was there, and I won, and I got hurt, and she loves me—and we are to be married in June."

Henry and Mary looked at each other with eyes that were full of pride and of gladness. That was the way life should be! Daring, quick, a flash of light; and not timid and afraid.

Red Hair and Blue Water

[*Continued from page 49*]

"but what I'd be kind of scrappy myself if I was dragged on board a strange ship and everybody began pokin' me in the ribs and cooin' to me. Seems to me he sorta knows that life is goin' to be just a hard scrap for him. He started in fightin' it without delay. Wouldn't be long before he found the world wasn't full of darned fools who wanted to cuddle him all the time—meanin' no offense to you, Captain."

"It's all right," said the skipper. "I like spunk in a kid."

"It's just as I said," Ma snorted. "You're dotty about that child. You're dying to adopt him and make a sailor out of him, and you're so mule stubborn you won't let him go till you've won him over. You might as well quit trying. He'll be fighting you back to his dying day."

"More power to the little rascal!" cried Aloysius.

"Aw, he's taken a dislike to the skipper's mustache," the second assistant put in. "Shave that off and let your real beauty come forth and he'll lather you with affection."

The skipper looked thoughtful.

"We are *not* going to adopt the child," Ma declared.

"Maybe you won't adopt him, Ma," sighed the second assistant, "but Mack sure has adopted you."

"Somebody will come along and claim him any day now," said Ma, and thus the discussion ended.

But nobody, it appeared, was in the least concerned over the fate of the red-haired survivor of the *Faraway* disaster. True; some dozens of letters, addressed to the master of the *Horatius P. Gilfrey*, offering to adopt the boy, had been received, but their very abundance was bewildering to Aloysius, and he threw them all away.

THAT trip was the last of the season. The *Gilfrey* was laid up for the winter in St. Louis Bay, and Ma Molloy opened the cottage on Minnesota Point, the spindling arm of sand thrown protectively across the harbor of Duluth.

Winter came howling down from the Canadian wilderness, and the Molloys put off from day to day, on one pretext or another, the irksome task of taking Mack over to the Duluth Children's Home. At first it was agreed that Aloysius should deliver the orphan to the gates of the orphanage, but the skipper soon found reasons why the undertaking should fall to Ma. It meant, in the first place, that he would be bitten and scratched and pommeled all the way over, and, anyhow, Mack's last glimpse of his old friends should be the one he loved. Ma as glibly argued that the duty was his. Certain legal matters would have to be attended to, certain papers signed, and inasmuch as he, legally at least, was the head of the family, it behooved him to take the child over.

These discussions, verging on quarrels, went on from day to day, and from day to day the trip to the orphanage was postponed.

And so soon that they were quite unprepared for it, the gulls came north, the ice began rotting in the harbor, and everywhere one looked ships were being scraped and scrubbed and painted for the new season. The *Horatius P. Gilfrey* would be one of the first ships down the lakes, with a load of flaxseed for Buffalo.

And one morning Aloysius returned from his owner's office with orders. The *Gilfrey* would sail the following week. That was, all told, an eventful day. When the skipper came home, he shaved off his mustache. That was the first event. Then he told Ma to get Mack's things together and he would take the child to the orphanage.

Mack was called, but Mack did not respond.

"He knows," the skipper said. "He's hiding."

They searched the house. Mack was not in the attic or the cellar or under any of the beds. He was not in the pantry or any of the closets. He was not in the house. He was not in the yard.

"Maybe he's down on the beach," the skipper said, trying not to betray his anxiety, for it was a rough day with a stiff wind from the southeast and big waves were running.

They went down on the beach, but the child was not in sight.

"You go up and I'll go down," he said.

And the moment he was gone, Ma Molloy sank down on the nearest pile of driftwood, too unnerved for the time being to move. She had never told Aloysius that twice before, when Mack had disappeared, she had snatched him back as he was toddling toward the lake. A storm on the lake seemed to exercise a fatal fascination on Mack; it was as if he were determined to go back to those black waves from which he had been snatched.

A shout came down the wind. Ma sprang up, trembling. Aloysius was striding toward her, and in his arms was clasped, a small, limp body streaming with water. It was all so reminiscent of the dreadful night when he had climbed out of the lifeboat with the soaked white bundle in his arms. Then she flew across the sand.

Aloysius met her with a grin on his strange shaven face. His trouser legs were wet almost up to the knees.

"Is he all right?" she panted.

"Sure, he's all right! The little divvil was down in those waves, jumping up and down and having the time of his life!"

Ma Molloy took the dripping child and hugged him to her bosom.

"Ma," said the skipper, "it's no use. I can't let him go. I sort of have an idea he'll make up to me, now the mustache is gone. Ma, I've decided to make a sailor out of him."

"You mean," said Ma, "I'm going to make a sailor out of him."

"Let him see how I look without my mustache, Ma."

Ma Molloy turned Mack about in her arms. The skipper held his face down—just out of reaching distance, and for some seconds the child stared at him in wonderment. Then a smile illumined his handsome little face and he partly extended his arms to the skipper.

"Aloysius!" Ma cried. "He does want to make up to you!"

The skipper lowered his face. "Does a 'ittsy boy—" he began.

The ready right fist of the red-haired orphan caught him squarely in the left eye. "Well! Well! Well!" cooed Mack Molloy.

A Master of Missouri Mules

[*Continued from page 68*]

qualities of character and body. The real mule belt is on both sides of the Missouri River from St. Louis to Kansas City. Many a native Missourian has acquired fame and fortune through breeding these equine canaries. But Rinehart, born in Indiana, is, by virtue of his prize-winning proclivities, King of Missouri Muledom.

A stocky, dynamic, rubicund man is Rinehart, with close-cropped, gray hair and mustache, bright blue eyes and an imposingly developed under jaw. If he weren't a sunny-minded, fighting chap, he wouldn't be where he is today. And if he hadn't fought the Father of Waters and won out, he wouldn't have fought a winning fight with His (or Her) Majesty, the Mule. Which merely indicates that one must have character to become a master of the mules.

Rinehart went to school to mules before he went to Wabash College. His folks were farmers, tanners and road builders in the Wabash Valley, and Rinehart learned about bottomland and mules from them. After he married the lady of his choice in Rensselaer, he ventured into northern Missouri. When he began farming on 4,000 acres of bottomland near Queen City, the Missourians looked pityingly on him. But after he had diked and tiled, and grown wheat, corn, cattle, hogs—and mules—with startling success and sold his farm at the proper time, he purchased 5,000 acres on the western shore of the rampaging Mississippi just north of Hannibal, a city made famous by Mark Twain.

More of the kindly Missourians shook their heads. The spot Rinehart chose for his new wheat and corn farm and for raising cattle, hogs—and mules—had been the site, in 1835, of Marion City, destined, it was thought, to be the future metropolis of the West. Marion City was the first boom town in that part of the western world. It was the "Eden" so caustically mentioned in Charles Dickens' "Martin Chuzzlewit." Thousands of town lots were sold to buyers in the East and in Europe. Warehouses, churches and homes arose, the streets were thronged with excited speculators. Then the mighty Mississippi, which Mark Twain declared no man could tame, arose one spring and wiped the metropolis from the map. The one time city site remained a morass until Rinehart came along and made a farm out of it. On this farm are twenty-eight tenant buildings, a church, railroad station, school, and in season, thousands of acres of wheat and corn.

Rinehart has been farming that reclaimed bottomland since 1910. His farm is separated from the Mississippi by a levee eighteen miles long, ten feet high and sixty feet wide at the base. It is drained by 2,500,000 pieces of tile and a pumping engine or so. It has produced in one year 80,000 bushels of wheat. But what is more important to this tale, it is the home of the Rinehart mules. Rinehart would rather talk of mules than wheat.

"George Washington, father of his country, is also, to a certain extent, the father of the Missouri mule," the blue-eyed Rinehart explains. "You must credit our first president with starting the mule business in this country. Of course, Columbus brought some Spanish jacks to Haiti in 1493 and some of that jack stock's progeny reached our mainland in later years, and under the protecting care of Jesuit fathers came to Missouri by way of Mexico, after the Sante Fé trail was opened along in 1825.

"But Columbus jacks, or burros, were scrubs compared to the fine jack and two jennets—which are lady jacks—the King of Spain sent to Washington by Lafayette in 1785. That Spanish jack and Maltese jack sent to Washington by Lafayette in 1786 were the founders of our reigning mule families. In fact, Royal Gift and Knight of Malta started our American mule social register. The blood of these two jacks was combined—and the great Compound graced our soil. The American mule was on its way.

"Compound's descendants wandered through Cumberland Gap with Daniel Boone and those who followed that doughty pioneer. They thrived on Kentucky bluegrass. Kentucky limestone soil gave its mules big bones. When Kentuckians, Tennesseeans and South Carolinians settled in central Missouri they brought along their mules. The bluegrass and limestone subsoil of Missouri produced better mules than did the eastern states because Missouri moisture gave its bluegrass greater growth. Then Missouri breeders showed their skill.

"From 1870 to the present time Louis Monsees of Smithton, Pettis County, Missouri, has sold more than $150,000 worth of jacks and won hundreds of jack stock prizes. Dozens of other jack breeders have added to Missouri's fame. In 1912 I got into the exhibiting game with my mules. I've been winning mule prizes ever since."

Be not deceived by Rinehart's simple manner of telling about Missouri mules. Of all our domestic animals the mules are mentally the most complex. They have wisdom born of centuries. Their paternal ancestors may be traced back 3,700 years. Two thousand years before horses were known to history, asses were the popular beasts of burden with the Egyptians and the Semitic races of Asia Minor. In the first century of our era Spanish jacks were celebrated for their freight and passenger carrying possibilities. At one time Spain held a monopoly on jack breeding. It refused to let any jacks enter foreign countries. Sancho Panza had a right to be proud of his donkey, Dapple.

"A horse," Colonel Rinehart explains, "is a fool compared to a mule. A horse always goes ahead or lies down without looking. A mule watches its every step. It may have more eccentricities than any other domestic animal, but it also has more virtues. For example, no matter how hot a mule may be, it is more apt to sip than dip deep into the sparkling stream or trough. You can lead a mule to water but you cannot make it drink, unless it knows it is cool enough to stand the draught, but you have to pull a hot horse away from water before it founders itself. The same applies to food. Turn a half-starved mule into a feed lot and give it access to plenty of corn and oats and it will nibble gingerly until it has eaten just enough. But, unless it's watched, a horse will make a hog of itself.

"Even when a mule runs away it does so sensibly. We were hauling corn from one of our fields last fall. Five mule teams stood in line beside the railroad tracks. A locomotive came puffing along. My mules were green and not used to that. The first mule team began to run. The four other teams followed suit, leaving the drivers in the field. They ran in line, straight along the corn rows, until the first team turned carefully into a road leading through the farm. The four other teams followed on. I saw them coming, in steady, single file, not one team trying to pass another. I took off my coat and waved it and my hat. The first team stopped. The other stopped, each in its place. No damage was done. Had five teams of horses run away under similar conditions, they would have jammed into each other or the fences and torn things up generally. A mule is sensible, even on the run.

"In point of fact, you seldom have to beat a mule to make it work for you. A mule responds to kindness as quickly as any animal I know. It is peculiar, that is all. The first thing a new mule man must learn is how to lead the mule. You cannot lead a mule by facing it and pulling on the halter rope. Just turn your back and go ahead. The mule will follow easily. A mule doesn't like the human face, but I can't blame it, recalling some of the human faces I've seen.

"This peculiarity about being led is nothing to hold against the mule. And I object to all this talk about its stubbornness. That is merely caution. 'Safety first' is the mule's great slogan. A mule's no more balky than a horse. I know the comic supplements disagree with this. But the comedians of pen and paper have no more right to picture a balky mule than they have to picture farmers with hayseed in their whiskers. And that is true about kicking mules, as well.

"I've only been kicked twice in twenty years of mule raising—once at the Missouri State Fair when some one touched a mule of mine with a whip and one of his heels sent me into the second ring of spectators, and another time when one of them got me on the hand a little. In both cases the mule was more nervous than vicious. We put harness onto fifty mules this spring and, although it was the first time they had ever felt leather on their backs or bits in their teeth, not one of them balked or kicked.

"Most of the kick had been taken out of the Missouri mule by the breeding process. The early mules were born of high-strung saddle or trotting mares. The less temperamental heavy draft Percheron, Clyde, Shire or Belgian mothers now bring forth more lymphatic mule colts.

"Of course mules like to play. Most of them are just like kids. We run them in droves when they are colts. They'll stand on their hind legs and box, or maybe bite each other and kick a little—merely in fun. Sometimes when you enter a pasture they'll come at you showing all their teeth, but they won't do you any harm. Just stand pat."

I tried it—once. The Colonel may have been right. I'll never know. I beat that bevy of broadly smiling mules to the nearest fence. After which I had the last laugh. But they also laughed. They are a humorous sort. Even the Colonel can't figure where his mules get their abiding sense of humor or why they chase dogs and chickens all around the lot, just to see them run. The jackass father of a mule is the saddest of all the equine kind. His soul is burdened with ancestral sorrows. The heavy draft Percheron mothers of most of our mules are dignified to the last degree. Not one of them gets funny. But the hybrid son or daughter of the two salutes the world with a sardonic grin. That sense of humor may be given the mule to compensate for nature's wrongs.

When Palmyra and Marion were decorated with highest honors that come to mules they accepted the situation stolidly. As Colonel Rinehart expressed it: "They had no pedigree to bother their heads about. They hadn't been any place on the genealogical tree and they weren't going anywhere." On their father's side they might reach back to George Washington's Compound but there was no way of recording it. Many jacks or asses are of high degree. Percheron mothers of champion mules may have lineage extending back to far off France for only the best draft mares mother our best Missouri mules. But Palmyra and Marion, envied by men and mules alike, knew as well as mules may know that they can have "neither pride of ancestry nor hope of posterity." This is a workaday world for them without a family tree. For mules, alas, cannot produce their kind. They labor a few years in this vale of tears then pass on, leaving no progeny.

Very rarely a mare mule does bring forth a colt. One such case is recorded at Dallas, Texas. But that exception merely proved nature's rule, that the mating of two branches of the equine species produces a hybrid that cannot reproduce. A tame gander on Louis M. Monsees' farm at Smithton, has mated with wild geese, but their ducklings have not reproduced. A goat and sheep may mate and bring forth hybrid offspring, but those offspring do not reproduce. And so the hybrid called the mule may have its day but not its posterity.

By way of consolation for this denial of reproduction the mule is given long years of life compared to the noble horse. In my boyhood, word was passed around that no one ever saw a white mule, dead, and I spent fruitless years stalking Mike Kelly's long-eared dray team. One of the Kelly mules was white. But for aught I know Kelly's white mule is living yet. I never saw it otherwise. Anyhow, a mule lives much longer than a horse and stands much more abuse.

A true Missouri mule never forgets the playmates of its youth. Mule foals are gregarious;

they like to gambol with their kind. Hence weanlings run the pastures in large groups. There deep, abiding friendships are formed. Three years ago Colonel Rinehart sold one of his yearling mules. This spring that mule returned to its native heath. Fifteen minutes after its feet felt the old bluegrass it was talking things over with its old pals. When the Rinehart mules come back from some triumphal State Fair tour and scent their old familiar bottomlands their braying can be heard for miles. It is no trouble to unload them, then. They step on each other's heels in their desire to set foot on familiar turf.

Yet some of our Missouri mules go far afield. Spain gave us our first good jack stock. And Spain is getting some of that jack stock back, in the form of Missouri mules. A carload of them left Palmyra for the land of the dons last month and others will soon follow on. But the Spaniards of the present day will hardly recognize the breed their forbears fostered when George Washington was in his prime.

The sixteenth century Spanish jacks were little fellows, like the burros of the present day, hardly fifteen hands high and weighing only six hundred pounds. American breeders, by selecting big sires and dams, the latter from draft stock, have brought mules to the stature of our time. The mules that Spanish dons of the present day are buying from Missouri fields measure nearly sixty-six inches in shoulder height and weigh fourteen hundred pounds. Thus do we return an old courtesy of Spain.

"Without the mule we would be in a sorry plight," affirms the King of Muledom as he caresses one of his long-eared pets. "Cotton would not have been king without Missouri mules and the sugar plantations of the South would not have flourished if we had not produced the sugar mules. Nor would the coal mines of our great, broad land have brought forth their store of latent heat without the small, tough, time-tried pit mule.

"You hear much of the iron horse that gallops across our western plains from coast to coast. But the mule built the grades upon which the Union Pacific, Southern Pacific, and all other trans-continental rails were laid. If you ask in Missouri who won the last World War the chorused answer is, "The Missouri mule." The words "Missouri" and "mule" became inseparable in the public mind after Monsees and other geniuses carried off large blocks of prizes at the World's Columbian Exposition and at the St. Louis World's Fair of 1904. The British began to think of Missouri when they thought of mules after 75,000 Missouri mules went forth to fight against the South African Boer.

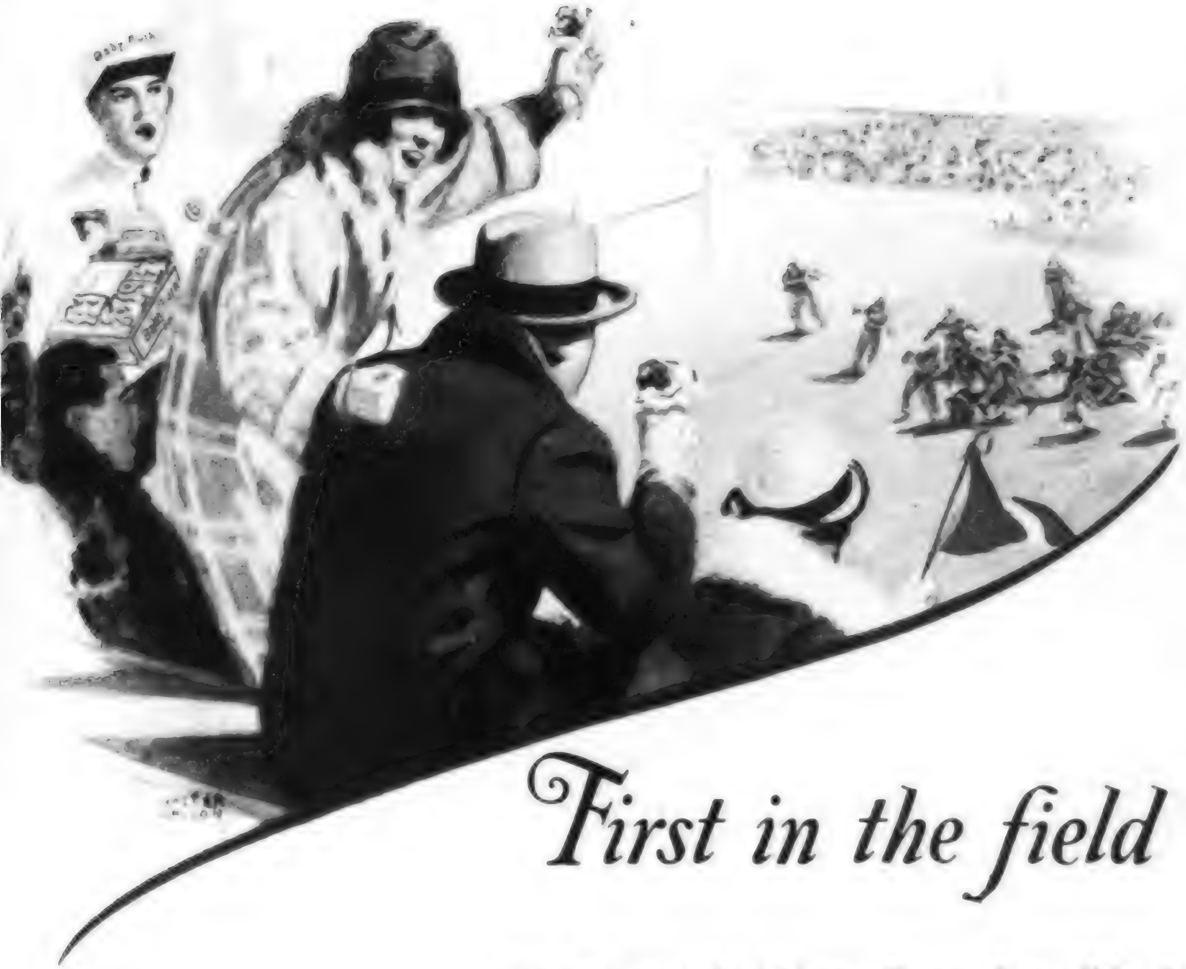
Hence, when the German Kaiser turned loose his dogs of war, the British War Office consulted its books and found therein, "Guyton and Harrington, Missouri, U. S. A." That address meant mules to them. Colonel Guyton obeyed a summons to a conference with British war lords in Montreal. He came back to Missouri with a contract to supply all the mules the British armies might need. Business was good with Guyton and Harrington from 1914 to 1919. At times they had 50,000 mules and horses —mostly mules—awaiting shipment on their 15,000-acre farm near Lathrop, Missouri, where orders were filled in thousand lots. This one Missouri firm shipped 350,000 mules and horses —mostly mules—to the British during the war. French, Belgian and American troops took as many more. The real horse of that titanic conflict was the light draught animal of American birth, but it was the mule—from Missouri and other American states—that made the wheels of war go round. And not all mules shipped from our ports reached their destination. Many lie asleep in the deep, victims of submarines. But those that got there did yeoman service.

"A creature of contrasts is the mule," Colonel Rinehart declares. "Many a rookie learned to his sorrow that it didn't pay to crack a whip or shout at a sensitive mule. He also learned to turn his back on the mule he wished to lead. 'Don't look at him,' would be the command of the N.C.O. 'He doesn't like your face.' If the rookie turned to hide his blushes all went as merry as a wedding bell. If he faced his equine hybrid, and began to pull, all the king's horses and all the king's men could not make the mule go. And so the rookies learned to lead the mules, by turning their backs on them.

"Or perhaps, after a long, tempestuous voyage, a file of mules approached the gangway between the ship and dock. The leader—for there is always one—walked quietly onto the gangway, his fellows following close. Then suspicion seized the cautious soul of the mule file leader. It planted its toes and laid back its ears. Its fellows, watching earnestly, saw that signal and their ears laid back, too. Mules talk more with their ears than with their voices. The wise mule men of the landing crew then argued with the leader, argued gently. If the leader was won over, the others followed like sheep. They always do.

Once on the firing line the Missouri mule lost all nervousness. That quality did as much as its endurance to help win the war.

This does not mean that mules like rough work. The sugar mules that labor in southern cane fields are strongly muscled and agile, well shaped and weigh from 1,150 to 1,300 pounds. They stand the heat much better than horses do. But they journey southward without pæans of joy. The cotton mules, a little lighter than the sugar mules, are usually shipped south each winter and, after finishing the cotton season in poor condition, are sold for a fraction of their original cost to northern feeders who,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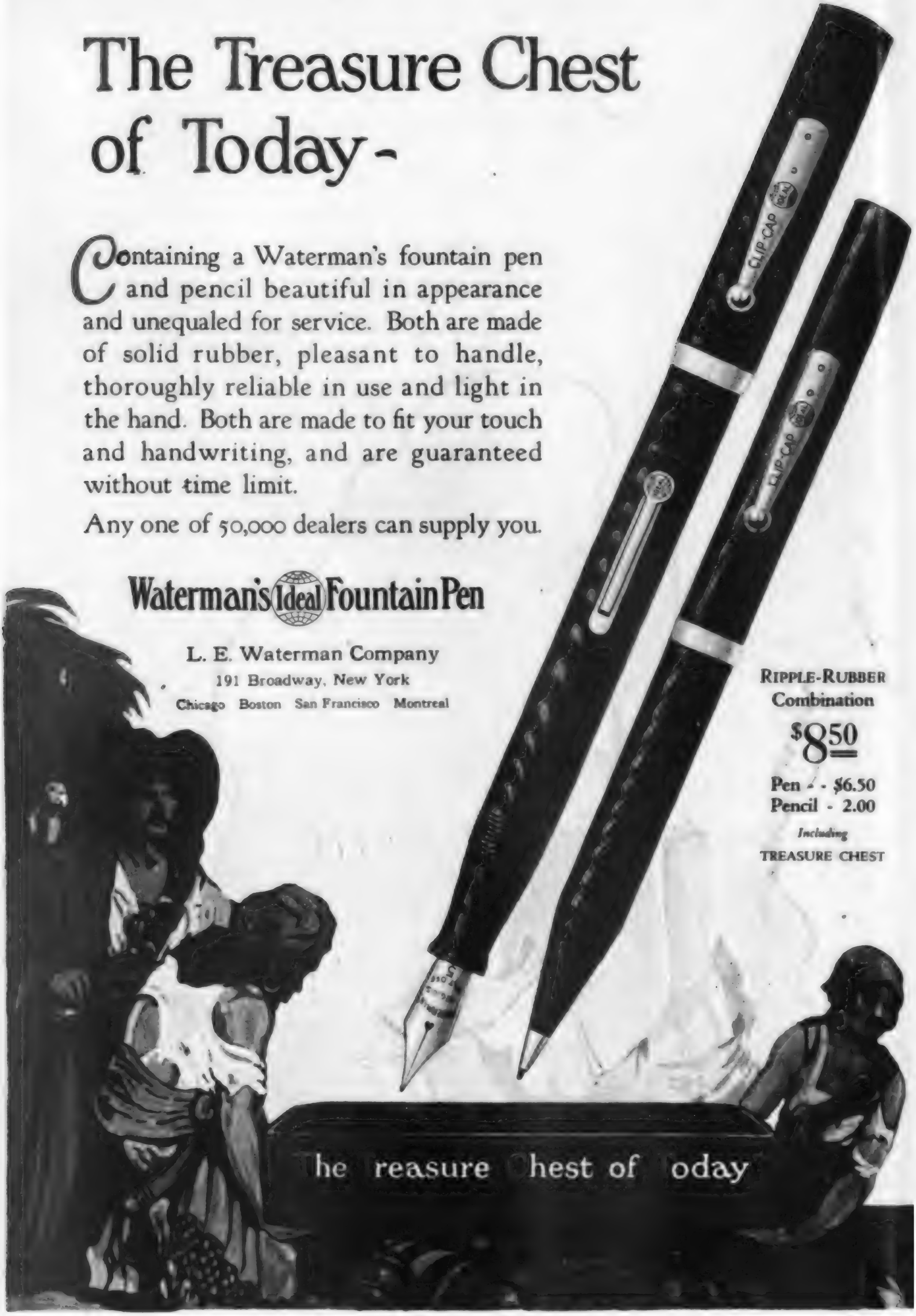

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TREASURE CHEST

after fattening them, ship them south once more, to serve another cotton season. Those mules are not keen about the cotton business but the southern darkeys and the mules do enjoy a deep communion of soul. Colonel Rinehart says their minds are much in tune. Each moves slowly but each likes his little jokes.

Most mules are born philosophers. As "railroaders" or "surface miners" they accept life as it is. But the runty pit mining mules, weighing a scant 600 pounds apiece, like entering their darksome fields of labor less than anything else in this workaday world. They have little to look forward to at best. Once deep within a coal mine they generally stay. Even runt mules do not relish such careers. After the recent strike in the hard coal fields, the pit mules had been above ground many months. Few green things had they seen—for a mining region offers small succulence to any mule. But when work was to be resumed underground the pit mine mules formed a union of their own and struck. The miners were eager to go below and replenish lean pay envelopes. That meant nothing to the poor pit mules.

Squads of mule skinners drove them toward the shafts but the mules would not be cajoled or browbeaten. They were not fooled by surface working decoy mules sent through runways leading to the shafts. Finally the unfortunate beasts were blindfolded, forced onto elevators and lowered to the black depths from which few will come alive. There's not much fun in being a pit mule. It seldom has a chance to roll.

"I'm not keen on handling pit mules," says Colonel Bill. "I'd rather have my mules enjoy the open air. Even on tough railroad jobs they get something out of life, although mules are essentially useful rather than ornamental. That's why, in spite of the general slump in 1920, mules have increased numerically from year to year and will come back in price. Mules worth $300 six years ago sell for $150, now, but I've sold a pair for $1,600 and I'll do it again. They haven't suffered so much in price and numbers as the horses, because motor cars and tractors have not hit them so hard. Cotton and sugar plantations must always have mules, particularly Missouri mules. Texas has 854,000 and Georgia, 371,000, against Missouri's 369,000, but ours are the 'top mules' of creation. We ship them everywhere. You'll find them everywhere. They predominate in the south because they stand heat better than horses do, but Missouri mules work the potato fields of Aroostook County, Maine, and travel western trails from the Grand Canyon to Alaska. Many of them are in far off India. You can't beat a Missouri mule.

"Because three mules can be raised for the cost of two horses and live longer and do more work on less feed, my mules are given a higher personal property valuation than my horses. Mare mules sell for about $20 a head more than horse mules, because they round out better and are not so roguish. But in spite of the steady increase in the number of American mules our country will be hit hard by the slump of 1920, which discouraged most mule breeders. That's a danger few outside the mule game understand. It takes five years to produce a good working mule. It takes much longer to raise a string of pedigreed jacks.

"Since the World War, Germany has been our biggest foreign buyer of mules. If we went to war again we'd need a quarter million army mules at once. At the rate we're using up old mule stock we'd have a hard time getting good army mules, unless we waited for young ones to grow up. That waiting might be expensive. I wonder if many Americans think of that?"

A belated blizzard enveloped Palmyra as we talked of mules. It was the worst snow storm in nine years. One of our storm-bound group, snugly at home in the Rinehart big brick townhouse, read from a paper some rules for controlling temper. "The only way to control your temper," the man of mules declared, "is to keep it. I've kept mine." Thus did Colonel Bill Rinehart reveal the secret of his mastery of Missouri mules. And then the king proclaimed:

"About all one needs to raise champion Missouri mules is plain mule sense, which isn't far from horse sense. One way to raise a champion mule is to be sure it comes from good stock, then let it eat all the feed it wants and take all the exercise it will. I aim to have my mule colts run outdoors for the first eighteen months. After that I keep them pretty close to the sheds to give them good hair. Mules seldom have glanders but they have about all the other ills to which horse flesh is heir. However, the sick mule is a first-class patient. It won't exactly stick out its tongue if it needs a dose of medicine but it doesn't object to having that tongue pulled out of the way if medicine is to be poured down its throat.

"The best mule sense I seem to have is a sense of selection. I bought Palmyra from a Monroe County farmer in June, and picked up Marion on a Ralls County farm the previous fall. I split two pairs to put those champion mules together. At first local mule men said they didn't see much in either mule. After I had fed the pair a few weeks the critics saw what I had seen. I began showing Palymra and Marion in August. They've been prize winners ever since.

"But unlike the pampered champion horses, champion mules never luxuriate in padded cells or private cars. When I ship my champions to any State Fair or other show they go in a stock car with fourteen other mules, all loose. When we get ready to unload, my men go in with halters and bring them out. I wouldn't dare ship first-class mules that way if they were serious about their kicks and bites. If you take a census of all equine kicks you'll find that horses do a heap more kicking than the mules.

"Beyond the breeding of our mammoth jacks to heavy draft mares and the tendency to use large-sized draft mules in the cotton belt—where the single and double shovel plows are being replaced by cultivators, and heavy farm wagons have come into use—there have been few changes in mule styles during the past twenty years. A buckskin mule, always a feature of fancy mule teams, sometimes tempts a show-man's purse. Now and then a pure white mule appears. The average mule is black or dark bay with white points, that is, white nose and belly, taking after its father, the jack. Sometimes the gray of its Percheron mother predominates. But a pure white mule is rarely seen, so when I saw one at the last Iowa State Fair in Des Moines, I asked the owner if he would sell it. It was a striking mule with albino eyes, suggesting a bit of Arabian strain.

"I've already sold that white mule," the Des Moines man said with pride. "He's a regular advertising mule!"

"Who bought him?" I asked regretfully.

"A bootlegger," the Des Moines white mule man replied.

Having in mind an eastern friend who craved an assortment of Missouri mules I asked the King of Muledom how I could recognize a real good mule.

"A good mule looks much like a good horse," the king vouchsafed, "except for its head, ears, tail and feet. In best mule circles it is regarded as good form to have a spread of thirty inches from tip to tip of extended ears. That strikes an average, as it were, between the jack's ears, which have a spread of thirty-four, and the Percheron mother's, which have a spread of fourteen. But real aristocratic mules—the dominant individuals of their race—have Roman noses. Look for them."

"And what," I hazarded in farewell, "is your rule of conduct with all mules?"

"I go among them without fear," he answered jovially. "If all men would do the same, the mule would be less maligned."

"And there would be fewer kicks about and from the mules?"

"Louis Monsees, dean of Missouri jack breeders, has been close to mules for fifty years. The only mule that ever kicked Monsees was reaching for a bumblebee." Thus spake the king.

"That means?" I queried earnestly.

"Beware of bumblebees."

Clothes Make the Woman

[*Continued from page 86*]

qualities which had also made her a friend, a critic and a teacher to her "hands."

The second of seven children, Madame Hosac was born in the small Canadian town of Maricksville, where her father, an Irishman, and a skilled textile weaver, was foreman of a textile factory. But her mother, who had been born on a farm, was possessed by the longing to have one of her own and finally, after much persuasion, her father took up a homestead in Iowa. Poor man, no wonder he needed persuasion, for he had never been on a farm in his life and did not even know how to harness or drive a horse—all of which Mother, with, one suspects, that same quiet determination, taught him.

After five or six years the family moved to LeMars, another small town, where at a very early age Madame Hosac's first efforts at earning a living saw the light of day and were very promptly squashed!

"In LeMars there was only one milliner's shop," said she in her undemonstrative voice, "which was run by a man and his wife whom I thought quite the best looking, best dressed and nicest people in the town! So when I finished school I went to them and asked them to take me on as an apprentice to which they willingly agreed.

"But unfortunately Mother didn't! When I told her that I was going to be their helper she was furious—the idea of any one asking her daughter to work! That attitude seems funny today, doesn't it? But then, although apparently they did not mind a woman slaving in her own home, they thought it a disgrace that she should earn her living out of it! The only other interesting thing I could think of was to get married—which I promptly did!"

Quite evidently the spirit of adventure would not be curbed! Accompanied by ambition it soon after sent the young couple to the city of Chicago, where their son was born. When he was only six years old, his father died, and Madame Hosac had to set about earning a living.

"What made you think of dressmaking?"

"I wanted to stay in Chicago. I liked the city life and had no desire to go back to the farm. I knew just a little about sewing as I had helped Mother make the family clothes. She was a beautiful needlewoman and was able to do the finest English eyelet embroidery and buttonholes, such as we never see nowadays. She was very particular about us being well dressed and—" Madame Hosac's thoughtful face lit with a delightful humor—"you never know what may be useful! Her insistence upon keeping Father's trousers carefully pressed was of immense help to me later, for by watching her I learned how to press woolens, and this knowledge kept my first suits from looking home made!"

"And having definitely decided that you were going to be a dressmaker, how did you set about getting the first order?"

"I simply asked for it! There was one lady in our neighborhood who, like the milliner in the little town of LeMars, had specially attracted my attention as being well dressed and distinguished looking. I did not know her, but I went to her home and told her I was starting in the dressmaking business. She listened very carefully to what I had to say and finally she gave me a piece of material to take home and make into a suit for her."

"She was very pleased with the suit," Madame Hosac went on, "but when I charged her six dollars for the making she thought it pretty high!"

We both laughed. "And did she quit on the ground of the exorbitant price?"

"She did not! She came to me for about twenty years and sent all her friends, and as the price rose with each dress, she always complained and always continued to be more and more pleased. Her last dress cost $250!"

In three months' time Madame Hosac was in need of an assistant. At the end of fifteen years she was employing 165 girls!

Of course in the beginning there were many difficulties due to lack of experience. And there were occasional difficult clients!

"There was one beautiful and aristocratic woman of fifty who, when she first came to me, gave me a great deal of pleasure in the thought of planning her clothes. Her first order was for a formal evening gown of a heavy brocade.

"I discovered during the process of fitting that she was inclined to be unusually exacting, but when the gown was finished I felt sure she would be pleased. It was really very handsome. But her maid brought it back! Mrs. Blank would be in that morning—the décolleté was a trifle too high. The alteration was made but again the gown was returned to me—this time the train was to be a quarter of an inch longer. And yet again the gown was returned for an alteration due to a change of mind.

"When Mrs. Blank came in to see me the third time I controlled my temper and said very pleasantly, 'I feel that any more alterations would spoil a beautiful gown and as I should not like you to take anything which does not please you, perhaps it would be better if we canceled the order.' I had not much capital at the time and the material was costly, but a dissatisfied customer was a very bad thing for my business.

"She looked at me keenly, 'Who said that it did not please me?'

" 'It is very obvious.'

" 'Not at all!' Her tone was sharp but she was smiling. 'Of course the dress pleases me. It's the nicest I've ever had. If you will send your bill with the alterations it shall be paid by return.'

"It was, and I gained many other clients through this one!"

"Were you always as patient as this?" I asked.

She laughed. "You must ask my son! He came into my business when he was seventeen."

When, later, I was able to put the question to him, he too laughed as he replied that there were times when she was a veritable volcano!

Under her quiet manner and usual self-control was the temperament of the artist. Occasionally with a nagging customer she not only lost her patience but refused to deliver the gown she was making and furthermore ended the connection.

Besides difficult clients there were in those first early days financial difficulties which had to be overcome. At the heavy buying seasons all the available capital would be tied up in stock, and when customers were slow in their payments the bank balance looked mighty small in view of the weekly payroll which had to be met.

There always are people who hate to pay bills, and in such a personal business as Madame Hosac's, this credit side called for a great deal of tact and judgment. Bills were presented on the first of the month and due in thirty days—but they were not always met! I imagine that the unusual clients who paid cash were not unwelcome!

Such a one was Sarah Bernhardt. She always paid her large bills on presentation and then in crisp new hundred dollar notes which were sent by her maid.

"I made many gowns for her," said Madame Hosac, "and she herself taught me how to make the very high collars she wore. I used to make collars as high as five inches for her! I remember that she once ordered five gowns with hats to match and that the cheapest hat was $65 and the most expensive $150. This, of course, was many years ago and translated into today's prices would be considerably higher.

"I had heard many stories about her idiosyncrasies so one day when the fitter was about to go to her hotel, my curiosity got the better of me and I decided I would go instead and see how she lived.

"I found her in a great deal of style in a suite which housed her and her five servants. It was during Easter week and she was surrounded by three dogs, a great many chickens and a parrot. They were all dyed different colors! One dog was orange, a second was green and the third rose, and each chicken was also a different color. I was so interested that I could scarcely keep my attention on my job."

Again during the early years of Madame Hosac's career there were all sorts of big questions which had to be decided and which called for vision and courage. Such a one occurred about nine or ten years after the modest beginning. By that time she had built up a very successful business, but being a local dressmaker did not satisfy her artistic aspirations. She knew she could do much better.

Paris was the goal! But that meant the expenditure of at least a thousand dollars! Nevertheless she took the plunge and thereafter she, accompanied in later years by her son, made semiannual trips and bought French models and materials.

Her Paris trips helped foster a native genius for "touches." Nothing was ever thrown away, but every scrap of unused material or ornament was sorted in two huge seven foot cases in the workrooms. From this store she would often take some silk, and lo! by a contrasting color or a clever piece of ornamentation, a dress which had been merely pretty became a model gown!

While we had been talking Madame Hosac's quick fingers had never been idle. Before my eyes there had grown up from the roll of brocade a model gown with beautiful lines.

"Did you always cut without a pattern?" I asked.

"Not just at the beginning. I used a French tailoring system for the short time during which I was learning the real French way of draping from the bolt of material on to the figure. We had no dummies in those days. We would fit a waist lining to the customer, stitch it up and then take a bed and stuff it into the lining in order to drape and trim it. And many a time I have come into the workrooms and found the girls throwing these pillows at each other, excusing themselves on the ground that Mrs. Jones was fighting Mrs. Brown because her dress was the prettier!

"And as I have said, I don't remember being afraid of cutting into materials. I was always in a hurry because women were just the same children that they are now. They did not order until they were ready for the dress and expected it right away, so that there was no time for parleying. I made few miscuts and when I did I could always find a way out!"

Just then a girl of today, slim, hipless, supple, swung into the room with an easy stride and an eager bright-eyed insouciance and said quickly: "Oh, Madame Hosac, I'm going to a dance on Saturday—it's a very special thing and I must have a new dress!"

When the details had been discussed and the promise given and she had swung out again, Madame Hosac laughed, "I've gone through many periods of short skirts but this is my first experience of the skirtette!"

"But don't you think the girl of today looks prettier and more charming than she has ever done?'

"Youth always looks charming and is always pretty. I can't say that I think it any prettier today than it used to be! But I do think that the business world has developed a wonderful class of woman outside the ultra-fashionable society woman. The things I chiefly regret are the real home parties where the owners knew how to entertain and always wore the right clothes for each occasion, as they did in the good old days when we had four-in-hand and tally-ho parties. When I see some of the middle-aged women dressed like young girls I can't help feeling that we have lost some of our sense of fitness."

"But just think what we have gained in comfort! Never in the history of women have our bodies been so gorgeously happy in their easy clothes!"

"That's true! It reminds me of a story which the mother of that young girl was telling me the other day, about a dress I made for her some fifteen years ago. She was a very fashionable lady and demanded the very quintessence of the close fit of the period. It was a wonderful gown and she wore it for the first time to the theater. But when she tried to sit down it was so tight she just couldn't do it! So her husband had to take her home again without seeing the play and she told me that he ranted at great length about the follies of women's fashions!" Madame Hosac's eyes twinkled. "So you see that although fashions change husbands are always the same!"

"When you told me that the first suit you made for your client cost $6.00 and the last, twenty years later, $250, do you think that somewhat represents our growing extravagance in the matter of dress?"

"But I don't think that we are more extravagant! You can't compare the two items—the first represented the making of a suit by an unknown woman, the last represented gorgeous material and the name of an established dressmaker. I know that the women for whom I used to make dresses fifteen years ago paid a great deal more for them than the same clients do now, and they were a great deal more fastidious. Wedding trousseaux and formal gowns were much higher than they are today. I have customers who paid $3,500 for their wedding outfits while their daughters pay just half the price."

"Perhaps it's because they wear just half the clothes!" I suggested. "Today a girl is dressed for the most formal occasion in three garments—two inner and an outer—while twenty years ago they wore—how many?"

"Seven or eight at least! But it isn't only that. Women today do not take as much interest in their clothes! They shop around more, they lack originality and follow fads. The follow-the-leader instinct and the ready-to-wear habit have developed so much that few women today plan for and suit their own individual style. And furthermore sewing and handwork are become lost arts. That is one of my difficulties!"

"Do you think that there are equal opportunities today for the beginner in dressmaking?"

"It depends on the scope of her ambitions. It is always a trade to which a woman may turn if she has skilled fingers and, if she is content to be a sewing woman or a local dressmaker, she will probably find it quite easy to earn a living today. But if she has ambitions and desires to become a creator of fashionable gowns with a large clientele, I should say that her task will be much harder than when I started, for the reasons I mentioned, the lack of girls and the shopping-around and ready-to-wear habits.

"We have become a machine-run people and the type of girls I was able to get and train twenty years ago are today absorbed by the factories, where they earn more.

"If I were beginning today, it is more than likely that my natural instinct for design and line would be absorbed by the wholesale houses—that is, today I should become a designer and creator of gowns for the wholesaler instead of for my personal clients—a profession, by the way, which has excellent opportunities for the ambitious woman with talent."

Incidentally, through her son, Madame Hosac refutes the theory which is sometimes held that if a woman is unusually successful in her career, she is not likely to be particularly useful as a mother. Not only is he a delightful human being but at the age of thirty-seven he was elected as vice-president in charge of sales of an important automobile company.

Incidentally, again, Madame Hosac has a granddaughter of seventeen who entirely refutes all the stuff about the modern flapper. She is modern to her finger tips, but she can run a house as well as she can dance and though she is pretty enough to get through life on looks, she is as sane and as unselfish as even a grandmother would wish! She has a brain and uses it. There is also a grandson—but he, at the moment, is chiefly occupied with being a schoolboy!

A Home-Made Prima Donna

[*Continued from page 34*]

weddings and funerals, Augusta always had to sing, and, when she sang, strangers passing would stop to listen."

Although Mrs. Talley's singing aunt never had the musical training to fit her for a career, the power and beauty of her voice are still talked of by the old people who used to be her neighbors.

As young Mrs. Talley sat alone on the porch of her home in Nevada, she sometimes thought of her Aunt Augusta, and wondered why neither she nor any of her sisters had inherited their aunt's unusual gift of song.

Autumn came. Windows had to be closed, so that Mrs. Talley heard very little of the music next door. Presently, she had other things to think about. Christmas week, her little girl was born, and she was christened "Marion Nevada."

When the baby was five months old, the family moved to Kansas City, and Mr. Talley was installed in the telegraph office where he still operates a key.

The piano longed for in Nevada was finally bought and placed in the pleasant apartment at 1308 East Ninth Street. At first, it was only an upright, but later on it became a parlor grand. For Marion, there was a violin when, at the age of six, she was deemed old enough to take lessons.

With a mother so eager to have her daughters receive the musical training that had been denied her, it might be suspected that the atmosphere of the Talley home would encourage the growth of the temperament known as "artistic." Such a suspicion would be wholly wrong. The "artistic temperament," so-called, could never have lived a day in the same house as Marion's mother. She would be certain to spank it out of any child of hers as readily as she would sweep cobwebs our of her living-room, if by any chance either invaded her home.

Mrs. Talley is a woman who emanates common sense. Firmness, a calm demeanor, religious duty, holding fast to old faiths and old friends—these are the characteristics that impress her acquaintances, that have molded her countenance, that have kept her silent when speech was useless, that have made her speak with decision when speech was imperative. She is strong without being somber, her face lighting with smiles for husband and daughters, and reflecting always an inner serenity. Her humor is apt to be whimsical, a quality she has imparted to both her daughters.

Mrs. Talley might have invented the slogan "Watch your step," so carefully has she scanned the places whereon her younger daughter must next place a shapely foot. Her mother instinct seems endowed with an intelligence of its own.

When Marion was only eleven years old, Mrs. Talley heard a professional musician praise her daughter's singing. His words would have turned the heads of many mothers. But Marion's mother, while she thought much of what the choir director said, was careful to minimize its importance in her daughter's presence. At the same time, she cautioned Marion to follow carefully the advice given her.

The child had accompanied her mother and older sister to choir rehearsal. A new musical director had been installed in the First Christian church of Kansas City. He was a Welshman and eager to build up a large choir.

When Mrs. Talley and Florence announced their intention of joining it, Marion refused to be left behind. They knew she could sing, but the new director was not aware of it. When he saw the little girl seated among nearly a hundred adults, he quietly informed her mother that next time she must be left at home.

The singing began, and the Welshman's keen ear immediately separated the tones of the child's voice from those of the other singers. He asked the little girl to sing alone. Realizing the unusual promise of the child's voice, the director took Mrs. Talley aside after the rehearsal and told her that he would call at their home and give Marion some necessary instruction in tone placing and breath control.

In the informal lessons that followed, Mrs. Talley learned all that Marion learned, and more. But she made no comment on her daughter's voice. She fed her wholesome food, dressed her neatly and hygienically, cautioned her not to neglect her studies in school just because she was being taught something about singing, and—well, I think she took it to the Lord in prayer, for that was Mrs. Talley's habit.

One day Marion sang with another little girl at a committee luncheon in a big hotel during a Liberty Bond drive. Her Grandfather Braun heard her practicing her patriotic song, and he said: "She sings like my sister Augusta."

At this unparalleled praise from grandfather, Mrs. Talley was both surprised and gratified. Perhaps it was only then that she realized how much her Aunt Augusta had to do with her own musical longings. After that, she was more than ever attentive to the instruction given her daughter by the Welsh choir leader, until he departed in a khaki uniform to help make the American army sing.

One day, Marion found that she could trill. "Better not, "said mother, "until we are sure you are doing it right." Marion was ordinarily an obedient child, but as well ask a linnet not to warble as caution her against trilling. She broke into song as naturally as other children broke into shouts.

All she could find in books, magazines, newspapers, on the art of singing, Mrs. Talley clipped out and treasured. The fifty voice lessons that appeared weekly in *The Kansas City Star* in 1916-17, she studied carefully, clipped, and put away for future consultation.

When she was thirteen, Marion was taken by her mother to another teacher, one who conducted a school of opera. In spite of her youth, the child began the study of two operatic roles, Arline in "The Bohemian Girl" and "Mignon."

At first, Mrs. Talley did not favor the idea of operatic singing. She was a devout Christian and knew little of secular music. But she always went with her daughter when she took her lessons. Presently, she began to appreciate the innocent loveliness of Italy's contribution to the world's music, even in the French and English operas her daughter was engaged upon.

By this time, Marion was in high school. One evening, the winter she was fifteen, she sang in a small recital, to assist an older girl who was a pianist. From that evening, even a mother could not stem the tide of publicity and the public demands that engulfed her daughter.

It was through these crowding triumphs and through the even greater ordeal later in New York, when the heads of the Metropolitan acclaimed the voice one of the finest ever heard in an audition on that stage, that Mrs. Talley bore herself with a poise and simplicity that undoubtedly went far to keep Marion from acquiring a disastrous belief in her own unaided powers. Nearly everybody predicted such a belief, but that was because they did know Marion's mother.

"Marion knows she has a great deal to learn," the mother would say, when praise became extravagant.

Eight months after she assisted her girl friend in a piano recital, Marion was giving a concert of her own in Kansas City, for which $10,000 worth of tickets were sold, some of them for the record price of $100 each.

There was hardly time for Mrs. Talley to pinch herself to see if she were indeed dreaming. There were interviews to be given, the usual three meals a day to prepare, dishes to wash, sweeping, dusting, bed-making, the mending and making that comprised the round of duties in Mrs. Talley's calendar.

The concert was to provide funds for Marion's training for the operatic stage. Both Mme. Galli-Curci and Mme. Schumann-Heink had given their verdicts in favor of the operatic stage.

When I asked Mrs. Talley to help us prepare for Marion's first concert by keeping her daughter from singing in public during the intervening two weeks, she made no reply. Later on, she disclosed her deep religious feeling by insisting on having her daughter fulfill every one of her obligations to sing in church on Sundays and nightly in the revival services her church was conducting in a tent.

"We think it is the greatest privilege of a singer to use her voice in the service of religion," she told me, "and I wouldn't feel right about it if she failed the meetings right now."

When I saw that argument was useless, I accepted the situation and said nothing to the other members of the committee. As it turned out, the luster of her voice was undimmed by the nightly tent singing. While many went to hear her at the meetings, they came to the concert also, and we turned hundreds away from the doors.

A week before the concert, Mrs. Talley's brother, Emil Braun, was stricken with serious illness at his home in Kansas. Telegrams arrived daily, but these were never shown to Marion, who was not permitted to know that her uncle was ill.

Mrs. Talley longed to see her brother, but she knew a crisis was at hand in her daughter's life. So she hid her feelings and went smilingly on with the concert preparations. The news from Kansas became more and more alarming. Two hours before the concert, a message came saying that Emil Braun was dead. White with suffering, the mother still maintained outward composure, remaining back stage with her daughter and sending her out each time to sing with a kiss of purest love upon her lips.

After the concert, a pleasant—as Marion thought—surprise had been arranged for her. There was supper with friends, and then, at midnight, a train was boarded for the Kansas town, where Marion had gone many a time for a vacation at "Uncle Emil's place."

Not until they were nearing the country station did Mrs. Talley tell her daughter what had occurred. Even then, there were neither hysterics nor heroics, and it may be that Mrs. Talley was not conscious of performing a truly splendid deed. She is not given to self-analysis.

When the Talleys returned to Kansas City a few days later, problems confronted the mother. The child must go away to complete her musical education. She was committed to that. Who was there to go with her, that she might be cared for as she always had been from her cradle? Her mother, of course. Even the public, which is foolish and clamorous about many things, said Marion must not be separated from her mother. Mr. Talley said so, too. Florence must go also, he declared, so that she might continue to play Marion's accompaniments, and benefit personally from the new opportunities. He would retain the apartment, and they would all return there for as many and as long vacations as they could manage. He would send them all the money he could spare, passes for traveling, and a great many letter-telegrams. But the selection of teachers for Marion, all the important decisions connected with her study, he left to Mrs. Talley, in whose judgment he expressed unbounded confidence. "She has been a wise mother so far," he told me, "and I believe she will make no mistake."

As they packed for the journey to New York, they were constantly interrupted with requests that Marion sing for this or that charity. Kansas City, newly aware of its treasure, was reluctant to see it vanish.

There were times during those last weeks in Kansas City, in the fall of 1922, when it seemed to Mrs. Tally that the world was a monster octopus, reaching out its many arms to drag her daughter from her. Marion had been a mere baby such a little while ago. Only the year before, when she began high school, with a frock let down to allow for lengthened legs, her mother had sighed to think she wasn't a baby any more. She had been such a lively baby, neither so daintily pretty nor so sedate as her sister Florence, nor red-cheeked, like her mother, but with a face always aglow, in spite of its ivory tinting. Mrs. Talley looked back on those days of Marion's childhood and wished they had not passed.

With the worry inseparable from the temporary breaking up of the close-knit family life, there was, of course, the deep joy that comes to the mother who finds that hers is indeed no ordinary child, but the wonder child she has secretly believed her to be from the beginning.

Four years have passed since that first leave-taking and throughout the crises that have followed swiftly Mrs. Talley has maintained a poise that many more experienced women might envy.

First, came the Metropolitan audition of 1922, when the little girl with trusting eyes and tear-compelling magic in her voice won friends in high places. Then retirement for mother and daughters to a small apartment in the strange city, and the duty of going daily with Marion to teachers of voice, languages, repertoire.

When Director Gatti-Casazza asked Marion for another audition the second winter of her stay in New York and then suggested that she might make her début the following season, Mrs. Talley was not carried away by the prospect. Instead, she counseled another year's delay, with time for study in Italy. To carry out that plan, Marion returned to Kansas City where she gave two more concerts, also one in Lindsborg and one in Emporia, Kansas.

With her daughters, Mrs. Talley sailed for Italy, only to find problems there, too. Each of the Italian teachers with whom Marion studied wanted to sponsor a Milan début.

Finally, came Director Gatti-Casazza from the Metropolitan with a three-years' contract for Marion to sign. The night of February 17, Marion made her début. Her young beauty thrown into high relief, as the daughter of the hunchback in "Rigoletto," she sang her way into the hearts of a Metropolitan audience. She even captured the critics, for the most part, one of them hearing in her voice the sound of distant, youthful laughter, presaging the banishment of melancholy from the operatic stage, and the birth of the "modern mood." They all admit she has her own way of getting her effects and that her scale is that of the violin rather than the piano. They concede that, while she is a coloratura soprano, she does not make a god of ornamental singing, but "sings straight from her heart to yours."

As Lucia in Donizetti's opera, she was an even more dazzling success. Talley nights at the opera are sold out days in advance. At last, we have an American star who enfolds her audiences in the same magic spell that Jenny Lind seems to have thrown around her audiences of three-quarters of a century ago. People who never went to the opera before are going now, and Miss Talley will face this season at the Metropolitan such a cross section of humanity as the opera has not known in this generation.

The home folks, back in Missouri, have nursed an unspoken fear that the sophisticates would rob this daughter of Kansas City of the peculiar charm she seems to possess, both in voice and personality.

Thus far, the fear is unfounded, and I think it will be unfounded so long as Marion's mother is anywhere near, governing and strengthening by her presence. Seldom does the older woman sweep into the center of the picture to state the "law," though she can and does, at times. Should the more sophisticated metropolis set out to impress upon Marion questionable innovations, her mother is apt to do as she did to a well-groomed young man in Kansas City several years ago, when he paid his deep respects to Marion by kissing her hand.

"Marion is not used to that," put in Mrs. Talley. "Just shake her hand."

A Barnum of the Sea

[*Continued from page 93*]

be passed practically unobserved. There is the skate, which lays its eggs in a rectangular leatherlike receptacle often washed up on shore and called by delighted children the mermaid's purse. The angel fish, flashing unbelievably delicate and lovely color in the sun, and named for two winglike appendages. The sandfish, with heavenly blue eyes, and its habit of burrowing deep in the eel grass, backing into its tunnel and viewing the world like a slum lady at her window, comfortably accepting a length of terra-cotta piping in the Aquarium and enjoying the color scheme as much as any one.

"There is the puffer, with its odd capacity for inflating itself like a silver balloon, and, at danger's first approach, rising to the surface of the water and scudding out of danger's way like a bubble in the wind.

"There is the porkfish—blue, yellow, black-flecked, which will fry in its own fat; the goosefish with its wicked eye and stomach holding heaven only knows how many wild duck, when found in its native freedom. The toadfish who guards his eggs laid in some old rusty kettle or bootleg; and the catfish, unselfishly—the male, mind you!—carrying the eggs days at a time in his mouth abstaining all the while from food. Show me the human father who would push a baby carriage through the park in lieu of dinner!

"The sea-lions of course are always popular. Buster is never so happy as when racing about his pool splashing and barking. Who knows, perhaps he has learned not to bark too loudly or too persistently. For several of his companions have been banished for excessive noisiness."

Aside from that accorded by the seals and sea-birds, who are tame and friendly, the public receives but scant attention from the fishes. The rail placed in front of the tanks prevents visitors from approaching the glass and frightening with sudden noises and movements.

Then, too, before being put on exhibition the fishes are accustomed to the presence of human beings. Behind the scenes are twenty-nine tanks containing specimens not yet on view. Placed in a tank directly after capture a fish might actually die of fright. Behind the scenes, too, are hospital tanks, where ailing fishes may be isolated and treated.

"Our most valuable exhibit from the point of view of naturalists was that which included the shark and his commensals, the shark sucker and the pilot fish—not parasite, because they do not prey on the host, but deadhead, since they depend upon him eternally for food and protection.

"Yet, though they feed on the crumbs from his table, neither is safe from his host's wrath if he feels like turning against them. They are always on the ragged edge of danger—dread of death at the hands of the one who serves to protect them from the mob.

"The shark sucker is provided with a soft suction pad near his head by which he adheres to the shark's body, though in an extremity a whale, porpoise or a ship's keel will do as well.

"Secure and fast, no amount of contrivance on the part of his victim will shake him off as he is towed through the water. So long has this been his custom that by now the shark sucker has lost the capacity for independent existence."

Along the shores of Africa the natives make use of him. They tie a string about his body, toss him into the water, wait until he has found anchor and then tow in his victim, to be killed at leisure. We made a test of the shark sucker's strength here at the Aquarium by placing him in a bucket of water to which he promptly attached himself. Raised by the tail he lifted twenty-four pounds off the floor!

Dr. Charles Bateson, late naturalist of Cambridge University, on a visit to this country would stand for hours before the tank watching the three—shark, pilot fish and sucker—move through the water.

"The most amazing exhibit here or anywhere in Europe," he would say enthusiastically. "It is marvelous. That old association, provider and dependent, curious to natural history since the beginning of time."

"However, our exhibition did not survive, and through our own carelessness. We overreached ourselves, and placed two sharks with their commensals in the tank. Between them they cornered the interlopers and killed them! Thus were the sharks masters of the situation, probably for the first time in their lives."

Aside from the species who are strangers to one in name and appearance here in the Aquarium, one sees many old friends. There is every conceivable variety of the goldfish, fantail, fringetail, lionhead, and telescope, which, though Japanese and Chinese developments, are now raised extensively in the United States, and innumerable food and game fishes—bluefish, flounder, bass, pike (too good, Izaak Walton says, save for any but anglers and honest men), whitefish, pickerel, trout.

The most popular food fishes, the cod and mackerel, though sometimes shown, are not at present in the Aquarium. The cod is the most prolific of the fishes, a seventy-five pound one yielding as many as nine million eggs; yet the government is forced, so extensively is it fished, to constantly restock the waters by artificial propagation.

Weekly Dr. Townsend is asked for advice and counsel in every department of his work and upon every conceivable angle. Housewives whose goldfish do not thrive; concerns desiring to go into the fishing business with a view to selling to their employees in mines of Chile; gentlemen starting fishponds upon their estates; teachers, scholars, all turn to him for help.

Cities contemplating the establishing of aquariums send representatives to him to study his methods of collecting, maintaining and engineering. He invites specialists from school and university to conduct biological investigation in the laboratory and consult the library of over a 1,000 volumes on every phase of fish culture, angling, fish industry and aquatic life, supplemented by a large and valuable collection of pamphlets written by Dr. Townsend and his staff.

Attached to the Aquarium is the fish hatchery, eggs for which are supplied by the government, and from which yearly 1,000,000 small fry food and game fishes are placed in the waters of the State of New York.

The most frequent request, however, is for the simple directions as to the care of goldfish in the home, and because mistakes are frequent I quote several of his rules here.

(1) Use an all glass aquarium (preferably rectangular), not a metal-bottomed one, which will eventually leak. Do not use a globe, as there will not be sufficient aeration, nor a cylinder, which will distort the fishes and will possibly break under pressure. Don't overcrowd!

(2) Unless your aquarium is large, the rule is one inch of fish to every gallon of water; if large, two inches is correct.

(3) Don't forget to have gravel and water plants; sagittaria, milfoil, Canadian waterweed, Ludwigia, fanwort, etc., are good.

(4) Place your aquarium in a north window where the water's temperature will never be appreciably changed by the sun. Keep the temperature above 40 degrees and below 70 degrees—50 to 60 degrees is best of all.

(5) Keep your hands out of the water as strictly as you would wish a human being to keep his hands out of your food.

(6) *Feed your fishes*—This is italicized because the number of those who believe they require no food is legion. A fish will live several months perhaps without food, but only by slow and cruel starvation. Feed them *daily*—two mouthfuls is a good rule. Use any prepared fish food not made of rice wafer, though home foods such as oatmeal, hominy, cream of wheat are valuable, dropped into the water in tiny flecks one at a time as they are eaten. Bits of raw meat, tinned crab or shrimp, too, are good. Underfeed, rather than overfeed, is the rule, but *feed!*

(7) And don't say aquariums when you mean two or more small *aquaria*. Aquariums is used to denote large collections, so scattered and few as to earn a plural of their own.

He Reigns Over Our Animal Kingdom

[*Continued from page 16*]

come as a by-product. Now and then he forgets himself and in a few words paints an unforgettable picture. He has never married, for with a heart that might stop the next time that he stooped over to buckle a spur and with but one lung to lessen his chances, he may have felt himself not designed for domesticity.

But if he is diffident—I might almost say shy—he is one of the finest fighting men I have ever known when his science or his bureau or his birds and animals are attacked. Then he forgets himself completely in the ardor of battle and withal remembers to be kindly and square and always fair. He is unlickable, I believe. He might conceivably be wrong, but it is not likely that he could ever believe it, so ardent are his convictions. But if the flank were ever turned he would admit defeat freely, for he has the heart of a child.

One would quickly get into trouble if an attempt were made to compare the relative usefulness of the minor branches of the government, but it may be safely said that no one of them comes into more intimate contact with the people than the Biological Survey. If a rat annoys you—that rat is a hostile ward of the Survey's. When the annual "Swat the Fly" campaigns begin the Bureau furnishes the motive power and much of the direction.

Do you wish to kill a snake?

The Bureau will tell you whether the snake is useful, as many of them are, or dangerous, as are a few. Perhaps you are interested in the breeding of that fine American animal, the Morgan horse. It was the Bureau which helped rescue him from the oblivion to which carelessness had consigned him. Maybe the heaviest beef animal or the cow that gives the most cream attracts your fancy? The Bureau has all the available knowledge. Humming birds are its wards and the great Alaskan bears and all the animal kingdom in between.

Fevers have ravaged the western range, each carrying with them the threat of extension into the crowded areas of the east. The Bureau has aided in the discovery of the germ-bearing insects that spread disease. It has led the campaign against the mosquito and plotted the life curves of butterflies. Whatever has life is of its parish, whether that life walks or crawls or flies or swims or climbs. Not one of us takes a step today, or sleeps an hour tonight, or breathes or laughs, but we come in some indirect touch with the Biological Survey. Yet it is not a costly service. Following the government rule that scientists may safely be scrimped a bit, its appropriations have always been small, even if its thanks have been generous.

The main purpose of the Biologic Survey, to quote an official publication, "is the conservation of beneficial forms of wild life and the development of methods for controlling the harmful forms." It gets a stingy appropriation from Congress which enables it to keep twenty-five game wardens in the field. These wardens could not cover two states each if Dr. Nelson did not maintain the most friendly relations with the fish and game commissions of the states and with the sportsmen's organizations. He could not maintain these relations unless he were a diplomat. Yet he is not a diplomat.

He is merely honest, earnest, well informed and set in his ways. Other men get whipped and get angry. He gets whipped but not angry, and keeps pegging, and by and by he gets his way or a part of his way, and gets set for a new start. The present fairly efficient protection of migratory birds is an instance of this. It has always been the American conviction that a bird that rests, nests or paddles inside state lines is the property of that state. Dr. Nelson leg-banded five hundred birds caught in one breeding place and they were killed all over the map in the years to come.

Evidently if the migratory birds were to be protected they must be guarded nationally and their breeding places in the north must be saved from hunters. In the educative years that preceded the signing of the migratory bird treaty with Canada he was in the front of those who aroused and informed public opinion. He wrote a good share of that treaty and helped shape all of it and the legislation under which it is put in effect. Incidentally Canada is living up to its provisions more liberally than we are. More ducks and geese are being hatched in Canada and Alaska each spring than can be fed during the following winter in the United States.

It may be asked why he has been represented as having done more for our wild game than any other man "in the last ten years?"

In earlier years many other men, some of whom are still alive and active, played an important part in solidifying the sentiment of sportsmen and creating an informed public. But since 1916 Dr. Nelson has been the head of the Biologic Survey, and the man who holds that position, if he be energetic and capable and fearless, can do more than any man in a non-official position. The support of the sportsmen's organizations as well as their sporadic fire is centered upon him. Especially is he the contact man between Congress and the hunter. And those who have seen congressional committees operate on contact men know that not only are abilities of a high order demanded of them, but a massive refusal to be flea-bitten into madness.

The administrationist school of sportsmen, as opposed to the conservationist, first came prominently into public knowledge—more definitely perhaps, into the knowledge of our 6,000,000 sportsmen—in 1919 when Dr. Nelson raised the question of the reduction of food for the wild birds. He was the first to call attention to the fact that the drainage of enormous areas was annually decreasing the available duck food. It is obvious that if a bird is not fed it will starve. He has never suggested that desirable agricultural lands be exempted from the operation of any drainage plan, but he has urged that watered tracts which will be useless if drained, or which are subject to destructive annual overflow, be preserved as bird refuges.

"Then permit a bag limit which will kill the birds down to a number which can be safely fed on these refuges," says he. "Starvation and disease will fellow overcrowding."

Stated briefly, the argument of the administrationists is that enough shooting must be permitted each year to keep the numbers of four-footed and feathered game down to the supporting capacity of the woods and marshes. Over-population brings starvation and disease inevitably in its wake. They would then govern the annual bag limit and provide a sufficient number of game refuges. By congressional appropriation lands facing on 300 miles of the Mississippi River are being purchased and set aside for duck homes. Similar areas elsewhere, for the most part utterly valueless except for game purposes, are to be purchased if the pending game refuge bill becomes a law.

Nelson is something more than a defender of wild life, however. He is also the judge of the court of last resort in the animal kingdom.

It was Old Three-Toes, I believe, who cost the cattlemen of Arizona about $25,000 a year to keep him happy. The Pryor Creek Wolf was an expensive luxury in Wyoming. Broadly speaking, the head of the Biologic Survey has no mercy on wolves, coyotes, mountain lions, prairie dogs, rats and cats. The prairie dogs eat grass which would make good beef, and if the cats hunt rats now and then, it is only on shikari. Their steady occupation is killing birds. Rats, of course, are the worst enemy of humanity. It is estimated that the probable cost of the 100,000,000 or more rats in the United States is $2.00 a year each. To "control the harmful forms of wild life" Dr. Nelson is at the head of perhaps the greatest hunting organization in the world. From two hundred to four hundred hunters and trappers, according to the season, are at work protecting the rest of us from the bad animals of the wilds.

As head of the Biologic Survey he is a clear instance of natural selection. Born in New Hampshire, he lived on his grandfather's farm in Northern New York until he was fourteen years old, and became infatuated with birds. Mind you, he did not know such a thing as a naturalist existed. He had never heard the name. But when he moved to a farm near Chicago he knew all the birds and beasts of his New York neighborhood by name and feather. In the outskirts of Chicago he got acquainted with some boys who had been given "bird books" by uncles and aunts.

He had never seen a "bird book" before. May not have known they were printed. But he studied those borrowed books letter by letter until he had them pat. Then he began to write letters to various publications interested in natural history, and when he was sixteen he had not only discovered a hitherto unknown species of bird, but had written about it and sketched it and established a title to it. Professor Spencer Baird was then at the head of the Smithsonian Museum, which was almost nothing at all. It had no revenues worth mentioning. Its endowment consisted principally of the tireless and enthusiastic Baird, who was building up its collections by the voluntary and conscripted assistance of army and navy officers and others who could be coaxed into correspondence. It was Baird who discovered the boy Nelson and made good his claim to his bird.

Baird learned that the War Department planned to send a meteorologist to Alaska, which was at that time very virgin territory. There were only fifteen white men there, gold had not been discovered in paying quantities, and our pulsating democracy still regarded it as a cruel mistake. The Smithsonian man protested:

"A meteorologist would rust out," he said. "Why not send a live young naturalist instead? He could take his meteorological observations between times."

Practical arrangements of this sort could be made in those informal days. Baird called on Nelson, then eighteen years old, induced him to enlist in the Signal Service, and he was despatched to Alaska as a private soldier. It was understood, of course, that he had no soldiering to do. Anyhow, there were no second lieutenants around to make him do it. He spent five years there, mostly in dogsleds and igloos. As soon as he learned how to navigate a dog he made the round of the white men and enlisted them as meteorologists. After that he need only write up their observations from time to time and devote himself to natural history.

He was one of the party that went out in search of the ill-fated *Jeannette* and helped raise the first flag on Wrangell Island. Another island was named for him. His book on the natural history of Alaska ranks as high as his volume on the Eskimo. He happened to reach Alaska at the crucial moment in Eskiman history, for the progressive deterioration which followed the influx of white men had not yet begun. It would be impossible for any one to follow in his traces now, for the mode of life has changed, traditions have been forgotten and the cultural life of these simple beings has been utterly changed.

During these years he established a reputation for physical strength and daring that still lives in the North. In the course of his rounds among the Eskimo he found himself out of touch with supplies when the first snow of the winter began. To remain might not improbably have meant death. With his one companion he "mushed" for twenty-four hours. Then after a brief rest the dogs were harnessed again to the sledges and he "mushed" for twenty-six hours more. For the first and perhaps the only time in his life he was physically exhausted.

Nevertheless they mushed on and eventually reached St. Michael's, weak with hunger, but safe. During the winter that followed he sledged continually among the Eskimos until a fever resulted from constant exposure and fatigue that convinced him he must find medical aid. Later it proved to be pleurisy. He drove his sledge through a two days' storm, accompanied by his native guides. Once, hearing crackling sounds beneath the sled on which he was riding, he believed himself to be delirious, for the natives had heard nothing. His keener senses had warned him accurately, however. If the dogs had gone forward another fifty feet through the driving snow they would have gone through the thinning ice into the sea.

Tuberculosis resulted from the pleurisy and he returned to the United States, ultimately to run a cattle ranch in Arizona until he regained his health, although the better part of one lung was gone and his heart proved to be permanently impaired. His friends prophesied he would always be an invalid, but the following twenty years he spent in the saddle or on the desert. He was a member of the first scientific expedition into Death Valley, and his exploration of the San Merced cañon is an epic. No one had ever entered the middle reaches of that cañon. It was believed to be impassable. Nelson, accompanied by Gen. Fred Funston, a Chinese cook and some Shoshone Indians, determined to try it. That meant that they would go through it, for the cardinal article of Nelson's philosophy is that nothing is impossible.

They came to a 500-foot drop over a granite wall. Cliffs which were utterly unscalable rose on either side. Below they saw a gigantic box of granite, to which entrance could only be forced over a snowslide perhaps 150 feet long. Once down that slide it could never be reclimbed. So they coasted the laden packs down the snowslide and then blindfolded the horses and pushed them over the edge and then glissaded down themselves. At the other end of the box was a second drop of 500 feet which lacked the convenient snowslide. Three days' scouting failed to reveal any means by which the towering walls of rock on either side could be scaled.

"It looked bad," is Dr. Nelson's comment. "We were locked in."

But at the end of the third day he found one narrow line of soil, huddled under the cliff, along which it was barely possible the animals could be led. At one side the rock rose as sheer as the wall of a room. On the other was a sheer drop of four hundred feet. He came back to report that if they had luck they might get the pack train over that thread of earth, to find a Shoshone packer in camp with the knees worn out of his trousers, so the bare brown knees showed through. The recollection has always tickled Dr. Nelson. The Shoshone had found the same trail, but where the white man had walked over it erect the Indian had crawled on hands and knees. They got through, although "one old fool of a mule took the wrong turn around a little tree and her hind heels threw rocks into the bottom of the cañon, four hundred feet below."

And during that hardy tour his heart was so dicky that he only kept it going by nibbling strychnine from the point of his pocket knife. Ever since the Alaskan days it has been an effort for him to climb a flight of stairs. Being given up to die by the leading specialist on affairs of the heart he went hunting in the Panamint for mountain sheep and got them. During a part of that trip his Indians could find nothing for the party to eat except lizards.

"They are not too bad," he says.

One catches glimpses of a life packed with adventure only now and then in his talks with friends, for he does not recount his adventures gladly. Once he rode up Popocatepetl, one of the first if not the first white man to make that ride, and on reaching the summit found himself deserted by his Indians and blind. He reasoned that some berries he had eaten had affected his sight and that his horse would return to the nearest village if let alone. So he sat still in the saddle and two days later he heard the voices of Indians and knew that he was safe.

But his most startling adventure, or so it seems to me, was when he was lost in a cavern under the lava beds near the City of Mexico. Some one had discovered a cache of prehistoric pottery in a star-shaped cave, and the party of which Nelson made one entered it. The pottery had been found in a great chamber from which five passageways led. The next day the others went hunting, but Nelson returned alone to the cave. Once inside he found that he had lost the package containing his spare candles and matches. So he sat down in that grim darkness to think.

"I remembered that five alleys led out from the star," he said. "One was the right way. I worked out my position in my mind and then crawled to the right hole through the darkness and got out."

There is a story of a formal banquet at which Nelson was the guest of honor and the others present were men of the highest standing in Mexican official life. Half-way through the affair a fine specimen of a species of rare bat flew in through the open window and Nelson saw it. He did his best not to disturb the decorum of the moment but as the bat swooped and circled enthusiasm overcame the naturalist. He seized his hat and began leaping after the bat.

"It seems certain," said the dignitaries, "that this most estimable Gringo is of a surety mad."

But the spirit of the hunt swept them off their feet. Two minutes after the most gold-laced and bedizened civic officers in Mexico, waving expensive hats, were leaping and swooping after the bat. In all the fourteen years in Mexico he does not recall one seriously unpleasant moment.

In 1902 he was called in to Washington to explain to Congress why certain monies asked by the Survey should be given. Dr. Hart Merriam, then chief of the Survey, had partly completed the task he had set himself of accurately mapping the bird and animal life of the continent, but he had foreseen that Congress would demand more of the Survey.

"Unless we can make the Survey an economic necessity to the country Congress will one of these days say to us:

" 'Your work is over, gentlemen. Take your hats and go home.' "

It was Dr. Nelson who convinced Congress the the Biologic Survey could not be spared. After fourteen years spent in executive tasks in Washington for the Bureau he became chief in 1917. In his service he has convinced Congress that the Survey is a profit-making institution, not only for the good it does in detecting animal evil doers and getting rid of them, but for the proof it has brought of the merit of others. The job that is now engrossing his time is to further the protection of the wild birds and beasts, not only from too much killing but from even a little starving. They will do their part, he says, if only we do ours. Congress, he believes, is heartily in support of the measures supported by the nation's sportsmen. If they do not become laws, it will be only because of the fact that our legislative machine has grown so great that its movements are sometimes slow.

A Walking-Stick Maker

[*Continued from page 133*]

A "walking-stick man" is one to whom a cane becomes a companion, who comes to feel it as something inseparable from himself. Such a person has from five to a dozen canes at least. Many become collectors of canes.

"Two men were in my place the other day," said Mr. Wolf. "One asked, 'How many sticks have you?' 'About a dozen,' the other answered proudly. 'A dozen!' the first man exclaimed scornfully. 'I have eight hundred.' This collector is one of my best customers. He buys a cane for the beauty of its wood and its appointment—and—for its history. To be a really valuable cane to him it must have a history. A collector is always very gentle in his handling of a cane. No whacking against the sidewalk for him.

"There are two kinds of 'walking-stick' men, those who take their canes wherever they go, and those who carry them just when they take a walk or go visiting. Some men never carry a cane to business. Whenever *they* come in to buy a new stick I have to wrap it up in paper because they are taking it home—not going for a walk.

"A man who was slightly lame used to come in here often. I always supposed he needed to carry a cane. But one day after he had been away for some time he came in without it. 'I don't use a cane much any more,' he told me. 'One morning I had to hurry to catch my train into the city (he lives out in Jersey), and I forgot my cane. Every one in the car looked at me in astonishment. This was the first time I had any idea that people thought I couldn't get along without a cane.' The man is still lame, and a cane would probably give him considerable support, but now he's too sensitive to carry one.

"The man who *carries* a cane is the person who wouldn't put it to the ground for anything. He's afraid that some one will think he's a cripple. So he carries it in the middle and flourishes it just to show people that he has one. Generally he has it made from thirty-eight to forty inches long. (Thirty-five to thirty-six inches is the most comfortable length for a cane which is really used in walking.) Sometimes he uses it for shift-about exercise from one arm to the other. One man, I know, uses a cane solely for exercise. He came in not long ago and wanted me to make him a fourteen-pound cane. He doesn't look robust enough to swing fourteen pounds about easily, but he doesn't feel justified in carrying a cane unless he thinks he is receiving benefit from it."

I asked Mr. Wolf if he had any "one cane" customers.

"A few," he answered. "I sold a bookkeeper in this neighborhood a cane for one dollar twelve years ago. He thought I was giving it to him too cheap and paid me fifty cents extra. He carries that same cane today. I often meet him on the street or in a restaurant, and he's always telling what a good cane it is and how I didn't appreciate its worth. He never seems to think that he should have it overhauled. A cane needs overhauling just as shoes need half-soling. Some day I'm going to tell him that I'll lend him a cane to use while I fix his up."

Many and varied are the requests made of Mr. Wolf. "A lot of folks ask me to do silly things," he said. "Those I answer off-hand. But if what they want is anyway sensible, I try to oblige them.

"Years ago when my father was living, a man came into the shop and asked him if I could sell him a cane made up of nodes equally spaced. I looked through the stock and brought out a whang-hae stick, belonging to the reed family. The man was much pleased. 'I am a musician,' he told us, 'I want to practice piano-playing while I walk along the street. That's why the nodes must be equally spaced.' This pleased my father who was a violin player. They got to talking music, and the man became a constant visitor at our house.

"A man came into the shop recently with three canes—two blackthorn sticks, and one of bog-oak. He asked to have the thorns on the blackthorn sticks dressed down. I didn't mind that. Most blackthorn sticks are presented to Americans by Irish friends and are prized as gifts. The thorns are too sharp however for use on our crowded streets. They are always catching in clothes and causing annoyances. So we often dress them down. But when he asked me to dress off the exquisite carvings of shamrocks and harps on the bog-oak stick that was going too far. I told him that would be a crime against art and I wouldn't touch them. He left the sticks and the next day I received a letter saying that I should dress off the thorns, but that on second thought he had decided that the carvings were too beautiful to destroy, putting it as though it was his thought to preserve them, not mine."

In former years when canes were bought for weapons Mr. Wolf used to make sword-canes, swords and all—the fly-out kind, and the sword-handle which fitted into a hollow cane. He sold a lot to Southerners for the purpose of killing snakes.

"One day," Mr. Wolf told me, "a well-dressed woman came in and without any beating around the bush said 'I am used to asking for what I want and to getting what I want. If I want to buy a box of cigars, I just go into a store and buy them. I want you to make me a sword-cane.' She told me just how she wanted it made. I liked her attitude. A man would have hemmed and hawed and finally said 'Well—I guess you may make me a sword-cane to add to my collection.' She made no bones of it. I made the cane and shipped it to her in Cincinnati. I heard nothing more from her."

Without exception the worst blow to a "walking-stick man" is to find that his stick is imitation.

"A priest was once given a blackthorn stick as a present," said Mr. Wolf. "He prized it very much, but as is always the case with the owners of canes, soon he wanted other people to tell him how good it was. He went to four different shops. Each assured him that he had a splendid stick, still he was unsatisfied. Finally some one said, 'Why don't you take it to Charlie Wolf?' He came in to see me. I looked at the cane casually. It seemed a good one. The priest beamed, but still he insisted, 'Look at it closely.' I did. 'You don't want to know the truth about this,' I told him. Oh, yes, he did, he assured me. 'Well, every other thorn is struck in artificially.' As I said it, I saw his face drop. I knew he didn't want the truth, yet I had to tell it to him.

"A retired military officer came into my shop very much excited. He had picked up a penang stick in France that had a butterfly and leaves burned into it by the sun. So he said. I looked at the stick and told him that it was a fake. He was the kind of a man who carries his military bearing into private life, and finally he became so high and mighty that he told me he didn't give a damn for me. I told him to compound it."

It is without doubt this frankness and honesty with his customers combined with the skill and beauty of his work that has made Charlie Wolf's name a talisman to "walking-stick men" the length and breadth of the country.

—NINA PURDY.

Adventures on Strange Locations

[*Continued from page 75*]

saved the life of a girl about to throw herself into the crater of a volcano. The girl was a young unknown with a terrific ambition to play leads. She did not falter when the director told her that she was to rush across a rim of lava that had long ago broken away from the mouth of the crater and hung slantwise over the smoldering under-earth fire.

Noah looked at the lava across which he must also run to save the leading lady. It seemed to him that the thing was on the point of slipping into the nothingness below. There was no good reason for its remaining—any jar would surely crack it—and then—!

"I prayed that the girl would have hysterics and refuse to try such a damfool scene," says Noah, "and then I wouldn't have to. But she said nothing, and when *she* went through, I couldn't be yellow, so I went through, too. The lava didn't fall in. God knows why."

Fun-making and not having narrow escapes seems to belong to Louise Fazenda when we see her on the screen, yet there was a time when the young lady thought herself cast for the lead in a real life tragedy. Yuma, Arizona, is associated in her mind with a trained seal and far, far too much water. The trained seal was used in the picture "Galloping Fish" and loathed the location heartily, protesting especially against the mud.

Sets were built in the Colorado River, being sketchy houses, the roofs of which were sought by actors in the comedy, all supposed to be flood victims. Louise had her peaked roof all to herself and was floating merrily along when the peak broke away from the rest of the house and one of the logs in the river burst through the shingles. For more than a few minutes

Louise tried not to think of all she had heard about drowning.

Swimming was out of the question, since the current was so swift there was no chance of reaching the shore, but after the moment that seems a lifetime, the chug-chug of a motorboat sounded and presently one of our favorite comedians was high and dry again—on another peaked roof!

In Porto Rico the police neither speak nor understand English, a fact that was "most annoying" when Warner Baxter and Percy Marmont of "Aloma of the South Seas" got lost on that island.

"We had gone out in a rented car, traveled what seemed to be an endless way and kept trying to get back to camp, instead seeming always to circle around to the same old place," says Warner Baxter. "Every time we saw a policeman we asked him how to go home, and he made polite motions which meant nothing in our lives. Though we were only thirty miles from camp, we were weary six hours getting there."

It was Warner who learned to spear fish in the native manner at this beautiful island, but it was William Powell, also of the company, who with Mr. Marmont explored the hill country and found a basin with rude hieroglyphics carved upon it, said to be the earliest known signs made in the Western hemisphere.

There are a series of cataracts in these hills, and here and there the actors found "bath tubs" scooped out of the rock by Indians of old, and bathed in them, as probably the first people of the island did once upon a time.

Water has not always had such an attraction for William Powell. He speaks with distaste of the River Arno, in Italy, where during the making of "Romola" he had to swim practically all the way from Florence to the sea.

"Every now and then," says Mr. Powell, "the sewers of the countryside, full of refuse and dead cats, opened into the river. It seemed that all such points contained the unequaled scenery necessary to our director's happiness, and splash!—there was Bill in the filthy stream."

Strange locations! What could be stranger than occupying the home of a South Sea princess, as Anita Stewart did when she made "Never the Twain Shall Meet" on the Island of Morea?

Yet Anita would eagerly have exchanged the princess' abode for the humblest American cottage after the first night.

For that night came uninvited visitors—land crabs some two feet long, sidling in under the matting walls, crawling about the floors, reaching up and taking whatever attracted them, and biting anything or anybody who attempted to interfere.

The land crabs stole from Anita, but little Helene Costello was very nearly stolen from her mother when she and her sister Dolores were making the round-the-world trip with Vitagraph Pictures.

Helene was five. She looked very small as she rode on her tiny donkey through the crooked streets of Cairo. A native kept crowding close to the party. Several times Mrs. Costello stopped her mount to wait for Helene to catch up, but there were places where riding in single file was almost a necessity. After one of these passes, the mother looked back, and missed her younger daughter.

Turning at once, and calling to the others, she headed for the nearest by-street, where she came upon Helene being led away by the native.

Her screams brought the police, the child was restored and the man arrested, when it developed that he was the man concerned in kidnaping white women and holding them for ransom, about whom the whole city was talking!

As all the thrills in the movies are not captured on the film, just so all the laughs that arise in the making of pictures do not echo in picture houses.

George Seitz, on his Pathe-serial adventure, took with him a certain actor who had made a fall from a horse. It was a good fall, but he *would* tell everybody about it. It got to be such a bore that by the time the company reached Africa they were all heartily sick of hearing the tale repeated.

Raisuli, the bandit, was just then roaming the land, kidnaping whom he would and amusing himself by terrifying tourists. The Spanish authorities, much harassed, told Mr. Seitz to take his company and go out of the state, starting at once and stopping on the way for nothing.

"We tried to," says Mr. Seitz. "We got into a big car and headed in the direction indicated. Our chauffeur was a Spaniard who hated the Moors. He had been wounded and very badly treated by them and he was determined to avenge himself. He drove right through their flocks of sheep, not caring how many he injured. The shepherds would pull their guns, and we in the car would all duck our heads, shut our eyes, and wait to be killed. . . . But somehow we weren't.

"When every separate hair was standing up on our heads, we came to a narrow pass, drove around a bend and stopped. Smack in the middle of the road was a splendid-looking Moor on a horse. He was magnificent—surely seven feet tall—and he had a gun.

"He looked at us in silence, and we looked at him.

"Death was in the air.

"Then, in the chill and dreadful pause, one of the camera men piped up:

" 'Oh, Harry,' he said, 'Tell him how you fell off the horse!' "

Sandy Burr

[*Continued from page 67*]

cents a mile, and got the exact directions and drove out to northeast. Even with all the twisting around through the mountain passes it couldn't take more than an hour or so to reach Ramona. It didn't. I found myself in a little mountain village with a wide place in the road and a few ramshackle buildings and a garage that had begun life as a big barn. I was trembling when I stopped the runabout there and asked the address.

At first I hated to ask for fear I'd choke up and act queer. It's hard when your emotions completely run away with you like that. You don't know what to do. It wouldn't have surprised me if I'd burst out laughing like a lunatic, and yet God knows I felt like anything but laughing. I must have sat there quite a while. Then I got out and killed time puttering around the car. But I had to ask somebody. Finally I bought some gasoline and oil, and while the fellow was turning the crank of the gas pump I asked if he knew of any one around there named Alice Burr. He thought it over, and then asked if she was a movie actress. I said yes, I understood so. Then he asked if she had red hair, and looked at me as if he thought he'd seen me before. I said yes to that, too! I was wishing he'd hurry up and get it over with. But he went inside and talked with his boss and came back with the oil in a two quart measure. I remember I was screwing on the cap of the gasoline tank. Anything to keep doing something. I was pretty jumpy.

HE POURED in the oil, and then came around and said yes, she was living in a cottage about two miles out on a road that he pointed out. He told me just how to get there. It seems queer now when I think how slowly I drove. I took even the easy grades on second speed. And I know that part of the way, the last part, I steered with one hand and kept my arm around Roddy. I hadn't had a thing to eat since morning. Plumb forgot it.

Finally there was the house, just a rough little bungalow set in the hillside. It was about half-past two in the afternoon, and warm sunlight of course. There was just a door in front, but I could see the end of a roofed-over porch on the farther side against the sun. I got down out of the car and took Roddy on the leash and walked around there. I remember a queer feeling of hardly knowing where I was or what I was doing, just letting my legs carry me around that corner. I felt more than ever that I might break out in a crazy laugh. And then I saw her, sitting in a kitchen chair with her back to the railing and a towel around her shoulders and her wonderful hair all streaming out over the railing like red gold in the sunshine. I stopped short and stood there, choking, my eyes filling up.

After a minute she turned and saw me and kind of jumped and asked, "What is it?" and then turned and looked at me in a puzzled way. At first I couldn't do a thing but just stand there. I felt puzzled, too. I didn't seem to know the face. It looked younger and prettier, in a way, than I would have thought possible. But the eyes were cold. I was thinking a thousand things!

"I'm Sandy." I heard my voice saying. . . . "Sylvester." I couldn't say more than that. And for what seemed a long time we just looked at each other. She looked at Roddy, too.

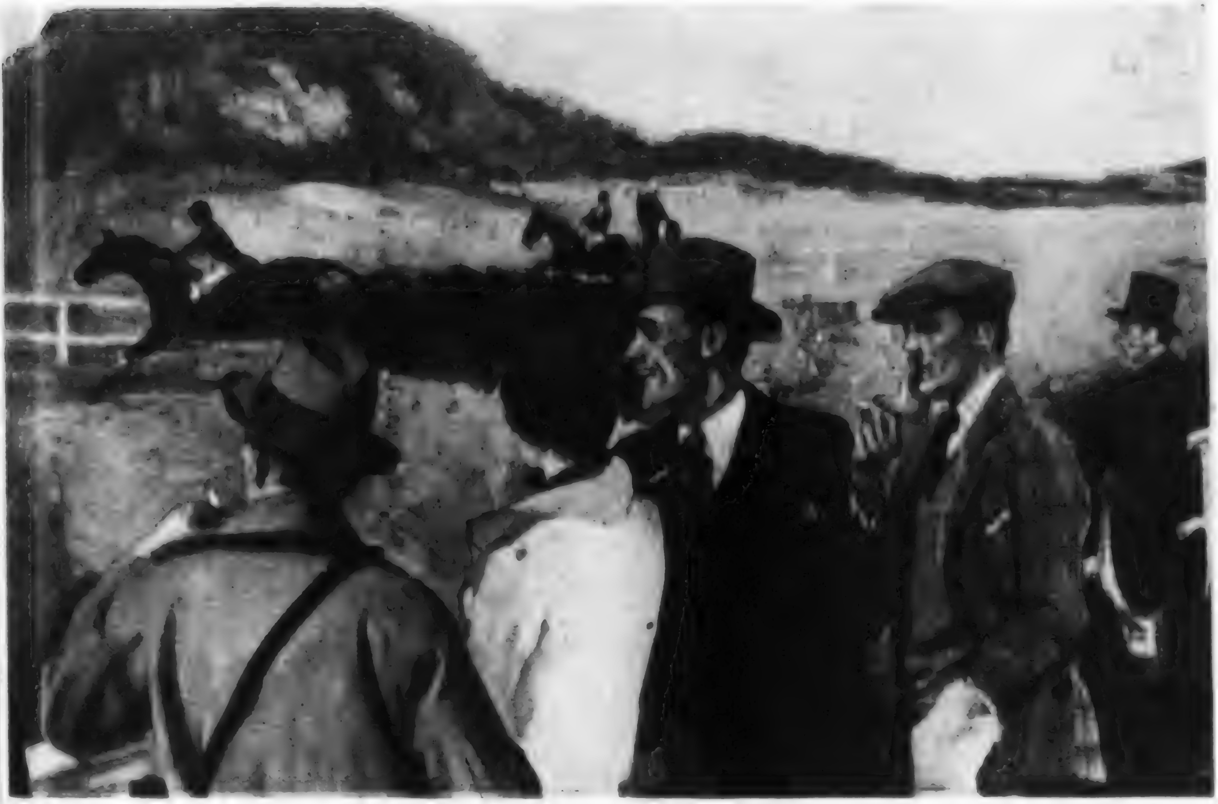
Finally, she spoke. Her voice was the same as I remembered. I seemed to hear it more with my nerves than with my ears. I almost did laugh then.

"Oh!" she said. "Oh!" And then quickly, "You'd better go away. Please. The man I'm with doesn't know that I've had any children. He wouldn't like it."

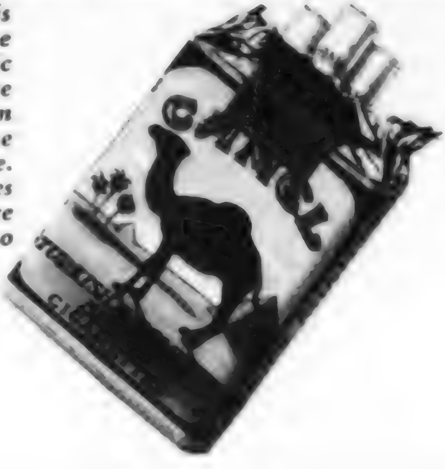
I remember staring and mumbling something. And I remember in a mixed-up way how I walked to the car and then drove straight in to San Diego and turned in the car and paid for it, perfectly business-like. You do those things. I remember sitting for a long time in a little park in front of that big hotel, looking at the people that went by and at the lights in front of a picture show. Probably if Roddy had not been on my hands I'd have gone in there for a while. And I remember eating some supper in a shabby little restaurant on a corner.

THERE wasn't anything left but Woodie. If I hadn't felt her there I believe now I'd have just gone to hell . . . some particular hell of my own . . . just as most of the folks I've been thrown with seemed to be headed toward one kind of hell or another. Oh, the things I thought about that night on the sleeper! And what I'd have given to have Roddy with me in the berth! Things came back so. Old scenes. If only she hadn't been drying her hair when it happened! Days in the boarding house with my poor old father after she left us. Uncle Fred and Aunt Ella, and the religion she hung on to so and got something out of . . . she did . . . a kind of religion that you could not find anywhere in the world we younger folks are growing up into if you looked for it with a million-candle-power searchlight. Oh, I know there are still churches

When it's hunters' day at the horse show—and the best jumpers in the land are soaring over the hedges —have a Camel!



No other cigarette in the world is like Camels. Camels contain the choicest Turkish and Domestic tobaccos. The Camel blend is the triumph of expert blenders. Even the Camel cigarette paper is the finest—made especially in France. Into this one brand of cigarettes is concentrated the experience and skill of the largest tobacco organization in the world.



Our highest wish, if you do not yet know Camel quality, is that you try them. We invite you to compare Camels with any other cigarette made at any price.

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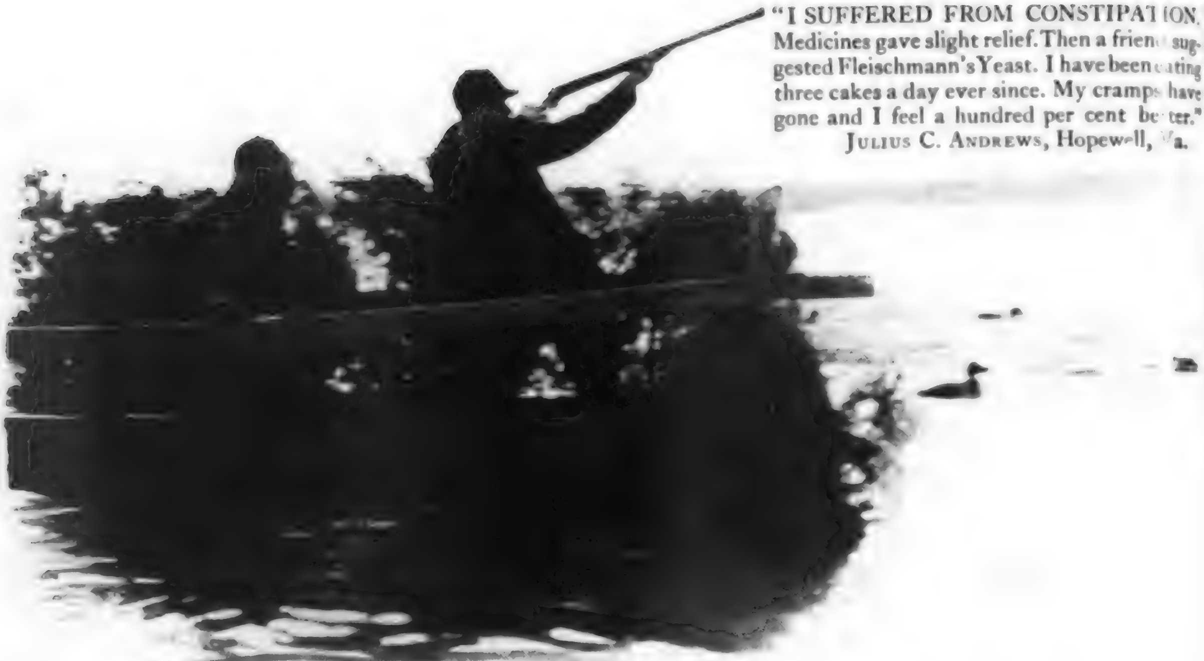

"I SUFFERED FROM CONSTIPATION. Medicines gave slight relief. Then a friend suggested Fleischmann's Yeast. I have been eating three cakes a day ever since. My cramps have gone and I feel a hundred per cent better."

Julius C. Andrews, Hopewell, Va.

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They conquered their ills—
found glorious, vital health—
by eating one simple food

NOT a "cure-all," not a medicine—Fleischmann's Yeast is simply a remarkable fresh food.

The millions of tiny active yeast plants in every cake invigorate the whole system. They aid digestion—clear the skin—banish the poisons of constipation. Where cathartics give only temporary relief, yeast strengthens the intestinal muscles and makes them healthy and active, daily releasing new stores of energy.

Eat two or three cakes regularly every day, one before each meal: on crackers, in fruit juices, water or milk—or just plain, in small pieces. *For constipation dissolve one cake in hot water (not scalding) before meals and at bedtime. Dangerous habit-forming cathartics will gradually become unnecessary.* All grocers have Fleischmann's Yeast. Buy several cakes at a time—they will keep fresh in a cool dry place for two or three days.

And let us send you a free copy of our latest booklet on Yeast for Health. Health Research Dept. Z-34, The Fleischmann Company, 701 Washington Street, New York.

"I TRIED EVERYTHING TO BANISH ACNE—without success. Finally I took Fleischmann's Yeast. Now after two months' use, I've only one little 'bump' on my chin and I'm also getting rid of it with Fleischmann's Yeast."

Anita McAleer,
Denver, Colo.

THIS FAMOUS FOOD tones up the entire system—aids digestion — clears the skin — banishes constipation.

enough! But that isn't what I mean. Thinking that brought me around to Harry Archibald's mother, and for a while during the night she became kind of mixed up with Aunt Ella in my mind. I was bitter, savage. Had to hold myself back from talking out too loud right there in the sleeper. That crazy idea of killing Vincent would come again at those times. But toward morning, as I lay on my elbow, and looked out under the curtain at the little round orange trees and the forest of oil derricks and the cars in the railway yards I began to swing around toward that feeling of terrible pity for him and for her that got hold of me so strongly since that I can't talk much about it. Not so folks could understand what I meant. It lies too deep. Some of your thoughts do. I remember it hit me then, that with a world that has so much ugliness in it, so much selfishness and pleasure-hunting . . . didn't I know? . . . and money-thinking and just plain hardness, why should I and mine be spared. It certainly hit other families hard enough. Look at the Burketts! In God's name, who was I to be spared.

And then with a gulp I'd swing back to Woodie. I had to have something and Woodie seemed to be it.

The first thing in the morning, right there in the L. A. depot I bought an upper berth in a tourist car for Chicago, leaving toward noon. Then I dashed for Hollywood in a taxi and got my things together. I couldn't face Vincent. How could I? After I knew he'd gone to the studio I left a little note just saying that I was leaving and there was nothing he could do. What a crazy mess life is!

All the way to New York I had the terrible feeling that it was hell or Woodie for me. I got into New York in the afternoon and dashed for the Long Island depot. Poor old Roddy no more'n stretched his legs before he was locked up in one more baggage car. I thought we were years crawling from Jamaica to Little River. But we got there. Around six. A fine spring evening, warm, with the sun not yet down and buds on the bushes and trees and birds singing and young folks strolling along.

When I reached the farm I was rather surprised to see the Italian that helped the girls coming in from the feeding track. Back in the fall he hadn't been there evenings. The front door stood open. I left the car out front and got up the steps as far as that door. You could smell supper cooking. The living room looked just the same, comfortable and gay with color. Then I heard Woodie singing in the kitchen in her clear little voice. I didn't know the song.

WELL, I pushed the kitchen door open a little way and stood there, with Roddy sniffing around my heels. She was bending over the stove, still singing. She wore the old knickerbockers and everything. And her hair wandered out around her head in a sort of haze against the red sunlight in the window. I pushed the door a little farther and it squeaked. Then I said, just as she was turning around with a jump and a little, "Oh!" . . . "Need a little oil on those hinges, Woodie."

She came rushing at me with a laugh and her nose wrinkling and a big blue spoon in her hand. I knew well enough that if it hadn't been that the quick memory of what had passed between us slowed her up just before she got to me she'd have thrown her arms right around my neck, and kissed me with a big honest hug. That would have been the natural thing for her to do. But the way things had been, she just couldn't you know. But she did wrinkle up her nose and grab my hands, and then she made me put on an apron and set the table in the living room. And Roddy helped the situation some by jumping all over her. I'd noticed that she had the kitchen table set for two already.

She called in "Only two places, Sandy!"

I asked where Wattie was. "Oh, she went last week."

"Went? Where?"

"She's gone, Sandy." She was bringing in the platter and a vegetable dish. "Last week she finally left. Oh, she was all right about it. She'd have stayed. But a New York manager she knows had a big part for her in a play."

For the minute this news knocked those bewildered thoughts about myself clean out of my head. I remember waving my arms around kind of wildly.

"But this, all this business, Woodie. What's to become of it?"

"Well, we've incorporated, Sandy. Wattie owns half the stock. Or nearly half. She was square about that. You know, leaving the control to me because I'm the one that's got to do the hard work. I think I have sixty per cent. of the stock."

"But don't you know how much you have?"

"That's it, I think. About sixty per cent."

"But how on earth can you manage, Woodie? You can't live here alone!"

"Why not? I've got Tony and his wife sleeping on the place. They're eating in the kitchen now." That was so. I could hear them. "And I have thought I might write to my aunt to come and stay for a while. I'm only afraid she'd pass out with loneliness. She likes bridge and hotel verandas."

We didn't say a personal word until the dishes were washed and we'd come back into the living room and shut the kitchen door behind us. I remember that Woodie dropped into the big chair by the table and kind of pushed things around with her fingers. Her face grew thoughtful and soft and prettier, I thought, than I'd ever seen it. She was so sober. And I liked her freckles.

"Sandy," she said, after we'd sat quiet a while without a word, "something has happened to you."

And then, all at once, I just completely choked up. The whole terrible business just came rushing over me in a big wave. I could have dropped right down on the floor and put my head on her knee and cried like a kid.

Very gently, watching me . . . I felt that . . . she asked just one question—"Did you find her, Sandy?"

I nodded quick. Then I cried out, "I can't talk about it, Woodie."

So she dropped that, and we were quiet for a while. Of course I did manage to get hold of myself. I'm not really a hopeless damn fool. At least I don't want to think so. Though, I'll admit I've felt a little shaky about even that. I remember getting up and walking round the room and standing in the front doorway for a while listening to the screeching of all the young frogs in the duck pond. And she just watched me with those sober eyes, and fingered things on the table. We were in for it.

So I came back and dropped down again on the sofa and said, "Well, Woodie, here's how it looks to me. I don't know what's happened in your life since I went away. Maybe somebody's come along to change things.". . . I saw her head shake at that, but I wouldn't let her say anything then. . . "but I've got to get some things out of my system. If you ask me, I think it's a hell of a world. The only folks that have got anything at all to hang on to are the old ones that have religion, and as far as I can see they're going under pretty fast. Now I haven't got much of any religion. I have not got a thing I can hang on to unless it's you. Now wait a minute. I want to put this straight. The only thing I can think of to do to get anywhere in life is to pitch in like you're doing. You know, dig in somewhere. Build some little thing."

She said, with tears in her eyes, watching me, "*Il faut cultiver nos jardins.*"

I said, "What?" But she just shook her head and waited for me to go on. So I did.

"ALL right. I'm going to get it all out of my system right now. It's no use saying all over again that I'm crazy about you. The thing we've got to do is get down to brass tacks. Well, here we are. I'm just as crazy about you as ever. I'm no letter-writer. And I haven't known what on earth I could write you. Maybe I ought to be saying that I've worked things out during these six months. But it wouldn't be true. I've been dumb. And I've been knocked for a goal. Now . . . I bought some books on ducks. I've studied them. And I've thought a heap about this hotel supply business and the problem of direct sale. I think I've got some fairly practical ideas on that, and I'd like a chance to wo[illegible] Maybe Wattie's leaving is my cha[illegible] it isn't. I don't know. You may [illegible] thing to say about that. An[illegible] what I'd like to do. Come right [illegible] you," . . . she kind of started, [illegible] right on . . . "and let us just fi[illegible] through together. I'm strong, and [illegible] young as you are. I wish to God I was ric[illegible] I'm not. But I've got about twenty-five hundred dollars to throw in. Perhaps we could buy back Wattie's stock. You know, gradually. Understand now, I mean marrying, too. You and me. No getting out of that, if we go in together. I'm not going to say I'll [illegible] to hell if you won't. It's what I'm afraid of, but probably I'm a poor sport even to think it. Part of the trouble is, I guess, the life I've seen has got my goat. And I've just come running back to you. There isn't anything else in the world I can hang on to. Just you, and what you stand for."

God knows how long I talked. I'm afraid I ranted some. She just kept arranging things on the table with her pretty little fingers. You know, pushing the paper weight over by the vase that had pussy willows and some yellow spring leaves in it, and then putting the yellow-and-green box in line with that, and then fixing them some other way . . . thinking and thinking. . . and that sober softness about her mouth I'd never seen there before. And then sometimes she'd quit that and take to pulling Roddy's silky ears. And finally I just ran down and stared at her. I never felt so wrung. I'd thrown everything I had on the table, face up. It was this one thing for me, or back to beating that terrible wall.

Finally she let her hands fall in her lap, and looked down at them, and then up at me, and smiled a twisted little smile, and said, "Sandy, I really believe you're the quaintest boy in the world." And then all at once she burst out crying and ran over and kissed me, and then cuddled down inside my arm on the sofa and had her cry all out. It was some party, take it one way and another.

Well, anyway, that's how I came to go into ducks. We're doing fairly well. We've bought back a little of Wattie's stock. And we're building our list of direct buyers pretty steadily. We work like niggers, and it's fun. It is. It'll be two or three years more, with average luck, before we'll be able to think seriously about children. But Woodie wants them. It'll be the next thing. We're building. And I know what she meant now when she said that thing in French. It's our whole life. You see, we've each got a shadow. She never knows when that old relationship with old Ben Green will come down hard on her, maybe in some pretty unhappy way. He'll end, I guess, in a gray suit with little brown arrows all over it.

enough [illegible] shadow, well, it's there. There'll
ing that [illegible] clear away one of these days.
bald's r[illegible] And it wrings your heart to
she bec[illegible]
my mind[illegible]
myself b[illegible]
there in [illegible]

But in the meantime, "*Il faut*" that French thing. It means something like "Forget the world, take your coat off, and dig."

And that's us.

THE END

Art Lamp Shades Did It

[*Continued from page 131*]

being taught. The business turnover ran well into five figure

The making of lamp shades seems simple enough. A girl takes a wire frame, covers its braces with silk and then the entire frame inside and out with the same material, finally perhaps adding a decorative motive of particolored silk. The silk must be of a quality and color to properly diffuse light. Dignity is the characteristic of the shades made by Mrs. Lawrence. There is no spread of ribbons or furbelows. Finished, her shades have the austere simplicity of marble.

But it seems there are perfect shades and ones not so perfect. As it is with hats, the art instinct and workmanship play a big part. A detail of the cover is that there must not be a single wrinkle in it. Too, the shade must harmonize with the atmosphere of the room in which it is placed.

A number of her shades are in the home of Joshua Cosden, at Palm Beach, regarded by some as the most beautiful home in America. Hardly a month passes that her shades do not appear in the illustrations of publications devoted to interior decoration. Mrs. Lawrence has the reputation of making a perfect object. Often she is sent by her customers, the decorators, to the home in whchi the shades are to be used, to study the interior so each shade will suit the color sheme.

Behind her success, of course, is demand, one that has grown each year through the improvement of the decorative element in American homes, with central ceiling lights, except in very formal rooms, giving place to side and table lights and lamps.

Has her struggle taught her anything? "Put away fear of poverty and go to work!" emphasized Mrs. Lawrence. "I am still ready to run and carry as much as my delivery boy. My girls work well because I do."

Mrs. Lawrence has a theory that one grows only through work. "Goodness gracious, how lazy I used to be!" she laughed. She proved her theory by showing me photographs of herself as a girl and as a young wife. "Those people may have been nice enough, but they are gone," she explained. "I am another woman. Work and grow!"

And that is not all. Behind every achievement there has been some friend, helper. "I have been encouraged at every step of the road by a sweet aunt of the South, ever ready with just bushels of love and faith," concluded Joy Hicks Lawrence.—WALTER S. HIATT.

An Old Carpet Bagger of the Prize Ring

[*Continued from page 41*]

the Klieg and Canvas. "I have more fun laughing over my experiences of the past, out in the tank towns, than I do today, when my boys draw down $20,000 or $50,000 purses. Honest now [illegible] listen to this one."

One of [illegible]nn's early clients was a young boxer of great ability but little heart. The sort the boxing writers call a "canvas presser"—a youth born to listen when the bugles blow retreat. This youngster was winning by a mile, as they say in ring circles, when he got a sudden sock in the solar plexus.

He promptly dropped to the floor. The referee began the count. The bell rang at "seven." The boxer groaned and groped his way to his corner. Leo knew he was ready to do an "Annette Kellerman" as they say of a fighter who is eager to "take a dive." So, while the other second held forth the smelling salts, Leo produced a telegram blank and said: "Hey, Smack-Em, here's a wire from your future wife. Read it."

Smack-Em's wavering eyes became less glazed. They concentrated upon the paper. The words it held were:

"Big Boy: I am all for you. Know you will win. Staking everything on you."

"Do you know," interpolated Leo, "that fighter's head was as clear as a bell. He drank in every word. But guess what hesaid after he'd read that wire. He said: 'Leo, you faked that there message. My girl can't typewrite,' and then he goes on for the next round and *goes out* without even being hit!"

"Once I remember," narrated Leo, "in those old barn-storming days when I was matchmaker for a club in New England. There'd been a storm and trains were delayed so my main bout boxers didn't show up. We faced a postponement and loss of the entire 'gate' until an hour before the opening of the show.

"Then, feeling kind of low and despondent, I dropped into the best barber shop in town for a massage and a shine. While a chubby, chummy little black fellow was shining my shoes, a big dark husky negro came along and slapped the bootblack on the shoulder. 'Hey, Rufus,' he ordered, 'git ready to shine mah shoes next.'

"I saw Rufus didn't like the other negro's overbearing manner so I egged him on. He said something sassy to the big fellow. One word led to many. They were about to come to blows when I stopped them. 'Boys,' I said, 'if you want to fight, come on down to the Elite Social A. C. and fight for real money.'

"So I signed them up then and there," Mr. Flynn laughed. "The winner was to get $2, the loser a dollar! We made a quick change on the billing and lost scarcely any money at the gate. After the first preliminary bout, I announced we had decided to put on a special contest—a grudge fight—for the local championship between 'Wild Man' Johnson and the 'Jungle Kid.'

"The crowd went crazy. We'd circulated word through the audience identifying both combatants.

"Well, the boys showed up. 'Wild Man' was the big fellow who'd sort of riled my bootblack. He came into the dressing room with a pair of pants cut short by a pair of unsteady scissors and in stocking feet. My boy, 'Jungle Kid' wore a jersey and a pair of hob-nailed boots with red tops!

"Well, I persuaded the 'Jungle Kid' to go into the ring in his stocking feet also and the battle started. I thought the little fellow would be murdered by the big fellow and I had arranged to have a sponge thrown in quickly to save him. But, low and behold, he gave 'Wild Man' a terrible drubbing.

"The fight was to last eight rounds. 'Wild Man' took it on the jaw, in the stomach, everywhere for six rounds. Then, in the seventh, he started a punch from the floor and just by accident busted the 'Jungle Kid' right in the nose. Of course, 'Jungle's' nose began to bleed.

"'Jungle Kid' lost heart at the same time. When the bell rang he came to the corner and said to me: 'Ah'm thew. Ah'm all in.'

"'Guess you're kidding me,' I told him, 'one round more to go and you got him licked so bad I doubt if he answers the bell this time.'

"'A'right, sah,' says the 'Jungle Kid.' 'If'en Wild Cat's licked git him toe tell me 'cause I'se too game a man toe take mo'e punishment.'

"Well, what do you think? 'Wild Cat' wouldn't come out for the last round and 'Jungle Kid' got a technical knockout to his credit! I paid him the two bucks, gave 'Wildcat' a dollar and 'Wildcat' used that dollar next day to get out of town!"

ONCE, in Oklahoma, Mr. Flynn was asked to remain over a day and referee a bout between a local boy and an out of town boxer. Heavy bets had been laid on the town boy. Just before dinner, Leo was notified by the committee conducting the bouts that the townsfolk had perfect confidence in him (Flynn) as a referee; that the local folk were perfectly certain he would see the town champion got a "real square deal."

"I knew what this meant," smiled Flynn. "I was to give Snap the decision no matter how the two boys shaped up in the ring! Well, I have never done this in my life, pulled a fight. And I determined not to break my record. There was a local train headed for Indian Head or some such named town at 10.18 that night. I didn't know how things would shape up but, anyway, I left the old carpet bag in a lunchroom near the station.

"So I was prepared for a little trouble, maybe, when I stepped into the ring. Well, Snapper, the town kid, and the other boy, Red Murray, got going. Lord, soon as I saw them square off, I knew Murray had Snap licked a thousand miles. Murray's footwork, timing, ring knowledge were perfect.

"Red crossed Snap in the second round, beat him to a right cross I mean, and the local kid caressed the canvas. He would have stayed down, too, except the Sheriff, who was timekeeping, banged the bell!

"That's the way it went all through the fight. Murray ripped Snap up one side and down the other. But Snap managed to last through. Anybody can last through with the time keeper on his side!

"Finally, the tenth bell clanged and then the big triple alarm that sung out the end of the bout.

"All over the house, it was in a motion picture theater, the crowd began yelling, 'Decision, *decision*, DECISION! Snap Wins. Hoorah, Snap! SNAP!'

"It was a tough place for me. But I thought of a way out. I walked to the front of the stage, held up my hand and said: 'Gentlemen, this was a tough, close battle. May I have a moment or two to make up my mind?'

"There were a lot of oil men and catch-em-alive wolf hunters out in front and they gave a throaty yelp. But none of them came at me and so I eased toward the wings and down the alley. My watch said 10.16 as I hiked down the alley. The train was generally on time because it made up only two stations up the line.

"All the time, while I was running toward the station, I had heard a sort of pursuit behind. Somebody in the movie arena had raised the cry that I was hustling away from there and the gang who'd seen the bout and had big bets up were foolish or wise enough to be stampeded. So, when I swung aboard the last car of the

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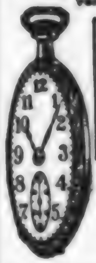

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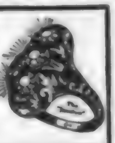

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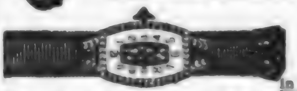

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train, I had to kick a couple of gents in the face to make sure they wouldn't ride down the track with me a ways!

"But, as the train pulled out, all I could hear was one great yell:

"'WHO WON THE FIGHT, YOU BIG STIFF?'

"And I called back, as that rattler bore me safely away:

"'MURRAY WINS!'"

The Broomfield Squire

[*Continued from page 130*]

"Depends on the man," says I.

"'If I was a knight in armour eight 'underd years ago,' says 'e, maybe I should treat you so.'

"'Wouldn't 'a' suited you to try it on,' says I.

"'*Suited me!*' says 'e. 'Why girl, *all* things suited us eight 'underd years ago. We didn't take stock in a lady' spout. We come up on a 'orse, an' we laughed at 'er tears, an' we tugged 'er up to the saddle-seat, an' we galloped away. An' if we put an arm round 'er waist, it was an arm o' steel, an' it pressed tight, an' be damned to your wriggles. We were *suited*, my girl!'

"'Eight 'underd years ago,' says 'e; an' 'e comes close, an' grew taller. An' 'is face looked like the face o' God. 'E put 'is 'and on my shoulder, an' it bore down 'eavy as an 'and o' steel. '*I* should 'a' been suited all right,' says 'e, 'eight 'underd years ago.'

"Somehow or other I couldn't see very clear. But I seemed to feel a shinin' an' glitterin' all over 'im. 'E threw 'is arm round my waist; it was like the arm o' a giant, an' gripped me cruel an' sweet. 'E pulled me to 'im, and I thought me clothes would burn for shame.

"'Eight 'underd years ago,' says 'e.

"I wanted to scream, but I couldn't see. An' 'e 'eld me close, an' I made out a big cloud with 'is eyes in it. So I lay quiet.

"'Eight 'underd years ago,' says 'e agin. An' I 'eard the beatin' of 'is 'eart. It sounded strong an' brave.

"'Eight 'underd years ago,' I whispered to 'im. 'Eight hunderd years ago!' I said it over an' over again, an' I cried.

"Then 'e let go of me very gently. An' I sat on a bank, an' covered my face. An' after a while 'e took my 'and, an' patted it, an' I stood up. An' we walked on without lookin' at each other. I still couldn't see quite plain, an' I kept thinking of steel arms an' the face of God, and I felt burnin' an' afraid.

"But presently I looked up, an' saw jest my foolish young toff boy with wet eyes."

'Tite Poulette

[*Continued from page 123*]

"I had a lady and gentleman once—a Spanish lady and gentleman, just off the ship; both sick at once with the fever—delirious—could not tell their names. Nobody to help me but sometimes Monsieur John! I never had such a time, never before, never since, as that time. Four days and nights this head touched not a pillow."

"And they died!" said Kristian Koppig.

"The third night the gentleman went. Poor Señor! 'Sieur John—he did not know the harm, he gave him some coffee and toast! The fourth night it rained and turned cool, and just before day the poor lady—"

"Died!" said Koppig.

Zalli dropped her arms listlessly into her lap and her eyes ran brimful.

"And left an infant!" said the Dutchman, ready to shout with exultation.

"Ah! no, Monsieur," said Zalli.

The invalid's heart sank like a stone.

"Madame John"—his voice was all in a tremor—"tell me the truth. Is 'Tite Poulette your own child?"

"Ah-h-h, ha! ha! what foolishness! Of course she is my child!" And Madame gave vent to a true Frenchwoman's laugh.

It was too much for the sick man. In the pitiful weakness of his shattered nerves he turned his face into his pillow and wept like a child. Zalli passed into the next room to hide her emotion.

"Maman, dear Maman," said 'Tite Poulette, who had overheard nothing, but only saw the tears.

"Ah! my child, my child, my task—my task is too great—too great for me. Let me go now—another time. Go and watch at his bedside."

"But, Maman"—for 'Tite Poulette was frightened—"he needs no care now."

"Nay, but go, my child; I wish to be alone."

The maiden stole in with averted eyes and tiptoed to the window—*that window*. The patient, already a man again, gazed at her till she could feel the gaze. He turned his eyes from her a moment to gather resolution. And now, stout heart, farewell; a word or two of friendly parting—nothing more.

"'Tite Poulette."

The slender figure at the window turned and came to the bedside.

"I believe I owe my life to you," he said.

She looked down meekly, the color rising in her cheek.

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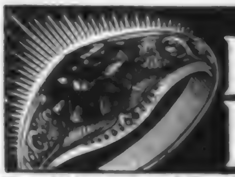

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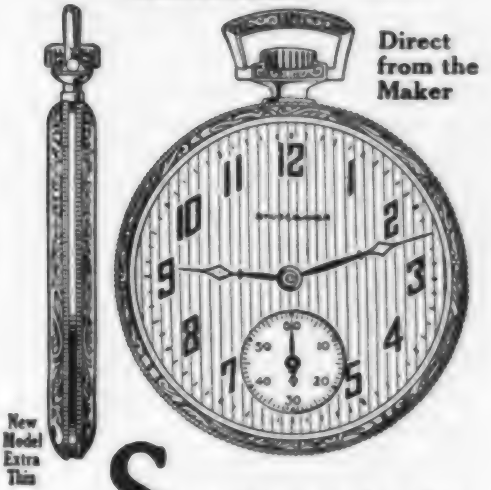

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"I must arrange to be moved across the street tomorrow, on a litter."

She did not stir or speak.

"And I must now thank you, sweet nurse, for your care. Sweet nurse! Sweet nurse!"

She shook her head in protestation.

"Heaven bless you, 'Tite Poulette!"

Her face sank lower.

"God has made you very beautiful, 'Tite Poulette!"

She stirred not. He reached, and gently took her little hand, and as he drew her one step nearer, a tear fell from her long lashes. From the next room, Zalli, with a face of agonized suspense, gazed upon the pair, undiscovered. The young man lifted the hand to lay it upon his lips, when, with a mild, firm force it was drawn away, yet still rested in his own upon the bedside, like some weak thing snared, that could only not get free.

"Thou wilt not have my love, 'Tite Poulette?"

No answer.

"Thou wilt not, beautiful?"

"Cannot!" was all that she could utter, and upon their clasped hands the tears ran down.

"Thou wrong'st me, 'Tite Poulette. Thou dost not trust me; thou fearest the kiss may loosen the hands. But I tell thee nay. I have struggled hard, even to this hour, against Love, but I yield me now; I yield; I am his unconditioned prisoner forever. God forbid that I ask aught but that you will be my wife."

Still the maiden moved not, looked not up, only rained down tears.

"Shall it not be, 'Tite Poulette?" He tried in vain to draw her.

"'Tite Poulette?" So tenderly he called! And then she spoke.

"It is against the law."

"It is not!" cried Zalli, seizing her round the waist and dragging her forward. "Take her! she is thine. I have robbed God long enough. Here are the sworn papers—here! Take her; she is as white as snow—so! Take her, kiss her; Mary be praised! I never had a child—she is the Spaniard's daughter!"

She Makes Bathtub Toys

[*Continued from page 132*]

produce them. Immediately a manufacturing force was organized and the market was extended. Young women were engaged to make the dolls, each one working under the personal guidance of Miss Davis for some time after she employed them. Some did their work at home and many still do so, though a group is busy most of the time making tub toys in the shop.

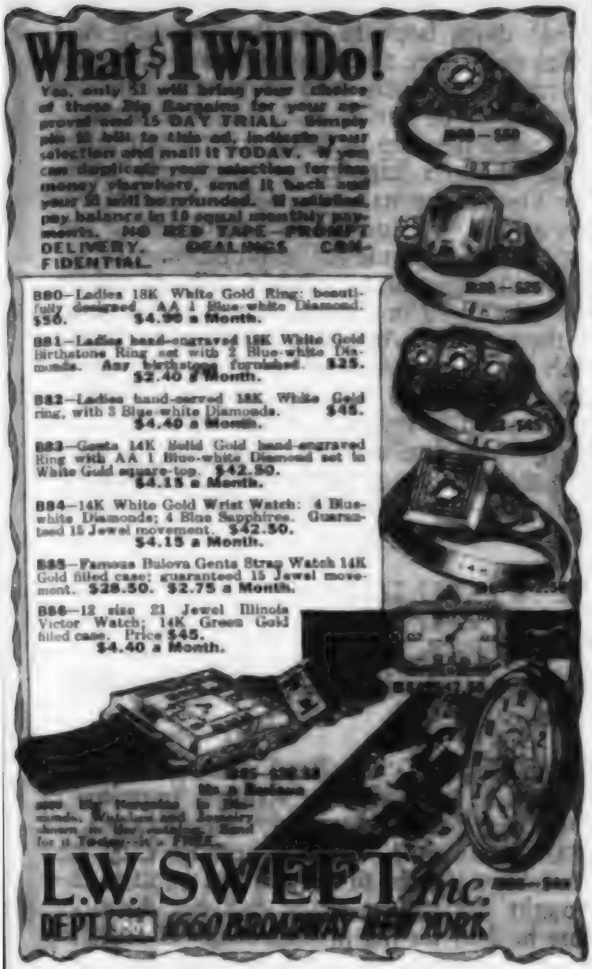
Leaving the stage, in which she had appeared successfully in ingénue rôles, Miss Davis began to devote all her time to organization of the business of making children happy.

"In training the girls I try to impress them all personally with the idea of regarding the toys they make as possible purchasers would consider them," she remarks.

"Sometimes, when they are turning out work like so many machines, I call together half a dozen of the girls and tell them to make one or two of the toys carefully, study them to see whether they can be improved, and try to learn what would appeal were they to be the buyers. An original scheme that is proving successful is a shopping tour conducted weekly in the factory. Each girl places a few of the toys on her table and then the shopping begins. The girls shop for toys that other ones have made and profitable suggestions nearly always result. They are trained to detect tiny flaws that an ordinary salesperson probably would not notice. They observe it if there has been careless sewing, poor painting, if crooked ears have been put on, or any other fault exists. This little plan has eliminated completely any so-called 'seconds,' with which many manufacturers are troubled. These girls are trained to see their products from all angles, including those of the maker, the buyer, the retailer, and the final purchaser. Without the loyalty of the young women I could never have progressed. Most of them have been with the group from the start and there is practically no problem of 'labor turnover.'"

Many of these bathtub toys are made by "shut-ins," persons who for some reason or other are not privileged to get out into the fresh air. A careful investigation is made into the sanitary condition of the homes in which these workers produce the toys. Many of the dolls are sent at Christmas time to hospitals and to homes where there are large numbers of orphans. Crippled children in a Chicago hospital recently were presented by Miss Davis with enough of the toys to populate their little city of childhood. Other types of dolls are made in this toyland. There are funny little rag dolls like Humpty Dumpty, who is made of cotton flannel, and leers cockily as he sits on the wall. Then there is a very sophisticated, long, slinky sort of doll that flops and lolls.

"Dolls are much like human beings and have their vogues and styles just as grown-up folk do," explains this young lady of toyland. "When I originated the rubber floating toys the only ones that could be used in water were of celluloid and so rubber dolls for the tub appealed at once. And, children having become accustomed to being amused while being



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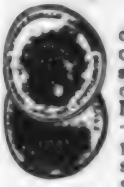

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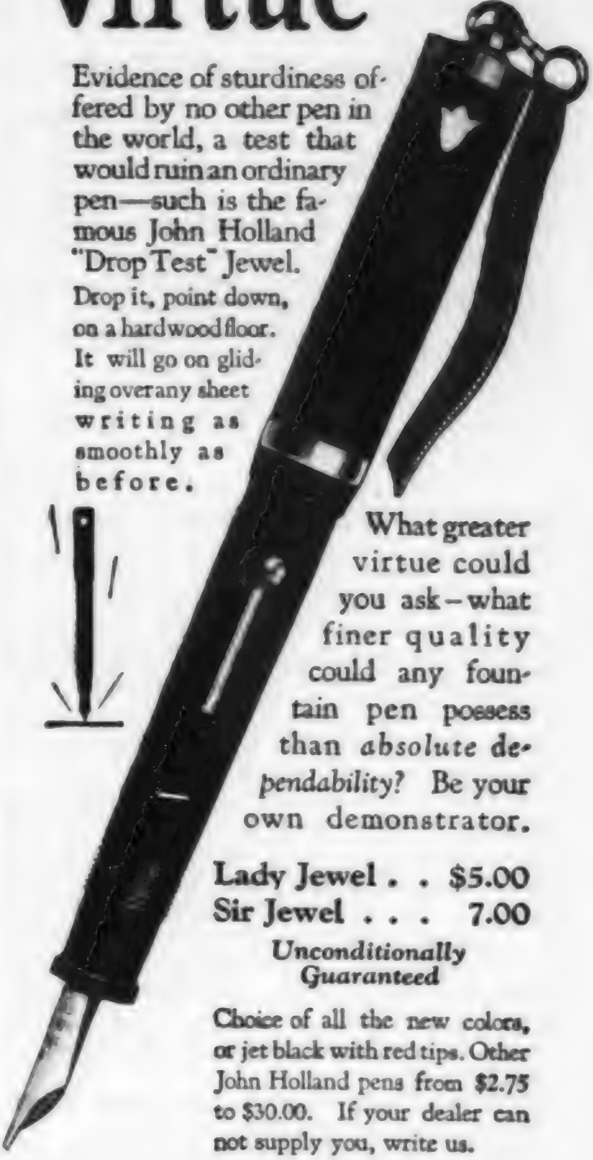

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bathed, they now demand more novelties such as floating dolls, boats, and animals. Some are in the form of sponges, so that they may be used by the child in bathing, thus serving a dual purpose.

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The Comma Hound

[*Continued from page 14*]

next moment Mr. Pittlsey's bulky figure confronted him.

"Davis," said Mr. Pittsley crisply, "I've been wanting to have a word with you."

"Now," thought Reed, groaning inwardly as he faced the most influential living Pittsley of Pittsleyville, "here's where I get hell!"

"Muriel tells me you fired her—"

"Oh, no," protested Reed, "not 'fired'—I merely had to make some changes—"

"I prefer to call it 'fired'," he said, his eyes gleaming warmly. "And I can't thank you too much, Davis. I'm immensely pleased." He didn't seem to notice that Reed's jaw had dropped. "I never wanted Muriel to try to be a business woman. But I told her I'd put no obstacles in her way, or help her either, for that matter. I'd let her simply go it on her own. I wouldn't even put in a word for her when she said she wanted to work for you—"

"She—she said that?" stammered Reed. "That she wanted to work for *me?*"

"Yes, and now, thanks to you," went on Mr. Pittsley with a smile, "and her being temporarily out of employment, I've persuaded her to go to Europe with me for three months. You've done me a great favor, Davis."

"It—it was surely unintentional," said Reed courageously, and wondered if this remark came under the head of "coming out of his shell."

Mr. Pittsley laughed appreciatively.

"Even so, why don't you come over and have dinner with us some night? Muriel is still speaking to you, isn't she?"

"Oh, she's speaking all right!" Reed assured him with singular emphasis.

"It'll have to be after we get back from Europe."

Reed thanked him and said he'd be glad to come.

IT SEEMED to Reed that those three months presented a strange paradox in that they both fled quickly and dragged, all at the same time—dragged because they kept Muriel away from town, and fled because they brought her return closer and cut down the time he had for his process of unself-centering himself, a campaign which he undertook with the energy he would put in opening a new sales territory. After all, Muriel had talked to him straight from the shoulder, and he admired her for it. He tried hard to see himself as she must have. He made the discovery that his earlier muddling of office details had been due, not to the fact that Muriel upset him, but to his wilful determination to make that his excuse. Now things began to run more smoothly. By the first of July Mr. Marble told him: "Reed, the salesmen's reports have never been better. Now I'm beginning to worry that somebody will get you away from me. There'll have to be a new vice-president here some day—and it'll probably be you."

Muriel and her father returned to town on the fifth of September, and it was a week later before Mr. Pittsley, remembering his dinner invitation, asked Reed to dine with them at his home.

At last Reed knew what it was like to wander freely, at Muriel's side, through "the spacious halls which were much given to hospitality." Not until they arrived at the country club, whither they motored after dinner for the Tuesday night dance, did Reed have a chance to talk to Muriel alone and as he longed to. But even there they had to stand around at first, while greetings were exchanged.

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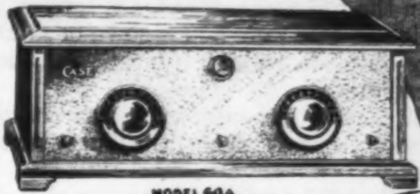

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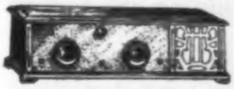

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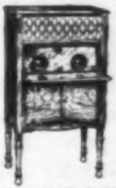

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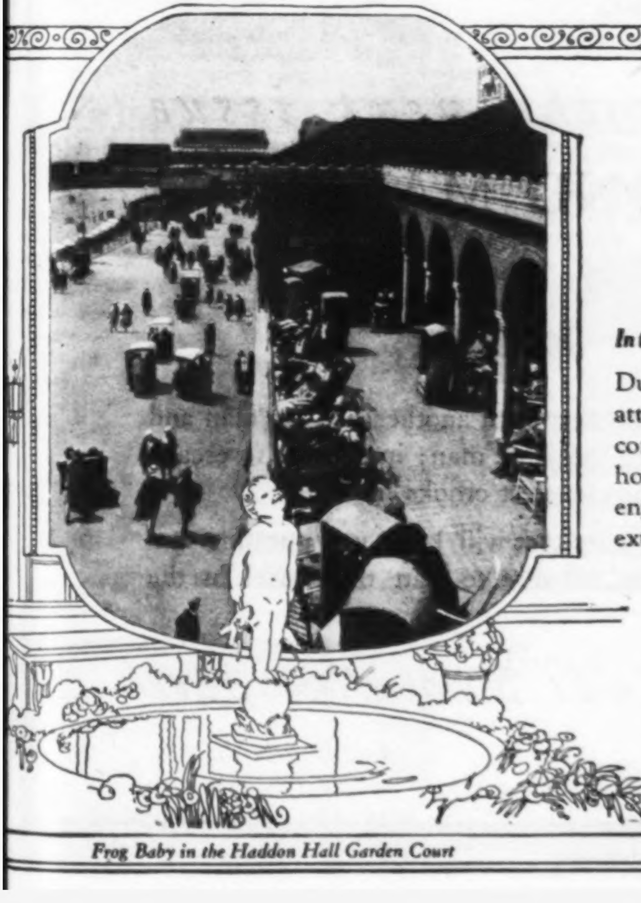

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Muriel noticed that men stopped to chat friendlily with Reed and that girls went by, dancing, calling "Hello, Reed!" where before, if at all, it was "How do you do, Mr. Davis?"

When at length, in a lull in the dancing, they sought out a far corner of the veranda—the same secluded spot where she had talked to him so frankly that other night—Muriel sat down on the rail and looked up at him with her eyes bright. She wore a new gown of shimmering sky-blue silk which draped her slender figure radiantly.

"Well, Reed," she said, "you *have* changed."

He stood in front of her, thrillingly aware of her beauty.

"I tried to," he returned, hoping that in his eagerness he wouldn't spoil this moment for which he had been waiting, "and it wasn't hard. I tried to come out of my shell, and I found that people were more than willing to meet me halfway."

"Of course! . . . I've been hearing people talk of you." She nodded her head approvingly, and there was that in her approval, and in a sudden softening of her eyes, which made him risk everything in a question. The night was warm and clear. In the valley below the automobile headlights ran along their roads like stars in vagrant orbits, while overhead the sky was a very field of headlights.

Reed drew his hands out of his pockets and unclenched them. "And now when are you going to marry me?"

Muriel's eyes returned his steady gaze.

"Don't you think you ought to ask me first if I love you?"

He didn't hesitate.

"All right. I'm game. Do you love me . . . now . . . any better?"

Her reply made the stars seem to skid in their courses.

"I loved you even before."

"Even when I was a comma hound?"

"Of course! That's why I wanted to work for you. And those things I said to you, dear, I only said because I thought you needed them— Not that I didn't think you—" her head came forward to his as she finished—"were nice even then."

She kissed him there, in the shadow of one of the Moorish arches, and for a while their voices only spoke in low, happy whispers. Then, reminiscently, they ran back over the high spots of their employer-employee relationship when she had taken his dictation during those upsetting days. Whereupon she pointed toward a distant line of hills, and said:

"As regards this night comma dear comma there's a nice moon coming up over there."

And he replied:

"Yes, dear, you can't keep a good moon down!"

Beginning in the next issue

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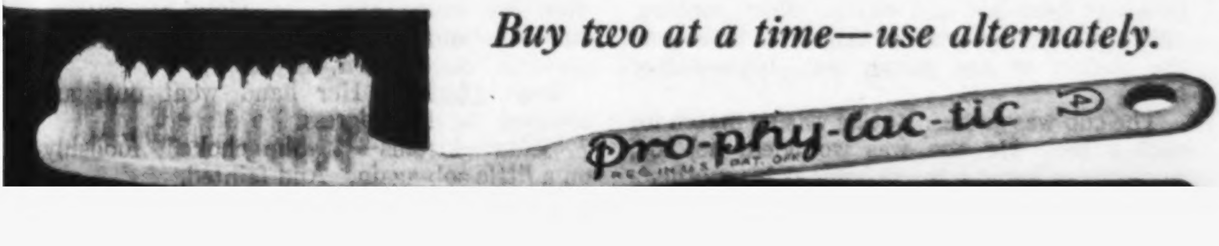

Cats' Kittens

[*Continued from page 33*]

The blow went home, told. With a shriek of rage the monkey let his arm fall limp, recoiled, then lunged. But by now the attention of the tiger and her cub had been caught. The cub, trembling with a mingling of rage, lust to kill, and fear, was backing, fangs bared to the shelter of his mother's side.

But that shelter, unexpectedly, was denied him. Kit-cat had crouched to spring long before he reached the spot where she had been. When he did she was already in mid-air. Paudeen felt the impact of her lithe body before his undamaged arm could strike at Zena. In a welter of blind, mad fury he turned clumsily to meet the resonant challenge of this new foe.

Kit-cat, by Providence, had him unawares. She landed full upon the hairy chest, and her fangs sank into the neck between the shoulder and the ear, just missing the throat. Beneath the charge he stumbled, lost balance, lurched to one side, but recovered himself with an agility remarkable in a creature of such build.

Flail-like, appalling, those arms, the one still numb, the other sickeningly strong, set about dealing out death to the tigress. But she was too quick for him. She leaped aside even as he swung her free, knocking over the bewildered girl, crouching for a fresh spring. And her roar set every other animal within hearing raging, the scent of blood already in their nostrils.

Miraculously, the ape missed Zena's body as he plunged to meet the tiger's charge, only to swing about as the cub, roused from his stupefaction to a comprehension of the needs of the situation, sprang too. Thereafter began a battle that lasted not for long, but which was very terrible to see. They fought to the death, those three, the tigress with all the rage of her pent-up resentment behind her—the cub ferociously as the taste of blood welled upon his tongue.

Her ankle twisted beneath her, helpless to get out of the way, or to act at all, Zena watched, shuddering, fascinated, and horribly cold.

The cub was young, but he did good service. Nevertheless it was his dam who received the first fatal blow. The great ape, ripping at her with merciless claws, while she screamed and raged in her fury, flung her from him at last, spent, torn, terribly bloodstained, but snarling still. She dragged herself, unconsciously, close to where Zena lay, and with an effort, sobbing, choking, the girl pulled herself a little into the shelter of the warm, wet, bloodstained body.

The cub was game. But he was no match for such a foe. He, too, was wounded, he, too, would have found himself lying at his mother's side, helpless in the path of the maniacal beast who had injured him.

But at that precise moment the little red cat took action. Unexpectedly, with all the lithe swiftness of the tigers themselves, he sprang. And he landed full in the ape's face, scratching, biting, snarling, a whirlwind of domestic fury with the blood-taste of the wild, and the call of his dying foster-mother, who had suckled him, to drive him.

And so unexpected was his onslaught that the baboon recoiled. Then it screamed, agonizedly. Rufus had sprung for his face, and for his eyes. It was a blind ape that sought to destroy all in his lumbering path in the next moment—a blind monkey which fell under the shots from the revolvers of Peters and McKenzie. And it was a very bloody but quite unhurt red cat which gathered itself up from the sawdust and, spitting furiously, ascended once more, very hastily, to the highest rung of the ladder upon which it had been perched.

Rufus had saved the situation.

Kit-cat's eyes were glazing as McKenzie, half sobbing himself, and with a sobbing girl held close in his arms bent above her. She died before he could put an end to her suffering with a shot. In a corner, whimpering, the cub, not very seriously hurt, was striving to lick the worst of his wounds.

From the distance, in the direction of the house, there came the sound of a woman screaming—screaming, unceasingly.

Zena shuddered, strove to kneel upright. Her glance left the dead princess and went to the red cat on the ladder.

"Didn't I say—" she demanded, huskily—"a cat's a cat—a kitten's a kitten. . . . Rufus is a tiger, at heart—the wild is in him—drawn with his mother's milk. . . . I *told* you!"

She looked up at McKenzie, and at Peters.

"Whist, now! There, there, be aisy! Quit talkin'! It's over, Mary in Heaven be praised! An' the murderin' divil dead at last, for which I'll be after thankin' St. Patrick! Whist, though wid your talk of mother's milk! Seein' that more'n half the babies of this community have quite a fair share of goat's milk it's expectin' to see the lot of them galumphin' about like a lot of kids. . . . Wirrah! An' I niver thought of it before! Maybe that's why children *are* called kids. . . . Holy St. Patrick. An' it's a miracle, it is sure, they haven't horns sproutin' out of thim, an' all!"

Zena giggled. Her hand went out, and touched the dead tigress.

"Cats'—kittens—" She choked, foolishly, on a little sob again. And fainted.